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POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER

EDITED BY ROBERT BELL

VOLUME III



LONDON

JOHN W PARKER AND SON WEST STRAND

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INTRODUCTION

IN 1757, Mr Robert Thyer, Keeper of the Public Library at Manchester, published *The Genuine Remains of Samuel Butler*, in two vols. This title was adopted to distinguish the work from a spurious publication professing to contain the posthumous poems, but really consisting, with a single exception,* of a collection of contemporary pieces, written for the most part, in the manner of *Hudibras*. The MSS from which Mr Thyer selected the *Remains* were in the handwriting of the poet, and having passed after Butler's death into the possession of his friend, Mr Longueville, descended through that gentleman's son to Mr John Clarke by whose permission they were communicated to the public.

A second edition of the *Genuine Remains*, containing some additional fragments from Butler's MSS, under the designation of 'Various Readings,' was projected in 1822, but, in consequence of the death of the publisher, Mr Charles Baldwin, it proceeded only as far as the first volume, which was re-issued in 1829, with a new title-page, as an independent work.

The whole of the *Genuine Remains*, and of the additions printed in 1822, are embraced in the present volume which completes the Poetical Works.

Mr Thyer's notes are scanty, and not always accurate. Bishop Warburton, in his correspondence with Hurd, expresses disappointment at the whole publication, and pronounces a severe judgment upon the annotations. But it is only just to Mr Thyer to observe that the object he appears to have proposed to himself was merely to print the poems as he found them, accompanied by such occasional explanations as

* The Ode to the Memory of Du-Val, which had been previously published by Butler himself.

his immediate opportunities enabled him to supply. There is certainly very little evidence of editorial judgment or research, either in the text or notes. Mr. Thyer does not seem to have exercised much vigilance in the superintendence of his materials through the press, nor to have brought to the labours of annotation an adequate knowledge of the personal or literary history of the period. In some places, frankly acknowledging his imperfect information, he bequeaths the responsibility of inquiry to his successors, and in the majority of instances where exposition was needed, he passes over the difficulty in silence. If, however, Mr. Thyer left much to be done by others, it should not be forgotten that he did much himself, since it is to his zeal we are indebted for our acquaintance with these relics.

The edition of 1822 made little advance on that of 1757, beyond a few additional notes, and more ambitious typographical pretensions.

The claims of the present edition rest upon a careful revision of the text and an endeavour, in which diligence at least has not been wanting, to explain obscure passages, and illustrate incidental allusions to current events and contemporary characters.

The punctuation of the two former editions was loose and variable, sometimes rendering the meaning doubtful, and falsifying it in other instances. Mr. Thyer apparently adopted the MS. as it stood, without sufficient consideration of involuntary errors or hasty oversights, and the slight changes made by his successor were more capricious than systematic. By strict and patient attention to the peculiarities of the style, and the intention of the author, it is hoped that the punctuation in this edition will be found intelligible and uniform. Few writers demand so much watchfulness in this respect as Butler, in consequence of the elliptical structure of some of his sentences, and the quantity of statements and images he accumulates in them. The old plan of unnecessary elisions, by which the poems have hitherto been disfigured to the hindrance of the reader's enjoyment, has been abandoned,

for the first time, throughout the whole of this edition, the obsolete orthography, where it was not indispensable to the measure, the rhyme, or the humour (of which it is sometimes an element), has been modernized, and some verbal mistakes which escaped detection in the early text, and were subsequently implicitly copied, have been rectified. The poems comprised in Mr Thyer's volumes were originally, and have since continued to be, printed without any classification of forms or subjects, they are here placed in the order into which they properly fall, an arrangement which will conduce to a clearer view of their relative interest and importance.

The application of the numerous passages which bear upon the popular superstitions or empiricism of the day, or reflect upon particular individuals, is pointed out in the notes. This kind of annotation was especially necessary in reference to *The Elephant in the Moon*, a poem which is said to have been withheld from publication during the life-time of the author on account of its personalities, and which abounds in satirical allusions that would lose their force if left unexplained. No material point requiring elucidation has, I trust, been overlooked. Whenever I have made any use of information furnished by Mr Thyer, or by the edition of 1822, the authority is given.

Wamburton's opinion of these pieces is, no doubt, just in the main. They do not satisfy the expectations raised by the wit and learning of *Hudibras*. They exhibit the same characteristics, but in a lower degree, and only in intermittent gleams. We miss in them the sustained power, the profusion of images, drawn from an infinite variety of recondite sources, the conquests of metrical difficulties, and the unerring felicity in the choice of words. The Satires are seldom witty, and often dull, the Odes, although containing passages of remarkable merit, are generally deficient in vigour and elasticity, and the Ballads hardly soar above the average lampoons collected into the *Songs of the Rump*. Yet the weakest of these poems vindicates its origin in

scattered figures, and striking views, worthy of the genius of its author. The miscellaneous fragments are full of profound and original reflections, nor has Butler, even in *Hudibras*, exhibited more effectively, his acute observation of life and intimate knowledge of human nature, than in these aphoristic scraps, many of which have long passed into household words.

Apart from all considerations of intrinsic excellence, these pieces possess a literary speciality which invests them with peculiar interest. They bring Butler before us in the very moment of inspiration, and reveal to us the whole course and action of his poetical labour. We have here the rough drafts of his thoughts, afterwards either fitted into his great work, rejected, re-fashioned, or reserved for a future opportunity. His custom of noting down images or ideas as they occurred to him, in the form in which they first presented themselves, is here exhibited in operation. We find the same ideas recurring in different shapes, expanded or condensed according to circumstances. Sometimes a train of reflections, suggested by one of these crude memoranda, is found fully developed in *Hudibras*, and sometimes the process is reversed, and a hint suggested in *Hudibras*, which the structure of the poem did not permit him to pursue, is found worked out to its final results in an independent form. It is in these aspects, as showing the mental combinations and minute details of preparation by which the poem of *Hudibras* was produced, that the *Remains* of Butler present the strongest attraction to the student of English literature. Most of the passages which have a relation to each other are indicated in the notes.

I cannot close my labours on these volumes without acknowledging the obligations I owe to the courtesy and kindness of His Excellency, M. Sylvan Van de Weyer, from whose library I derived valuable aid in the progress of the work.

POEMS

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON

[THE Royal Society originated in an attempt to carry into practical execution the plan of combined systematic exertion for the advancement of science, laid down by Lord Bacon in his *Nova Atlantis*. A few gentlemen who had associated together for that purpose, about the year 1645, met at intervals, sometimes at Dr Goddard's lodgings, in Woodstreet, or at the Bull-head tavern in Chertside, but more frequently in the Lecture Hall of Gresham College, where they finally established themselves and continued their *séances* for many years afterwards. A few of the most active members having removed to Oxford, in 1648, a branch was formed there, and weekly meetings were regularly held in London and Oxford, till the two sections were reunited, and incorporated under a charter by Charles II, in 1662. The first number of the *Transactions* was published on the 6th of March, 1664 5.]

This poem is a satire upon the Royal Society, whose early proceedings, however admirable were the ultimate aims of that body, suggested abundant materials for ridicule. Ample information respecting its composition and transactions will be found in Dr Sprat's *History*, written expressly to defend the Society against its assailants and in the recent and more elaborate Memoir by Mr Weld. Nothing was too extravagant, or too trivial, for inquiry or experiment, and the wide circle of disquisition embraced all the current

delusions and superstitions amongst the most prominent of which were the cure by royal touch, the transfusion of blood, sympathetic powder, and the divining rod. Nor was the belief in such matters confined to comparatively obscure and ignorant members, even the most enlightened participated in the general taste for the marvellous and fantastical. Some of the Fellows had so implicit a faith in the cosmetic virtues of May dew, that they were in the habit of going out to collect it before sunrise, and it is certain that Boyle believed in the efficacy of touch.]

A LEARNED society of late,
The glory of a foreign state,
Agreed, upon a summer's night,
To search the Moon by her own light,
To make an inventory of all
Her real estate, and personal,
And make an accurate survey
Of all her lands, and how they lay,†
As true as that of Ireland, where
The sly surveyors stole a shue ‡

* In placing the scene of this learned society abroad Butler may have intended to convey a satirical allusion to some certain societies existing on the Continent where the idea of establishing such institutions took its rise early in the 17th century. About the period of Galileo's discoveries several small associations were formed one of the principal of which was the Lyncean Society, established about 1611, under the patronage of the Muchese Francesco Cesari. Galileo himself was a member of the Lyncean, which soon afterwards declining, was succeeded in 1657 by the *Accademia de Cimento* at Florence.

† In May, 1661, Mr. Wren was commissioned by the king, through the agency of the Royal Society, to make a globe of the moon. The globe when completed, says Wren in his *Tracts of the Gresham Professors*, represented not only the spots and various degrees of whiteness upon the surface of the moon, but also the hills, eminences, and cavities, moulded in solid work. The king received the globe with peculiar satisfaction, and ordered it to be placed amongst the curiosities of his cabinet.

‡ Probably an allusion to Sir William Petty, who was employed to take a survey of Ireland in Cromwell's time, and was afterwards impeached for mismanagement in the distribution and allotments of land — 1

T' observe her country, how 'twas planted,
 With what sh' abounded most, or wanted,
 And make the proper'st observations
 For settling of new plantations,
 If the society should incline
 T' attempt so glorious a design

This was the purpose of their meeting,
 For which they chose a time as fitting,
 When at the full her radiant light
 And influence too were at their height †
 And now the lofty tube, ‡ the scale
 With which they heaven itself assail,
 Was mounted full against the Moon,
 And all stood ready to fall on,
 Impatient who should have the honour
 To plant an ensign first upon her
 When one, § who for his deep belief
 Was virtuoso then in chief,

* It does not appear that the colonization of the moon ever occupied the attention of the Royal Society, although a belief in the supposition that the planet was habitable seems to have been pretty generally entertained. The passage in the text alludes to the doctrines of Kepler. See *post*, p. 12, note † and p. 31, note †.

† The regular time of the meetings of the Society was in the afternoon. At Oxford the members met at 2 p.m., and in London at 3. A proposition was made to alter the hour to 9 o'clock in the morning, but it was not adopted.

‡ A pleasant exaggeration, if the epithet 'lofty' must be understood in reference to the telescope, and not to the object it reflected. When this was written the telescope was in its infancy, and was a very small instrument. The first reflecting telescope, constructed by Newton, was made in 1671. It was only nine inches long, exactly one eighth part of the length of Lord Rosse's reflector.

§ Lord Brouncker, the first President of the Royal Society under the charter. He was a zealous member, and distinguished himself as a mathematician. He held some high offices under the Restoration, was Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal to the Queen Consort, and one of the Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral, which Pepys declares he was unfit for, being wholly ignorant of naval affairs. Lord Brouncker was born in 1620 and died in 1684. He is frequently mentioned by Pepys, who speaks of him as a 'moodish civil person,' and finds much fault with him for being so public in his relations with that painted lady, Mrs. Wilkins. On one occasion Lord Brouncker took her into Pepys' pew at church, the

Approved the most profound, and wise,
 To solve impossibilities,
 Advancing gravely, to apply
 To th' optic glass his judging eye,
 Cried, 'Strange!'—then reinforced his sight
 Against the Moon with all his might,
 And bent his penetrating brow,
 As if he meant to gaze her through,
 When all the rest began t' admire,
 And, like a train, from him took fire,
 Surprised with wonder, before hand,
 At what they did not understand,
 Cried out, impatient to know what
 The matter was they wondered at

Quoth he, 'Th' inhabitants o' th' Moon,
 Who, when the Sun shines hot at noon,
 Do live in cellars under ground
 Of eight miles deep, and eighty round,
 In which at once they fortify
 Against the sun and th' enemy,
 Which they count towns and cities there,
 Because their people's civiler
 Than those rude peasants, that are found
 To live upon the upper ground,
 Called *Privolvans*,† with whom they are
 Perpetually in open war,

first time the Society had ever heard of either of them appearing in such a place. Aubrey tells us that he was buried in a vault he caused to be made for the purpose, in the middle of the choir of St Catherine's, near the tower.

* The climate must be very extraordinary, the alternation being that of unmitigated and burning sunshine, fiercer than in equatorial noon, continued for a whole fortnight, and the keenest severity of frost far exceeding that of our polar winters, for an equal time—*HERSCHEL—Treatise on Astronomy* The notion of digging caverns to seek shelter in from the great heat of the sun is a story upon one of Kepler's speculations.

† Kepler called the earth *vohla*, because of its diurnal revolutions, the inhabitants of the moon, who live on the side facing the earth, he named *Subvolam* because they enjoy the sight of our world, and the others, who live on the opposite side, he named *Privolvani*, because

And now both armies, highly eniaged
 Are in a bloody fight engaged,
 And many fall on both sides slain,
 As by the glass 'tis clear, and plain
 Look quickly then, that every one
 May see the fight before 'tis done'

With that a great philosopher,
 Admired, and famous far and near,—"

As one of singular invention,
 But universal comprehension,
 Applied one eye, and half a nose
 Unto the optic engine close
 For he had lately undertook
 To prove, and publish in a book,
 That men, whose natural eyes are out,
 May, by more powerful art, be brought
 To see with th' empty holes as plain,
 As if then e yes were in again
 And, if they chanced to fail of those,
 To make an optic of a nose,†
 As clearly it may, by those that wear
 But spectacles, be made appear,
 By which both senses being united,
 Does render them much better sighted
 This great man, having fixed both sights
 To view the formidable fights,
 Observed his best, and then cried out,—
 'The battle's desperately fought,

they are deprived of that privilege —T Butler has turned this distinction to account with considerable ingenuity, making the former dwell in vast caverns, and the latter keep the open country, thus dividing the population into the two great classes of citizens and peasant, which he throws into a state of perpetual antagonism

* Some light is thrown upon this character by the additional lines in the second version —See *post*, p 33, note *

† This is apparently an allusion to Sir Kenelm Digby, who gravely illustrated the possibility of making one sense do duty for another, by a story of a Spanish nobleman, who 'could hear by his eyes and see words' —See vol II p 128, note * The character in long verse extends the description, and seems to include others in the satire

The gallant Subvolvans rally,
 And from their trenches make a sally
 Upon the stubborn enemy,
 Who now begin to rout and fly
 These silly ranting Privolvans,
 Have every summer their campaigns,
 And muster, like the warlike sons
 Of Rawhead and of Bloody bones,
 As numerous as Soland geese
 I' th' islands of the Orkades,†
 Courageously to make a stand,
 And face their neighbours hand to hand,
 Until the longed for winter's come,
 And then return in triumph home,
 And spend the rest o' th' year in lies,
 And vapouring of their victories
 From th' old Arcadians they're believed
 To be, before the Moon, derived,
 And when her orb was new created,
 To people here were thence translated
 For, as th' Arcadians were reputed
 Of all the Grecians the most stupid
 Whom nothing in the world could bring
 To civil life, but fiddling,
 They still retain the antique course,
 And custom of their ancestors,
 And always sing, and fiddle to
 Things of the greatest weight they do'
 While thus the learned man entreats
 Th' assembly with the Privolvans,
 Another of as great renown,
 And solid judgment in the Moon,

* See *anti*, p. 12 note †

† See vol. ii p. 148, note † Sir Robert Moray was the first President of the Royal Society before its incorporation, and upon the day of his election he communicated his account of the shells, with 'perfect sea tows in them, which he had seen growing on trees in Scotland' The paper was published in the *Phil Trans* No. 14.

That understood her various soils,
 And which produced best genet-moyles,^{*}
 And in the register of fame
 Had entered his long-living name,
 After he had pored long and hard
 In th' engine, gave a start, and staid—
 Quoth he, 'A stranger sight appears
 Than e'er was seen in all the spheres,
 A wonder more unparalleled,
 Than ever mortal tube beheld,
 An elephant from one of those
 Two mighty armies is broke loose,†

* A species of sweet apple, generally called moyle,—

The pippins burnished o'er with gold, the moyle
 Of sweetest homed taste, the fair permain
 Impaired, like comeliest nymphs, with red and white

• J. PHILIPS — *Cider*, 1

Mr. Thyer thinks this is an allusion to Evelyn, who speaks of the genet moyle in his *Pomona*, a treatise on fruit-trees annexed to the *Sylva* published in 1664, 'by express order of the Royal Society' But that the character was not designed exclusively if at all, for Evelyn may be inferred from a subsequent passage—see the ensuing note—and also from the alteration made in the description in the second version. Indeed, none of these characters seem to have been intended as strict delineations of particular individuals, but rather as compositions made up of selected traits, capable of being easily separated, and traced by the contemporary reader to their originals, it plan which gave a wider scope and freer action to the satire than a could have obtained by a gallery of mere personal portraits. The allusion in the text to the soils most favourable to the genet moyle which was much used in making cider, may possibly refer to a report submitted to the Royal Society in 1665, recommending them 'to take measures to extend the growth of apple and pear trees, for making cider all over England.

† The story is related of Sir Paul Neal, who is said to have announced the discovery of an elephant in the moon, which turned out upon investigation to be a mouse that had got into the telescope. As it is not likely that Butler would have ascribed to Evelyn an absurdity attributed by common report to another person, we must conclude that the character was intended to have a loose and general, and not a particular application. It does not resemble either Evelyn or Neal although it has allusions which bear upon both. Sir Paul was one of the early promoters of the society and made himself conspicuous at its meetings as a diligent *gobe mouché*.

And with the honor of the fight
 Appears amazed, and in a fright,
 Look quickly, lest the sight of us
 Should cause the startled beast t' imboss
 It is a large one, far more great
 Than e'er was bred in Afric yet,
 From which we boldly may infer,
 The Moon is much the fruitfuller
 And, since the mighty Pyrihus brought
 Those living castles first, 'tis thought,
 Against the Romans in the field,
 It may an argument be held,
 Arcadia being but a piece,
 As his dominions were, of Greece
 To prove, what this illustrious person
 Has made so noble a discourse on,
 And amply satisfied us all
 Of th' Pivolvans' original
 That elephants are in the Moon
 Though we had now discovered none,
 Is easily made manifest,
 Since, from the greatest to the least,
 All other stars and constellations
 Have cattle of all sorts of nations,
 And heaven, like a Tartar's horde,
 With great and numerous droves is stored †
 And, if the Moon produce by nature,
 A people of so vast a stature,‡
 'Tis consequent, she should bring forth
 Far greater beasts too, than the earth,

* Properly imboss to hide in bushes, from *imboscme*, It

† A similar allusion to the nomenclature of the constellations occurs in *Hudibras* — See vol ii p 28, note *

‡ If the moon had inhabitants, they would probably be of an inferior stature 'It should be observed' says Sir John Herschel, 'that, owing to the small density of the materials of the moon, and the comparatively feeble gravitation of bodies on her surface, muscular force would there go six times as far in overcoming the weight of materials as on the earth' — *Treatise on Astronomy*

As by the best accounts appears
Of all our great'st discoverers,
And, that those monstrous creatures there
Are not such rarities as here'

Mean while the rest had had a sight
Of all particulars o' th' fight,
And every man with equal care,
Perused of th' elephant his share,
Proud of his interest in the glory
Of so miraculous a story,
When one, who for his excellence
In heightening words and shadowing sense,
And magnifying all he wit
With curious microscopic wit,
Was magnified himself no less
In home and foreign colleges,
Began, transported with the twang
Of his own trillo, thus t' harangue

'Most excellent and virtuous† friends,
This great discovery makes amends
For all our unsuccessful pains,
And lost expense of time and brains
For, by this sole phenomenon,
We 'ave gotten ground upon the Moon,
And gained a pass, to hold dispute
With all the planets that stand out,
To carry this most virtuous war
Home to the door of every star,
And plant th' artillery of our tubes
Against their proudest magnitudes,†

* Dr Hooke whose microscopical speculations excited considerable notice and discussion, appears to be indicated here—See vol II p 23 note ‡ His *Micrographia*, published shortly after his appointment to the office of curator, was dedicated to the Society, and being anxious that the reputation of the general body should not be damaged by a publication which set up many conjectural hypotheses he was careful to state in the dedication that the Society was not responsible for the work which represented only his own opinions

† From *virtu*, It, the sense in which it is employed throughout

‡ A false rhyme—rarely committed by Butler

To stretch our victories beyond
 Th' extent of planetary ground,
 And fix our engines, and our ensigns
 Upon the fixed stars' vast dimensions,—
 Which Archimede, so long ago,
 Durst not presume to wish to do —
 And prove, if they are other suns,
 As some have held opinions,
 Or windows in the empyreum,
 From whence those bright effluvia come
 Like flames of fire, as others guess,
 That shine i' the mouths of furnaces
 Nor is this all we have achieved,
 But more, henceforth to be believed,
 And have no more our best designs,
 Because they're ours, believed all signs
 T' out-throw, and stretch, and to enlarge,
 Shall now no more be laid t' our charge,
 Nor shall our ablest virtuosos
 Prove arguments for coffeehouses,*
 Nor those devices, that are laid
 Too truly on us, nor those made
 Hereafter, gain belief among
 Our strictest judges, right, or wrong,
 Nor shall our past misfortunes more
 Be charged upon the ancient score,
 No more our making old dogs young†
 Make men suspect us still i' th' wrong,

* All questions of taste, politic, and philosophy were nicely discussed in the coffee-houses, which, in that age constituted the tribunals of popular opinion. The proceedings of the Royal Society, and the turmoil into which they were plunged by external attacks and internal differences—especially the war between Lower and his opponents, and the controversies of Hooke, Oldenburg, and Newton—were canvassed with levity and ridicule by this numerous class of tavern critics, designated by Swift as 'the wits and railleurs of the age. Butler alludes to the coffee house dissertations in *Hudibras* —

Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-
Houses, cry down all philosophy

† This was one of the experiments actually made under the direction

Not new-invented chariots draw
 The boys to course us, without law,
 Not putting pigs t' a bitch to nuise,
 To turn 'em into mongrel-curs,
 Make them suspect our skulls are brittle,
 And hold too much wit, or too little
 Not shall our speculations, whether
 An elder-stick will save the leather
 Of schoolboys' breeches from the rod,†
 Make all we do appear as odd

of the Society in 1666. The first case in which the transfusion of blood from one dog into another was tried, is reported in the journals to have been attended with such success (although one of the dogs bled to death) that the experiment of exchanging the blood of animals was ordered to be prosecuted and improved at the next meeting, by bleeding a sheep into a mastiff, and a young healthy dog into an old sick one, and *vice versa*. Butler alludes to this elsewhere. His want of judgment inclines him naturally to the most extravagant undertakings, like that of milking old dogs young, telling how many persons are in a room by knocking at the door, stopping up of words in bottles, &c.—*Character of a Virtuoso*, also, see *Hudibras*, vol. ii p. 65.

* See vol. ii p. 119, note †. These lines recur with a slight alteration, in the *Epistle to Suidrophel*—See vol. ii p. 63.

† The elder-stick, upon which Judas was supposed to have hanged himself, has always been a popular item in the superstitions of the peasantry. Its leaves, gathered on the last days of April were considered an infallible cure for wounds, and were fastened on doors and windows as a charm to keep out witches. It was employed also as an amulet to avert cyzypelis. The allusion in the text is to the custom of wearing a spig of elder in the breeches pocket, as an effectual preventive against what is called losing leather, or galling, in riding. It is often mentioned by the old writers. Richard Flecknoe (the Mac Flecknoe of Dryden) thus refers to it in his burlesque *Joynadas*—

How Alder-stick in pocket crum'd
 By horsemen who on highway feared,
 His breech should neer be gill'd or wearied,
 Although he rid on trotting horse,
 Or cow or cowl-staff which was worse
 It had, he said, such virtuous force,
 Where virtue oft from Judas came
 (Who hanged himself upon the same
 For which in sooth he was to blame)
 To harden breech, or soften horse,
 I leave 't to th' learned to discourse.—*Diarium* 1658

The notion of making the Royal Society test the imputed virtue of the elder stick, by an experiment on a school boy, is by no means an ex-

This one discovery's enough,
 To take all former scandals off
 But, since the world's incredulous
 Of all our scrutinies, and us,
 And with a prejudice prevents
 Our best and worst experiments,
 As if th' were destined to miscarry,
 In consort tried, or solitary,
 And since it is uncertain when
 Such wonders will occur again,
 Let us as cautiously contrive
 To draw an exact narrative
 Of what we every one can swear
 Our eyes themselves have seen appear,
 That, when we publish the account,
 We all may take our oaths upon 't'

This said, they all with one consent,
 Agreed to draw up th' instrument,
 And, for the general satisfaction,
 To print it in the next 'Transaction'

But, whilst the chiefs were drawing up
 This strange memoir o' th' telescope,
 One, peeping in the tube by chance,
 Beheld the elephant advance
 And, from the west side of the Moon
 To th' east was in a moment gone
 This being related, gave a stop
 To what the rest were drawing up,

aggregation of the credulity exhibited in cases of a similar class. The following entry in the Journals is an example. It occurs shortly after the announcement of a promise from the Duke of Buckingham to bring before the Society a piece of a unicorn's horn — 'A circle was made with powder of unicorn's horn, and a spider set in the middle of it, but it immediately ran out several times repeated. The spider once made some stay in the powder. One of the curiosities given to the Society was a bottle full of stags tears, presented by Sir Robert Moray, and amongst the subjects proposed for scientific inquiry there is an instruction to ascertain 'whether the flakes of snow were larger or less in Tennessee than here,' and in another entry, having reference to a reported fall of rain that resembled corn 'Mr Boyle and Mr Evelyn

And every man, amazed anew
How it could possibly be true,
That any beast should run a race
So monstrous, in so short a space,
Resolved, howe'er to make it good,
At least, as possible as he could,
And rather his own eyes condemn
Than question what h' had seen with them

While all were thus resolved, a man
Of great renown there, thus began—

'Tis strange, I grant! But who can say
What cannot be, what can, and may?

Especially at so hugely vast
A distance, as this wonder's placed,
Where the least error of the sight
May show things false, but never right,
Nor can we try them, so far off,

By any sublunary proof

For who can say, that nature there
Has the same laws she goes by here?

Nor is it like, she has infused,
In every species, there produced,
The same efforts, she doth confer
Upon the same productions here
Since those with us, of several nations,

Have such prodigious variations,
And she affects so much to use

Variety, in all she does

Hence may b' inferred that, though I grant

We've seen i' th' Moon an elephant,

That elephant may differ so

From those upon the earth below,

Both in his bulk, and force, and speed,

As being of a different breed,

That, though our own are but slow-paced,

Thems there may fly, or run as fast,

And yet be elephants no less,

Than those of Indian pedigrees'

This said, another of great worth,
 Famed for his leained works, put forth,
 Looked wise then said—' All this is true,
 And leainedly observed by you,
 But there's another reason for't,
 That falls but very little short
 Of mathematic demonstration,
 Upon an accurate calculation
 And that is—As the Earth and Moon
 Do both move continually upon
 Their axes, the rapidity
 Of both their motions cannot be
 But so prodigiously fast,
 That vast spaces may be past
 In less time than the beast has gone,
 Though h' had no motion of his own,
 Which we can take no measure of,
 As you have cleared by leained proof
 This granted, we may boldly thence
 Lay claim to a nobler inference,
 And make this great phenomenon,
 Were there no other, serve alone,
 To clear the grand hypothesis
 Of th' motion of the Earth from this 't
 With this they all were satisfied,
 As men are wont o' th' biassed side,
 Applauded the profound dispute,
 And grew more gay and resolute
 By having overcome all doubt,
 Than if it never had full'n out,
 And, to complete their narrative,
 Agreed t' insert this strange retrieve

* These speculations were obviously antecedent to the discoveries of Newton

† The Copernican system although confirmed by the discoveries of Bruno Kepler, and Galileo, was still in controversy when this was written. The motion of the earth was not yet accepted as an established law

But, while they were diverted all
With wounding the memorial,
The footboys, for diversion too,
As having nothing else to do,
Seeing the telescope at leisure,
Turned virtuosos for their pleasure,
Began to gaze upon the Moon,
As those they waited on, had done,
With monkeys' ingenuity,
That love to practise what they see,
When one, whose turn it was to peep,
Saw something in the engine creep,
And, viewing well, discovered more
Than all the learned had done before
Quoth he, 'A little thing is slunk
Into the long stai-gazing trunk,
And now is gotten down so nigh,
I have him just against mine eye'

This being overheard by one,
Who was not so far overgrown
In any virtuous speculation,
To judge with mere imagination,
Immediately he made a guess
At solving all appearances,
A way far more significant,
Than all their hunts of th' elephant,
And found, upon a second view,
His own hypothesis most true,
For he had scarce applied his eye
To th' engine, but immediately
He found a mouse was gotten in
The hollow tube and, shut between
The two glass windows in restraint
Was swelled into an elephant,
And proved the virtuous occasion
Of all this learned dissertation
And, as a mountain heretofore
Was great with child, they say, and bore

A silly mouse, this mouse, as strange,
 Brought forth a mountain, in exchange
 Mean while, the rest in consultation
 Had penned the wonderful narration,
 And set their hands, and seals, and wit,
 T' attest the truth of what they'd writ,
 When this accursed phenomenon
 Confounded all they'd said or done
 For 'twas no sooner hinted at,
 But th' all were in a tumult straight,
 More furiously enraged by far,
 Than those that in the Moon made war,
 To find so admirable a hint,
 When they had all agreed t' have seen't,
 And were engaged to make it out,
 Obstructed with a paltiy doubt
 When one, whose task was to determine,
 And solve th' appearances of vermin,
 Who'd made profound discoveries
 In frogs, and toads, and rats, and mice, ^

* It is not easy to determine who was the person intended to be represented by this description experiments upon reptiles having been submitted to the Society by several members At one meeting, Mr Croune 'produced a glass jar full of the powder of the bodies of vipers, and a gallipot full of only the hearts and livers of vipers' Mr Kellin maintained that from the powder of the livers and lungs, young vipers could be produced, a doctrine also asserted by Sir Kenelm Digby Similar opinions were held by Sir Gilbert Folbot Many analogous examples might be cited It is probable, however that Digby was chiefly pointed at, as he made a particular study of the effects of sympathetic powder obtained from reptiles In one of his communications to the Society, he stated that 'the calcined powder of toads reverberated, if applied in bags upon the stomach of a postulate body, would cure it by several applications,' and he is said to have fed his wife, the celebrated courtesan, Venetia Stanley, upon capons fattened with the flesh of vipers, as a means of preserving her beauty Aubrey says that after her death, which took place suddenly her head, being opened, discovered but little brain which Sir Kenelm attributed to her drinking viper wine Few men of his time attracted more notice than Sir Kenelm Digby Lord Clarendon says that he was eminent and notorious from his cradle to his grave 'His person,' says Wood, 'was handsome and gigantic and nothing was wanting to render him a complete cavalier' He was a great traveller, and Aubrey tells us that

Though not so curious, 'tis true,
 As many a wise rat-catcher knew,
 After he had with signs made way
 For something great he had to say,
 'This disquisition
 Is, half of it, in my disquisition,
 For, though the elephant, as beast,
 Belongs of right to all the rest,
 The mouse, being but a vermin, none
 Has title to, but I alone,
 And therefore hope, I may be heard,
 In my own province, with regard
 It is no wonder we're cried down,
 And made the talk of all the town,
 That rants and swears, for all our great
 Attempts, we have done nothing yet,
 If every one have leave to doubt,
 When some great secret's half made out,
 And, 'cause perhaps it is not true,
 Obstruct and ruin all we do
 As no great act was ever done,
 Nor ever can, with truth alone,
 If nothing else but truth w' allow,
 'Tis no great matter what we do
 For truth is too reserved, and nice,
 T' appear in mixed societies,
 Delights in solitary abodes,
 And never shows herself in crowds,
 A sullen little thing, below
 All matters of pretence and show,

he understood ten or twelve languages. All his contemporaries agree in ascribing to him great abilities, associated with extraordinary credulity and superstition. He was appointed a member of the first Council of the Society under the Charter, and as long as his health permitted was constant in his attendance. When he could be no longer present at their meetings he held a sort of academy, or literary assembly, at his house in Covent Garden, where he died in 1665. His numerous publications attest the extent of his studies and that love of the marvellous which exposed him to the unsparring ridicule of Ross, Stubbs, and other philosophical disputants.

That deal in novelty, and change,
 Not of things true but rare and strange,
 To treat the world with what is fit,
 And proper to its natural wit,
 The world, that never sets esteem
 On what things are, but what they seem,
 And if they be not strange and new,
 They're ne'er the better for being true
 For, what has mankind gained by knowing
 His little truth, but his undoing,
 Which wisely was by nature hidden,
 And only for his good forbidden?
 And therefore, with great prudence does
 The world still strive to keep it close,
 For, if all secret truths were known
 Who would not be once more undone?
 For truth has always danger in't,
 And here, perhaps, may cross some hint,
 We have already agreed upon,
 And vainly frustrate all we've done,
 Only to make new work for Stubbes,*
 And all the academic clubs

* Henry Stubbe a physician one of the ablest opponents of the Royal Society. He was born in Lincolnshire in 1631 and educated at Oxford, where he held the situation of second keeper of the Bodleian Library for several years, but was removed from it in 1659 in consequence of having written some pieces reflecting on the clergy and the Universities. He first came into notice as a mathematician in the dispute between Hobbes and Wallis espousing the side of the former, and when the early operations of the Royal Society began to stimulate discussion, and open up questions affecting the Aristotelian philosophy, he entered the arena against Sprat and Glanvil. The former published his *History of the Royal Society* in 1667, and the latter his *Plus Ultra* a tract on the progress of knowledge, in 1668. To these works Stubbe replied in a quarto volume entitled *Legends no History, together with the Plus Ultra reduced to a Non Plus*. This work, no less remarkable for its wit than its bitterness and severity led to a controversy which lasted for a considerable time, and was carried on with great acerbity. The remainder of Stubbe's life was passed in perpetual conflict, which were suddenly terminated by his death in 1676. Having been called upon to visit a patient at some distance in

How much then ought we have a care,
 That no man know above his share,
 Nor dare to understand, henceforth,
 More than his contributions worth,*
 That those who've purchased of the college
 A share, or half a share of knowledge,
 And brought in none, but spent repute,
 Should not b' admitted to dispute,
 Nor any man pretend to know
 More than his dividend comes to,
 For partners have been always known
 To cheat their public interest prone,
 And, if we do not look to ours,
 'Tis sure to run the self-same course'

This said, the whole assembly allowed
 The doctrine to be right and good,
 And, from the truth of what they'd heard,
 Resolved to give truth no regard,
 But what was for their turn, to vouch,
 And either find, or make it such
 That 'twas more noble to create
 Things like truth, out of strong conceit,
 Than, with vexatious pains and doubt,
 To find, or think t' have found her out

This being resolved, they, one by one,
 Reviewed the tube, the mouse, and moon,
 But still, the narrower they pryed,
 The more they were unsatisfied,

says Wood, 'being intoxicated with bibbing but more with talking and snuffing of powder he was drowned in attempting to cross a river. His body was found the next day' and his old antagonist, Glanvil who happened to be the rector, preached his funeral sermon. Wood who was contemporary with Stubbe at Oxford, pronounces a panegyric upon his erudition and the boldness and generosity of his character, but says that these qualities were allied with so much want of self respect, and such laxity of principle and conduct as to deprive him of the position and influence amongst scholars which he must otherwise have obtained.

* The contribution to the Society agreed to in 1660, 'towards the defraying of occasional charges, was one shilling weekly

In no one thing, they saw, agreeing,
 As if they'd several faiths of seeing
 Some swore, upon a second view
 That all they'd seen before was true,
 And that they never would recant
 One syllable of th' elephant,
 Avowed his snout could be no mouse's,
 But a true elephant's proboscis
 Others began to doubt, and waver,
 Uncertain which o' th' two to favour,
 And knew not whether to espouse
 The cause of th' elephant or mouse
 Some held no way so orthodox
 To try it, as the ballot-box,*
 And, like the nation's patriots,
 To find, or make, the truth by votes
 Others conceived it much more fit
 T' unmount the tube, and open it,
 And, for their private satisfaction,
 To re-examine the 'Transaction,'†
 And after explicate the rest,
 As they should find cause for the best
 To this, as th' only expedient,
 The whole assembly gave consent,
 But ere the tube was half let down,
 It cleared the first phenomenon,
 For, at the end, prodigious swarms
 Of flies, and gnats, like men in arms,

* The mode of election adopted by the Society. The custom of balloting had only recently been introduced into England. The earliest notice of the use of a ballot box is that of a political club which held its meetings in 1659 at Miles Coffee house, in Westminster. It is mentioned by Wood.

† In the edition of 1822 the capital initial letter of this word, which appears in Thyer's edition, is removed, and a small letter substituted, by which the play upon the meaning evidently intended by Butler is destroyed. That Butler meant to emphasize the word is confirmed in the second version of the poem where it is printed in italics. The editor of 1822 has rather inconsistently preserved the reading in the second version which he had rejected in the first.

Had all passed muster, by mischance,
Both for the Sub, and Privolvans
This being discovered, put them all
Into a flesh, and fiercer brawl,
Ashamed, that men so grave and wise
Should be caldesed by gnats and flies,
And take the feeble insects' swarms
For mighty troops of men at arms,
As vain as those, who, when the Moon
Bright in a crystal river shone,
Threw casting-nets as subtly at her,
To catch and pull her out o' th' water
But when they had unscrewed the glass,
To find out where th' impostor was,
And saw the mouse, that by mishap
Had made the telescope a trap,
Amazed, confounded, and afflicted,
To be so openly convicted,
Immediately they get them gone,
With this discovery alone
That those who greedily pursue
Things wonderful, instead of true,
That in their speculations choose
To make discoveries strange news,
And natural history a g ette
Of tales stupendous, and fai-fet,
Hold no truth worthy to be known,
That is not huge and overgrown,
And explicate appearances,
Not as they are, but as they please,
In vain strive nature to suborn,
And, for their pains, are paid with scorn †

* See vol II p 53, note †

† This moral application of the story relieves the satire from the imputation of being an indiscriminate attack on the labours of the Royal Society. It distinguishes clearly between the legitimate objects of philosophical and scientific investigation, and the idle vanities upon which so much time was wasted in the early years of that Institution.

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON

IN LONG VERSE

[‘ AFTER the author had finished this story in short verse, he took it into his head to attempt it in long. That this was composed after the other is manifest from its being wrote opposite to it upon a vacant part of the same paper ’—T

That Butler improved the satire by lengthening the measure may be doubted. The pungency of the humour is weakened by dilution, and sometimes evaporates altogether. The mechanical process of filling out the lines by merely introducing additional syllables, without imputing additional weight to the expression, is apparent throughout. The loss of idiomatic strength is considerable, and there is no compensating gain in an increased volume of thought. It is evident that this long verse did not suit the genius of Butler, and that, in this instance at least, he found it unmanageable. The verse is generally languid, and digresses heavily throughout.

But this second version of the poem is valuable in other respects. Its variations occasionally bring out the intention of the writer more fully than the original, and some new lines interspersed in different places indicate more distinctly the application of particular passages. The variations are, for the most part, sufficiently obvious, wherever they call for special observation, attention is drawn to them in the notes. The new lines are, in all cases, enclosed in brackets.]

A VIRTUOUS, learned Society, of late
 The pride and glory of a foreign state,
 Made an agreement, on a summer's night,
 To search the Moon at full, by her own light,
 To take a perfect inventory of all
 Her real fortunes, or her personal,
 And make a geometrical survey
 Of all her lands, and how her country lay,
 As accurate as that of Ireland, where
 The sly surveyor's said t' have sunk a shire

T' observe her country's climate, how 'twas planted,
 And what she most abounded with, or wanted,
 And draw maps of her prop'iest situations
 For settling, and erecting new plantations,
 If ever the Society should incline
 T' attempt so great and glorious a design
 [A task in vain, unless the German Kepler
 Had found out a discovery to people her,
 And stock her country with inhabitants
 Of military men, and elephants
 For th' ancients only took her for a piece
 Of red-hot iron, as big as Peloponese,[†]
 Till he appeared, for which, some write, she sent
 Upon his tube as strange a punishment]

This was the only purpose of their meeting,
 For which they chose a time, and place most fitting,
 When, at the full, her equal shares of light
 And influence were at their greatest height
 And now the lofty telescope, the scale,
 By which they venture heaven itself t' assail,
 Was raised, and planted full against the Moon,
 And all the rest stood ready to fall on,
 Impatient, who should bear away the honour
 To plant an ensign, first of all upon her

When one who, for his solid deep belief,
 Was chosen virtuoso then in chief,

[†] Kepler maintained that it would be practicable to establish colonies in the moon, as soon as the art of flying should be invented and asserted that his own countrymen would be the first to execute the design. His opinion assumed the whole question at issue, and took for granted the existence of an atmosphere, of which no evidences have been discovered up to the present time. 'The moon,' says Sir John Herschel, 'has no clouds, nor any other indications of an atmosphere. Were there any, it could not fail to be perceived in the occultations of stars, and the phenomena of solar eclipses.' Of the possibility of sustaining animal life in the moon, the same writer observes, that 'owing to the want of air, it seems impossible that any forms of life analogous to those on earth can subsist there. No appearance indicating vegetation or the slightest variation of surface which can fully be ascribed to change of season, can anywhere be discovered.'—*Narrative on Astronomy*

† These lines occur in *Hudibras*—see vol. II. p. 47

Had been approved the most profound, and wise
At solving all impossibilities,
With gravity advancing, to apply
To th' optic glass his penetrating eye,
Cried out,—‘O strange!’—then reinforced his sight
Against the Moon with all his art and might,
And bent the muscles of his pensive brow,
As if he meant to stare and gaze her through,
While all the rest began as much t’ admire,
And, like a powder-train, from him took fire,
Surprised with dull amazement beforehand,
At what they would, but could not understand,
And grew impatient to discover, what
The matter was, they so much wondered at

Quoth he, ‘The old inhabitants o’ th’ Moon,
Who, when the Sun shines hottest about noon,
Are wont to live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and more than eighty round,
In which at once they use to fortify
Against the sunbeams, and the enemy,
Are counted borough-towns and cities there,
Because th’ inhabitants are civiler
Than those rude country peasants, that are found,
Like mountaineers, to live on th’ upper ground,
Named Privolvans, with whom the others are
Perpetually in state of open war
And now both armies, mortally engaged,
Are in a fierce and bloody fight engaged,
And many fall on both sides killed and slain,
As by the telescope ’tis clear and plain
Look in it quickly then, that every one
May see his share before the battle’s done’

At this, a famous great philosopher,
Admired, and celebrated far and near,
As one of wondrous singular invention,
And equal universal comprehension,
[By which he had composed a pedlar’s jargon,
For all the world to learn, and use in bargain,

An universal canting idiom,
 To understand the swinging pendulum,^{*}
 And to communicate, in all designs,
 With th' Eastern virtuoso-mandarin,[]]
 Applied an optic nerve and half a nose
 To th' end and centre of the engine, close
 For he had, very lately, undertook
 To vindicate, and publish in a book,
 That men, whose native eyes are blind, or out,
 May by more admirable art, be brought
 To see with empty holes as well and plain,
 As if their eyes had been put in again
 This great man, therefore, having fixed his sight
 To observe the bloody formidable fight,
 Considered carefully, and then cried out,
 'Tis true, the battle's desperately fought,
 The gallant Subvolvans begin to rally,
 And from their trenches valiantly sally,
 To fall upon the stubborn enemy,
 Who fearfully begin to rout and fly

* See vol ii p 53, note †. By this allusion (which occurs in an interpolated passage) it would appear that the person intended to be satirized was Sir Christopher Wren, who was the first to suggest the determination of a standard measure of length by the vibration of the pendulum—see Spenser *Hist Royal Soc*. Butler has treated this discovery with ridicule, in a note on *Hudibras*, see vol ii p 53, note †; but its importance has been fully established by subsequent observations. An excellent *resumé* of the pendulum experiments which have been made in the present century, with a view to the settlement of a standard of measure, will be found in Mr Weld's *Hist Royal Soc* vol ii p 252 *et seq*. Wren made many useful contributions to science in the early part of his career, and was distinguished as a mathematician before he embarked in those undertakings with which his fame is associated. 'He devoted himself much to astronomy, says Professor Powell, 'and became Professor of that science at Oxford in 1670, as well as in Gresham College; he also entered largely into the dynamical questions then discussed by the English philosophers and Huyghens, but ultimately his magnificent architectural labours withdrew him entirely from the pursuits of abstract science.—*Hist Nat Phil*. The lines which immediately follow this allusion refer, as already noticed, to Sir Kenelm Digby, see *anti*, p 15, note † so that this description cannot be considered as the portrait of an individual.

These paltzy domineering Pivolvans
 Have, every summer-season, then campaigns,
 And muster, like the military sons
 Of Rawhead, and victorious Bloodybones,
 As great and numerous as Soland geese
 I th' summer-islands of the Oicades,
 Courageously to make a dreadful stand,
 And boldly face their neighbours hand to hand,
 Until the peaceful, longed-for winter come,
 And then disband, and march in triumph home
 And spend the rest of all the year in lies,
 And vapouring of their unknown victories
 From th' old Arcadians they have been believed
 To be, before the Moon herself, derived,
 And, when her orb was first of all created,
 To be from thence, to people her, translated
 For as those people had been long reputed,
 Of all the Peloponnesians, the most stupid,
 Whom nothing in the world could ever bring
 To endure the civil life, but fiddling,
 They ever since retain the antique course,
 And native frenzy of their ancestors,
 And always use to sing, and fiddle to
 Things of the most important weight they do'

While thus the virtuoso entertains
 The whole assembly with the Pivolvans,
 Another sophist, but of less renown,
 Though longer observation of the Moon,†

* This is one of the instances in which the extension of the measure has not only weakened the point, but by inadvertence injured the sense. In the first version the line stands —

I th islands of the Oicades,

but two syllables being required to put this into 'long verse, the islands are expanded into 'summer islands,' a description which is curiously erroneous in reference to the Oicades

† In the short verse this couplet runs—

Another of is great renown,
 And solid judgment in the Moon

Though the variation in words is small, observes Mr Thwer, 'it makes a considerable difference in the character. This put of the

That understood the difference of her soils,
 And which produced the fairest genet-moyles,
 [But for an unpaid weekly shilling's pension,
 Had fined for wit and judgment, and invention,] †
 Who, after poring tedious and hard
 In th' optic-engine, gave a start, and stared,
 And thus began— A stranger sight appears,
 Than ever yet was seen in all the spheres,
 A greater wonder more unparalld
 Than ever mortal tube, or eye beheld,

character, especially as previously given, applies much more obviously to Newton than to Evelyn—a supposition which is strengthened by a subsequent line—See cr. 111 note

* Sir Isaac Newton seems to be plainly indicated here. When he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1671 he was said to have been so poor that he was obliged to apply to the Society for a dispensation to exempt him from the usual contribution of a shilling a week which all the other Fellows regularly paid.

† This couplet is substituted for the following in the short notice—

And in the register of time
 Had entered his long living name

Mr. Thyer informs us that Butler had added the two following lines to this character but afterwards crossed them out. The measure of these lines indicates that they were intended for insertion in the first draft of the poem—

And first found out the building Paul's,
 And paving London with sea coals

Wien would seem to be here again referred to and if so the allusion brings down the poem to within a few years of the death of Butler, the first stone of St Paul's having been laid in 1675. Considerable improvements were made in the streets after the Restoration. In 1667 and 1670 Acts were passed for rebuilding the City after the Fire of 1666, and the 'paving London with sea coals' is probably a banter upon the numerous schemes which were launched at that time for the re-construction of the city. One of these was by Wien, who presented his project to the King, by whom it was submitted to the Council. Evelyn also designed 'a plot for a new city' with a discourse upon it which he submitted to his Majesty and Hooke had before the Royal Society a model for rebuilding the city in streets of straight lines, with cross streets running out of them at right angles, which was so much approved of by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen that they preferred it to the plan drawn up by their own surveyor. The eagerness with which these plans were hurried forward is shown in a letter from Evelyn to Sir Samuel Luke: 'I presented his Majesty he writes, 'with my own conceptions, which was the second within two days after the conflagration, but Dr. Wien got the start of me.'

A mighty elephant from one of those
 Two fighting armies is at length broke loose,
 And with the desperate horror of the fight
 Appears amazed, and in a dreadful fright,
 Look quickly, lest the only sight of us
 Should cause the stulted creature to imboss
 It is a huge one, and appears more great
 Than ever was produced in Afric yet,
 From which we confidently may infer,
 The Moon appears to be the fruitfuller
 And since, of old, the mighty Pyrrhus brought
 Those living castles first of all, 'tis thought,
 Against the Roman army in the field,
 It may a valid argument be held,
 The same Arcadia being but a piece,
 As his dominions were, of antique Greece,—
 To vindicate, what this illustrious person
 Has made so learned and noble a discourse on,
 And given us ample satisfaction all
 Of th' ancient Pivolvans' original
 That elephants be really in the Moon,
 Although our fortune had discovered none,
 Is easily made plain, and manifest,
 Since from the greatest orbs down to the least,
 All other globes of stars and constellations
 Have cattle in 'em of all sorts and nations,
 And heaven, like a northern Tartar's hoile,
 With numerous and mighty droves is stored
 And if the Moon can but produce by nature
 A people of so large and vast a stature,
 'Tis more than probable, she should bring forth
 A greater breed of beasts, too, than the earth,
 As by the best accounts we have, appears
 Of all our crediblest discoverers,
 And, that those vast and monstrous creatures there
 Are not such far-fetivities, as here '

Mean while th assembly now had had a sight
 Of all distinct particulars o' th' fight,

And every man with diligence and cue
 Perused and viewed of th³ elephant his share,
 Proud of his equal interest in the glory
 Of so stupendous and renowned a story,
 When one, who for his fame and excellence
 In heightening of words, and shadowing sense,
 And magnifying all he ever writ
 With delicate and microscopic wit,
 Had long been magnified himself no less
 In foreign and domestic colleges,
 Began at last, transported with the twang
 Of his own elocution, thus t' harangue
 'Most virtuous, and incomparable friends,
 This great discovery fully makes amends
 For all our former unsuccessful pains
 And lost expenses of our tune and blains,
 For by this admirable phenomenon,
 We now have gotten ground upon the Moon,
 And gained a piss t' engage, and hold dispute
 With all the other planets that stand out
 And carry on this brave and virtuous war
 Home to the door of th' obstinatest star,
 And plant th' artillery of our optic tubes
 Against the proudest of their magnitudes,
 To stretch our future victories beyond
 The uttermost of planetary ground,
 And plant our warlike engines, and our ensigns
 Upon the fixed stars' spacious dimensions,
 To prove, if they are other suns, or not,
 As some philosophers have wisely thought,
 Or only windows in the empyreum,
 Through which those bright effluvia use to come
 Which Archimede, so many years ago,
 Durst never venture, but to wish to know †

* Two lines in the first copy are here omitted —

Like flames of inc, as others guess,
 That shinc r' th mouths of furnaces

† By a judicious transposition of this couplet, a parenthesis, which

Nor is this all, that we have now achieved,
 But greater things!—Henceforth to be believed,
 And have no more our best, or worst designs,
 Because they're ours, suspected for ill signs
 T' out-throw, and magnify, and to enluge,
 Shall, henceforth, be no more lud to our charge,
 Nor shall our best and ablest virtuosos
 Prove arguments agun for coffee-houses, '
 [Nor little stories gain belief among
 Our criticallist judges right or wrong]
 Nor shall our new-invented chariots draw
 The boys to course us in 'em without law
 [Make chips of elms produce the largest trees,†
 Or sowing saw-dust furnish nurseries ‡
 No more our heading darts, a swinging one!
 With butter only hardened in the sun,
 Or men that use to whistle loud enough
 To be heard by others plainly five miles off §
 Cause all the rest, we own and have avowed,
 To be believed as desperately loud]
 Nor shall our future speculations, whether
 An elder-stick will render all the leather
 Of schoolboys' breeches proof agunst the rod,
 Make all we undertake appear as odd

impeded the current of the description in the first copy, is here avoided

† From this place to the end of the speech the variations are numerous

‡ The allusion is to a communication by Spirit in which amongst other matters, he gives an account of a method of growing elms from chips

§ Possibly a banter upon the attempt to produce corn by sowing the 'rained seed,' alluded to in a previous note

§ See Sprat's *Hist Roy Soc* for the two stories here referred to which were related in a tract by some merchants who had ascended to the summit of the Peak of Teneriffe. There is an exaggeration in Butler's version of the darts headed with butter but the anecdote of the men who whistled loud enough to be heard five miles off is accurately rendered as it is given by the merchants, who add that to be in a room with these whistlers was enough to endanger the tympanum of the ear one of the narrators declaring that he could not hear perfectly for fifteen days afterward

This one discovery will prove enough
 To take all past and future scandals off
 But since the world is so incredulous
 Of all our usual scrutines and us,
 And with a constant prejudice prevents
 Our best, as well as worst experiments,
 As if they were all destined to miscarry,
 As well in concert tried as solitary
 And that th' assembly is uncertain when
 Such great discoveries will occur again,
 'Tis reasonable, we should, at least, contrive
 To draw up as exact a narrative
 Of that which every man of us can swear,
 Our eyes themselves have plainly seen appear,
 That, when 'tis fit to publish the account,
 We all may take our several oaths upon t'

This said, the whole assembly gave consent
 To drawing up th' authentic instrument,
 And, for the nation's general satisfaction,
 To print, and own it in their next 'Transaction'
 But while then ablest men were drawing up
 The wonderful memoir o th' telescope,
 A member peeping in the tube by chance,
 Beheld the elephant begin t' advance,
 That from the west-by-north side of the Moon
 To th' east-by-south was in a moment gone
 This being related, gave a sudden stop
 To all then grandees had been drawing up,
 And every person was amazed a-new,
 How such a strange surprisal should be true,
 Or any beast perform so great a race,
 So swift and rapid, in so short a space,
 Resolved, as suddenly, to make it good,
 Or render all as fanly as they could,

* The Society declined to hold itself responsible as a collective body for the opinions or experiments of individual Fellows; but this precaution did not protect its reputation from being damaged by the visionary theories of its members

And rather chose their own eyes to condemn,
 Than question, what they had beheld with the n

While every one was thus resolved, a man
 Of great esteem and credit thus began
 'Tis strange I grant! but who alas! can say,
 What cannot be, or justly can, and may?
 Especially at so hugely wide and vast
 A distance, as this miracle is placed,
 Where the least error of the glass, or sight,
 May render things amiss, but never right?
 Nor can we try them, when they're so far off,
 By any equal sublunary proof
 For who can justify that nature there
 Is tied to the same laws she acts by here?
 Nor is it probable she has infused
 Int' every species, in the Moon produced,
 The same efforts, she uses to confer
 Upon the very same productions here,
 Since those upon the earth, of several nations,
 Are found t' have such prodigious variations,
 And she affects so constantly to use
 Variety in every thing she does
 From hence may be inferred, that, though I grant,
 We have beheld i' th' Moon an elephant,
 That elephant may chauce to differ so
 From those with us, upon the earth below,
 Both in his bulk, as well as force and speed,
 As being of a different kind and breed,
 That though 'tis true, our own are but slow-paced,
 Thems there, perhaps, may fly, or run as fast,
 And yet be very elephants, no less
 Than those deriv'd from Indian families'

This said, another member of great worth,
 Famed for the learned works he had put forth,
 [In which the mannerly and modest author
 Quotes the Right Worshipful, his elder brother,]
 Looked wise a while, then said—'All this is true,
 And very learnedly observed by you,

But there's another nobler reason for it,
 That, rightly observed, will fall but little short
 Of solid mathematic demonstration,
 Upon a full and perfect calculation,
 And that is only this—As th' Earth and Moon
 Do constantly move contrary upon
 Their several axes, the rapidity
 Of both their motions cannot fail to be
 So violent, and naturally fast,
 That larger distances may well be past
 In less time than the elephant has gone,
 Although he had no motion of his own,
 Which we on earth can take no measure of,
 As you have made it evident by proof
 This granted, we may confidently hence
 Claim title to another inference,
 And make this wonderful phenomenon,
 Were there no other, serve our turn alone,
 To vindicate the grand hypothesis,
 And prove the motion of the Earth from this'

Thus said, th' assembly now was satisfied,
 As men are soon upon the biased side,
 With great applause received th' admind dispute,
 And grew more gay, and brisk, and resolute,
 By having, right or wrong, removed all doubt,
 Than if th' occasion never had fallen out,
 Resolving to complete their narrative,
 And punctually insert this strange retrieve

But, while their grandees were diverted all
 With nicely wording the memorial,
 The footboys for their own diversion too,
 As having nothing, now, at all to do,
 And when they saw the telescope at leisure,
 Turned virtuosos, only for their pleasure,
 With drills' and monkeys' ingenuity,
 That take delight to practise all they see,"

* Thyer prints this as a new couplet, overlooking it in the original,
 where it occupies a different place

Began to stare and gaze upon the Moon,
 As those they waited on, before had done
 When one, whose turn it was, by chance, to peep,
 Saw something in the lofty engine creep,
 And, viewing carefully, discovered more
 Than all their masters hit upon before
 Quoth he,—‘O strange! a little thing is slunk
 On th’ inside of the long stu-gazing trunk,
 And now is gotten down so low and nigh,
 I have him here directly ’gunst mine eye’

This chancing to be overheard by one,
 Who was not, yet, so hugely overgrown
 In any philosophic observation,
 As to conclude with more imagination,
 And yet he made immediately a guess
 At fully solving all appearances,
 A plainer way, and more significant,
 Than all their hints had proved o’ th’ elephant,
 And quickly found, upon a second view,
 His own conjecture, probably, most true,
 For he no sooner had applied his eye
 To th’ optic engine, but immediately
 The round a small field-mouse was gotten in
 The hollow telescope, and, shut between
 The two glass-windows, closely in restraint,
 Was magnified into an elephant,
 And proved the happy virtuous occasion
 Of all this deep and leun’d dissertation
 And as a mighty mountain heretofore
 Is said t’ have been begot with child, and bore
 A silly mouse, this captive mouse, as strange,
 Produced another mountain in exchange

Mean while the grandees, long in consultation,
 Had finished the miraculous narration,
 And set their hands and seals, and sense, and wit,
 To attest and vouch the truth of all th’ had wit,
 When this unfortunate phenomenon
 Confounded all they had declared and done

For 'twas no sooner told and hunted at,
 But all the rest were in a tumult straight,
 More hot and furiously engaged by far,
 Than both the hosts that in the Moon made war,
 To find so rare and admirable a hunt,
 When they had all agreed, and sworn t' have seen't,
 And had engaged themselves to make it out,
 Obstructed with a wretched paltiy doubt

When one, whose only task was to determine,
 And solve the worst appearances of vermin,
 Who oft had made profound discoveries
 In frogs and toads, as well as rats and mice,
 Though not so curious and exact, 'tis true,
 As many an exquisite rat-catcher knew,
 After he had a while with signs made way
 For something pertinent, he had to say,
 [At last prevailed—Quoth he,] 'This disquisition
 Is, the one half of it, in my disquisition,
 For though 'tis true the elephant, as beast,
 Belongs, of natural right, to all the rest,
 The mouse, that's but a paltiy vermin, none
 Can claim a title to, but I alone,
 And therefore humbly hope, I may be heard
 In my own province freely, with regard
 It is no wonder that we are cried down,
 And made the table-talk of all the town,
 That rants and vapours still, for all our great
 Designs and projects, w' have done nothing yet,
 If every one have liberty to doubt,
 When some great secret's more than half made out,
 Because, perhaps, it will not hold out true,
 And put a stop to all w' attempt to do
 As no great action ever has been done,
 Nor ever s like to be, by truth alone,
 If nothing else but only truth w' allow,
 'Tis no great matter what w' intend to do,

* These words supply a blank in the first copy

For truth is always too reserved and chaste,
 T' endure to be by all the town embraced,
 A solitary anchorite that dwells
 Retired from all the world, in obscure cells,
 Disdains all great assemblies, and defies
 The press and crowd of mixed societies,
 That use to deal in novelty and change,
 Not of things true, but great, and rare and strange,
 To entertain the world with what is fit
 And proper for its genius, and its wit,
 The world, that's never found to set esteem
 On what things are, but what th' appear, and seem,
 And if they are not wonderful and new,
 They're ne'er the better for their being true
 [For what is truth, or knowledge, but a kind
 Of wantonness and luxury o' th' mind,
 A greediness and gluttony o' the brain,
 That longs to eat forbidden fruit again,
 And grows more desperate, like the worst diseases
 Upon the nobler part, the mind, it seizes?]
 And what has mankind ever gained by knowing
 His little truths, unless his own undoing,
 That prudently by nature had been hidden,
 And, only for his greater good, forbidden?
 And, therefore, with as great discretion does
 The world endeavour still to keep it close,
 For if the secrets of all truths were known,
 Who would not, once more, be as much undone?
 For truth is never without danger in it,
 As here it has deprived us of a hint
 The whole assembly had agreed upon,
 And utterly defeated all w' had done,
 [By giving footboys leave to interpose,
 And disappoint, whatever we propose,]
 For nothing but to cut out work for Stubbes
 And all the busy academic clubs,

* In the next half-dozen lines the idea is brought out more effectively than in the last line sure

[For which they have deserved to run the risks
 Of elder-sticks,* and penitential flisks]
 How much then ought we have a special care,
 That none presume to know above his share,
 Nor take upon him t' understand, henceforth,
 More than his weekly contribution's worth
 That all those, that have purchased of the college
 A half, or but a quarter share of knowledge
 And brought none in themselves, but spent repute,
 Should never be admitted to dispute,
 Nor any member undertake to know
 More than his equal dividend comes to,
 For partners have perpetually been known
 T' impose upon their public interest prone,
 And if we have not greater cue of ours
 It will be sure to run the self-same course'

This said the whole society allowed
 The doctrine to be orthodox, and good,
 And from th' apparent truth of what th' had heard,
 Resolved, henceforth, to give truth no regard,
 But what was for their interests to vouch,
 And either find it out, or make it such
 That 'twas more admiable to create
 Inventions, like truth, out of strong conceit,
 Than with vexatious study, pains, and doubt,
 To find, or but suppose t' have found it out

This being resolved, th' assembly, one by one,
 Reviewed the tube, the elephant, and Moon,
 But still the more, and curiouser they pryed,
 They but became the more unsatisfied,
 In no one thing, they gazed upon, agreeing,
 As if th' had different principles of seeing
 Some boldly swore, upon a second view,
 That all they had beheld before, was true,
 And damned themselves, they never would recant,
 One syllable th' had seen of th' elephant,

* Alluding to a very old supposition that if boys were beaten with an elder stick it would stop their growth

Avowed his shape and snout could be no mouse's,
 But a true natural elephant's proboscis
 Others began to doubt as much, and waver,
 Uncertain which to disallow, or favour,
 [Until they had as many cross resolves,
 As Irishmen that have been turned to wolves,]*
 And grew distracted, whether to espouse
 The party of the elephant or mouse

Some held, there was no way so orthodox,
 As to refer it to the ballot-box,
 And, like some other nation's Patriots,
 To find it out, or make the truth, by votes
 Others were of opinion, 'twas more fit
 To unmount the telescope, and open it,
 And for their own and all men's satisfaction,
 To search and re-examine the 'Transaction,'
 And afterwards to explicate the rest,
 As they should see occasion for the best

To this, at length, as th' only expedient,
 The whole assembly freely gave consent,

* To what particular story Butler alludes in these two additional verses I cannot discover nor whether it be one founded upon the Paganism transmission taught by the Druids to the old Irish, or to the French superstition about the *Loups garoux* or men wolves adopted by the moderns — I The allusion is not to either, but to a belief entertained by the early English settlers that the Irish were periodically turned into wolves. The earliest reference to this singular notion may be seen at length in Giraldus Cambrensis, *Topog. Hibernia*, lib. ii. c. viii. Giraldus relates that about three years before the coming into Ireland of King John a certain priest journeying in company with a little boy from Ulster into Meath took shelter one night in a wood on the confines of the two provinces, where he lighted a fire. Presently a wolf approached, and spoke in 'a very catholic manner about God,' and, being conjured by the priest, in the name of the blessed Trinity, gave the following account of himself. He said that he belonged to a certain family of the inhabitants of Ossory of whom two a man and a woman, once in every seven years were obliged to take the shape of wolves, and to depart from their own country, under the malediction of a saint, the Abbot Natalis. At the end of the seven years, if they lived so long, they were restored to the human form, and two others were substituted in their place. Having concluded his narration, the wolf entreated the priest to administer the last rites of the Church to his female companion, who was then in the agonies of death. The priest, terribly frightened, followed him to a hollow

But, ere the optic tube was half let down,
 Their own eyes cleared the first phenomenon
 For at the upper end, prodigious swarms
 Of busy flies and gnats, like men in arms,
 Had all passed muster in the glass by chance,
 For both the Pen- and the Sub-volvans

Thus being discovered, once more put them all
 Into a worse and desperate brawl,
 Surprised with shame, that men so grave and wise
 Should be trepanned by paltzy gnats and flies,
 And to mistake the feeble insects' swarms
 For squadrons, and reserves of men in arms
 As politic as those, who, when the Moon
 As bright and glorious in a river shone,
 Threw casting-nets, with equal cunning at her,
 To catch her with, and pull her out o' th' water

But when, at last, they had unscrewed the glass,
 To find out where the sly impostor was,
 And saw 'twas but a mouse, that by mishap
 Had caught himself, and them, in th' optic trap,*

tree, where he found the she wolf, but as he was about to perform the rites he discovered that he had no consecrated bread. Upon this the male wolf went away and speedily returned bringing back a manual [service-book] with several hosts between the leaves. The priest, however still hesitated. At length the she wolf, drawing down the wolf's skin to her waist appeared as an old woman upon which the priest, having no longer any scruples consented to communicate her and was dismissed the next morning with many thanks, but not until the wolf had delivered himself of some very sensible and orthodox opinions on the causes of the English invasion, and its probable issue. A provincial synod was soon afterwards called to consider the question whether these men-wolves were entitled to the sacrament of Christianity, and Giraldus was invited to assist at the discussion but excused himself for want of time. Such is the story preserved by the old chronicler. A curious confirmation of the main feature of it is recorded in a different form by Spenser — 'The Scythians said that they were once a year turned into wolves, and so it is written of the Irish though Master Cudmen in a better sense, doth suppose it was a disease called Lycanthropia so named of the wolf. And yet some of the Irish do use to make the wolf their gossip — *View of the State of Ireland*

* The long measure has afforded a happy opportunity for heightening the point in this line. In the first draft the mouse alone is caught in the trap

Amazed, with shame confounded, and afflicted
 To find themselves so openly convicted,
 Immediately made haste to get them gone,
 With none but this discovery alone —

That learned men, who greedily pursue
 Things that are rather wonderful than true,
 And, in their nicest speculations, choose
 To make their own discoveries strange news,
 And natural history rather a gazette
 Of rarities stupendous, and far-fet,
 Believe no truths are worthy to be known,
 That are not strongly vast, and overgrown,
 And strive to explicate appearances,
 Not as they're probable, but as they please,
 In vain endeavour nature to suborn,
 And, for their pains are justly paid with scorn *

* 'Butler' says Mr. Thier, 'to compliment his mouse for affording him an opportunity of indulging his satirical turn, and displaying his wit upon this occasion, has to the end of this poem, subjoined the following epigrammatical note —

'A mouse, whose martial valour has so long
 Ago been tried and by old Homer sung
 And purchased him more everlasting glory
 Than all his Grecian and his Trojan story,
 Though he appears unequal matched I grant,
 In bulk and stature by the elephant
 Yet frequently has been observed in battle
 To have reduced the proud and haughty cattle
 When having boldly entered the redoubt,
 And stormed the dreadful outwork of his snout,
 The little vermin like an errant knight
 Has slain the huge gigantic beast in fight'

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON

A FRAGMENT *

A LEARNED man, whom once a week
 A hundred virtuosos seek †
 And like an oracle apply to,
 T' ask questions, and admire, and lie to,
 Who entertained them all of course,
 As men take wives for better or worse,
 And passed them all for men of parts,
 Though some but sceptics in their hearts,
 For when they're cast into a lump,
 Their talents equally must jump,
 As metals mixed, the rich and base
 Do both at equal values pass
 With these the ordinary debate
 Was after news, and things of state,

* In this fragment, which Mr. Thyer found amongst Butler's papers, fully and correctly transcribed, the general subject of the Elephant in the Moon is resumed. It seems to be the commencement of a projected design to treat more at large the problems and experiment of the Royal Society, and the elastic nature of the scheme laid down in the opening justifies the supposition that it would have exceeded the previous satire in magnitude and importance, had Butler lived to complete his intention.

† An allusion, probably, to the meetings held at the house of Sir Kneelm Digby. Great numbers of persons used also to frequent the house of Boyle, who, in the latter part of his life, when his health was failing, and he was desirous of finally collecting and arranging his writings, found so much inconvenience from this kind of celebrity, that he placed a board over his door with an inscription signifying when he did, and did not, receive visits. To make his wishes more generally known he published an advertisement, setting forth the reasons which compelled him to exclude the large concourse of people who were daily in the habit of calling on him. Although it may be assumed that Butler did not contemplate a direct satire upon Boyle in this fragment, there is scarcely a philosophical problem indicated in the piece which Boyle had not investigated, so active and comprehensive was his genius. His works, collected and published after his death, occupy 5 folio volumes and embrace treatises on Physics, Statics, Pneumatics, Natural History, Chemistry, and Medicine.

Which way the dreadful comet went,
 In sixty-four, and what it meant,
 What nations yet are to bewail
 The operation of its tail,
 Or whether France, or Holland yet,
 Or Germany, be in its debt?
 What wars and plagues in Christendom
 Have happened since, and what to come?
 What kings are dead, how many queens
 And princesses are poisoned since,
 And who shall next of all by turn
 Make courts wear black, and tradesmen mourn?[†]
 What parties next of foot, or horse,
 Will rout, or routed be of course?
 What German marches, and retreats
 Will furnish the next month's gazettes?
 What pestilent contagion next,
 And what part of the world infects?
 What dreadful meteor, and where,
 Shall in the heavens next appear?
 And when again shall lay embargo
 Upon the Admiral, the good ship *Argo*?
 Why currents turn in seas of ice
 Some thrice a day, and some but twice,
 And why the tides at night and noon
 Count, like Caligula, the Moon?[‡]
 What is the natural cause why fish,
 That always drink, do never piss,

* This comet appeared on the 24th December, 1664, and furnished a fruitful subject of discussions and predictions to the astrologers

† The cases of poisoning actual or reputed, were numerous. The instance of the Duchess of Orleans may be mentioned as the most notorious. There were many others, currently reported. Lady Denham, Lady Chesterfield, and Lady Digby, were supposed to have been poisoned, and the Duchess of Portsmouth said that Charles II. was poisoned by a footman, in a dish of chocolate.

‡ The *Principia* of Newton, in which the theory of the moon and the tides is investigated and explained, was not published till after Butler's death.

Or whether in their home, the deep,
 By day or night they ever sleep?
 If grass be green, or snow be white,
 But only as they take the light?
 Whether possessions of the devil,
 Or mere temptations, do most evil?
 What is't, that makes all fountains still
 Within the earth to run up hill,
 But on the outside down again,
 As if th' attempt had been in vain?
 Or what's the strange magnetic cause,
 The steel on loadstone's drawn, or draws,
 The star, the needle, which the stone
 Has only been but touched upon?
 Whether the north-star's influence
 With both does hold intelligence,—
 For red-hot iron, held t'wards the pole,
 Turns of itself to't, when 'tis cool—
 Or whether male and female screws
 In th' iron and stone th' effect produce?
 What makes the body of the sun,
 That such a rapid course does run,
 To draw no tail behind through th' air,
 As comets do, when they appear,
 Which other planets cannot do,
 Because they do not burn, but glow?
 Whether the Moon be sea, or land,
 Or charcoal, or a quenched firebrand,
 Or if the dark holes that appear,
 Are only pores, not cities there?
 Whether the atmosphere turn round,
 And keep a just pace with the ground,

* Few subjects engross more space in the early proceedings of the Royal Society than the theory of light and colours. Newton contributed several papers relating to it in the *Transactions* and exhausted the whole inquiry in his *Optics, or a Treatise of the Reflections, Refractions, and Inflections, and the Colours of Light*, published in 1704

Or loiter lazily behind,
 And clog the air with gusts of wind?
 Or whether crescents in the wane
 For so an author has it plain,
 Do burn quite out, or wear away
 Their snuffs upon the edge of day?
 Whether the sea increase, or waste,
 And, if it do, how long 'twill last?
 Or if the sun approaches near
 The earth, how soon it will be there?

These were their learn'd speculations
 And all their constant occupations,
 To measure wind, and weigh the air,
 And turn a circle to a square,
 To make a powder of the sun,
 By which all doctors shou'd b' undone,
 To find the north-west passage out,
 Although the farthest way about,
 If chemists from a rose's ashes
 Can raise the rose itself in glasses,
 Whether the line of incidence
 Rise from the object, or the sense,
 To stew th' elixir in a bath
 Of hope, credulity, and faith,
 To explicate by subtle hints,
 The grain of diamonds and flints,
 And in the braying of an ass
 Find out the trifle and the base,
 If maes neigh alto, and a cow
 A double diapason low

Satires.

UPON THE IMPERFECTION AND ABUSE OF
HUMAN LEARNING ¹

IN TWO PARTS

IT is the noblest act of human reason
 To free itself from slavish prepossession,
 Assume the legal right to disengage
 From all it had contracted under age,
 And not its ingenuity and wit
 To all, it was imbued with first, submit,
 Take true, or false, for better, or for worse
 To have, or t' hold indifferently of course
 For custom, though but usher of the school,
 Where nature breeds the body and the soul,
 Usurps a greater power and interest
 O'er man, the heir of reason, than brute beast,
 That by two different instincts is led,
 Born to the one, and to the other bred,
 And trains him up with rudiments more false,
 Than nature does her stupid animals
 And that's one reason, why more care's bestowed
 Upon the body, than the soul's allowed,
 That is not found to understand, and know
 So subtly, as the body's found to grow
 Though children, without study pains, or thought,
 Are languages, and vulgar notions taught,

* Mr. Thyer says that Butler meditated a pretty long satire on this subject, but finished no more of it than the first part and the fragments that follow. The poet's plan, he adds, seems to have consisted of two parts, the first, which he has executed is to expose the defects of human learning from the wrong methods of education, from the actual imperfections of the human mind and from that over-eagerness of men to know things above the reach of human capacity. The second, as far as one can judge by the remains, was to have exemplified what he has asserted in the first and introduced and satirized the different branches of human learning, in characterizing the philosophers, critics, orators, &c.

Improve their natural talents without care,
 And apprehend before they are aware,
 Yet, as all strangers never leave the tones,
 They have been used of children to pronounce,
 So most men's reason never can outgrow
 The discipline, it first received to know,
 But renders words, they first began to con,
 The end of all, that's after to be known,
 And sets the help of education back
 Worse, than, without it, man could ever lack,
 Who, therefore, finds the artificial'st fools
 Have not been changed i' th' cradle, but the schools,
 Where error, pedantry, and affectation,
 Run them behind-hand with their education,
 And all alike are taught poetic rage,
 When hardly one's fit for it in an age

No sooner are the organs of the brain
 Quick to receive, and steadfast to retain
 Best knowledges, but all's laid out upon
 Retrieving of the curse of Babylon,
 To make confounded languages restore
 A greater drudgery, than it bann'd before
 And therefore those imported from the East,
 Where first they were incurred, are held the best,
 Although conveyed in worse Arabian pothooks,
 That gifted tradesmen scribble in sermon note-books,
 Are really but puns and labour lost,
 And not worth half the drudgery they cost,
 Unless, like rarities, as they've been brought
 From foreign climates, and as dearly bought,
 When those, who had no other but their own,
 Have all succeeding eloquence outdone,
 As men that wink with one eye, see more true,
 And take their aim much better, than with two
 ¶ For the more languages a man can speak,
 His talent has but sprung the greater leak,
 And, for the industry he has spent upon't,
 Must full as much some other way discount

The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,
Do, like then letters, set men's reason back,
And turns then wits, that strive to understand it,
Like those that write the characters, left-handed
Yet he, that is but able to express
No sense at all in several languages,
Will pass for learned, than he that's known
To speak the strongest reason in his own

These are the modern arts of education,
With all the learning of mankind in fashion,
But practised only with the rod and whip,
As riding-schools inculcate horsemanship,
Or Romish penitents let out their skins,
To bear the penalties of others' sins
When letters, at the first, were meant for play,
And only used to pass the time away,
When th' ancient Greeks and Romans had no name
To express a school and playhouse, but the same,
And in their languages, so long ago,
To study, or be idle, was all one,
For nothing more preserves men in their wits,
Than giving of them leave to play by fits,
In dreams to sport, and ramble with all fancies
And waking, little less extravagances,
The rest and recreation of tired thought,
When 'tis run down with care, and overwrought,
Of which whoever does not freely take
His constant share, is never broad awake,
And, when he wants an equal competence
Of both recruits, abates as much of sense

Not is then education worse designed
Than nature, in her province, proves unkind
The greatest inclinations with the least
Capacities are fatally possessed,
Condemned to drudge, and labour, and take pains,
Without an equal competence of brains,
While those she has indulged in soul and body,
Are most averse to industry and study,

And th' activ'st fancies share as loose alloys,
 For want of equal weight to counterpoise
 But when those great conveniences meet
 Of equal judgment, industry, and wit,
 The one but strives the other to divert,
 While fate and custom in the feud take part,
 And scholars by preposterous over-doin',
 And under-judging, all their projects ruin,
 Who, though the understanding of mankind
 Within so strait a compass is confined,
 Disdain the limits nature sets to bound
 The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond
 The bravest soldiers scorn, until they're got
 Close to the enemy, to make a shot,
 Yet great philosophers delight to stretch
 Their talents most at things beyond their reach,
 And proudly think t' unmiddle every cause,
 That nature uses by their own bye-laws,
 When 'tis not only impertinent, but rude,
 Where she denies admission, to intrude,
 And all their industry is but to en,
 Unless they have free quarantine from her,
 Whence 'tis the world the less has understood,
 By striving to know more, than 'tis allowed

For Adam, with the loss of paradise,
 Bought knowledge at too desperate a price,
 And ever since that miserable fate,
 Learning did never cost in easier rate,
 For though the most divine and sovereign good,
 That nature has upon mankind bestowed,
 Yet it has proved a greater hindrance
 To th' interest of truth, than ignorance,
 And therefore never bore so high a value
 As when 'twas low, contemptible, and shallow,
 Had academies, schools, and colleges
 Endowed for its improvement, and increase,
 With pomp and show was introduced with mace,
 More than a Roman magistrate had fasces;

Impow'ered with statute, privilege, and mandate,
T' assume an ait, and after understand it,
Like bills of stoie for taking a degree,
With all the learning to it custom-free,
And own professions, which they never took
So much delight in, as to read one book
Like princes had prerogative to give
Convicted malefactor's a reprieve,
And having but a little pity wit
More th'n the world, reduced and governed it,
But scorned, as soon as 'twas but understood,
As better is a spiteful foe to good,
And now has nothing left for its support,
But what the darkest times provided for't

Man has a natural desire to know,
But th' one half is for interest, th' other show
As scriveners take more pains to learn the sleight
Of making knots, than all the hands they write
So all his study is not to extend
The bounds of knowledge, but some vain end,
T' appear, and pass for learn'd, though his claim
Will hardly reach beyond the empty name
For most of those that drudge and labour hud,
Furnish their understandings by the yaid,
As a French library by the whole is
So much an ell for quartos, and for folios,
To which they are but indexes themselves,
And understand no further than the shelves,
But smatter with their titles and editions,
And place them in their classical partitions,
When all a student knows of what he reads
Is not in's own, but under general heads
Of common-places, not in his own power,
But like a Dutchman's money i' th' Cantore,
Where all he can make of it, at the best,
Is hardly thirce per cent for interest,
And whether he will ever get it out
Into his own possession is a doubt

Affects all books of past and modern ages,
 But reads no further than the title-pages,
 Only to con the authois' names by rote,
 Or, at the best, those of the books they quote,
 Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance
 With all the learned moderns, and the ancients
 As Roman noblemen were wont to greet,
 And compliment the rabble in the street
 Had nomenclators in their trains, to claim
 Acquaintance with the meanest by his name,
 And by so mean contemptible a bribe
 Trepanned the suffrages of every tribe,
 So learned men, by authors' names unknown,
 Have gained no small improvement to their own,
 And he's esteemed the learned'st of all others,
 That has the largest catalogue of authois

FRAGMENTS OF AN INTENDED SECOND PART
 OF THE FOREGOING SATIRE *

MEN'S talents grow more bold and confident,
 The further they're beyond their just extent,
 As smatterers prove more arrogant and pert,
 The less they truly understand an art,
 And, where they've least capacity to doubt,
 Are wont to appear most peremptory and stout,
 While those, that know the mathematic lines,
 Where nature all the wit of man confines,
 And when it keeps within its bounds, and where
 It acts beyond the limits of its sphere,
 Enjoy an absolute free command
 O'er all, they have a right to understand,

* These fragments were faintly written out, and several times, with some little variations transcribed by Butler, but never connected, or reduced into any regular form. They may be considered as the principal parts of a curious edifice, each separately finished, but not united into one general design — 1

Than those, that falsely venture to encroach
 Where nature has denied them all approach,
 And still the more they strive to understand,
 Like great estates, run furthest behind hand,
 Will undertake the universe to fathom,
 From infinite down to a single atom,
 Without a geometric instrument,
 To take their own capacity's extent,
 Can tell us easy how the world was made,
 As if they had been brought up to the trade,
 And whether chance, necessity, or matter,
 Contrived the whole establishment of nature,
 When all their wits to understand the world
 Can never tell, why a pig's tail is curled,
 Or give a rational account, why fish,
 That always use to drink, do never piss

WHAT mad fantastic gambols have been played
 By th' ancient Greek forefathers of the trade,
 That were not much inferior to the freaks
 Of all our lunatic fanatic sects?
 The first and best philosopher of Athens
 Was cracked, and ran stark-staring mad with patience,
 And had no other way to show his wit,
 But when his wife was in her scolding fit,
 Was after in the Pagan inquisition,
 And suffered martyrdom for no religion †
 Next him, his scholar striving to expel
 All poets his poetic commonweal,

* This couplet occurs also in the continuation of *The Flephant in the Moon*—see ante p. 50

† There is no room to doubt that Socrates believed in the immortality of the soul. According to Xenophon, he held that the soul was allied to the Divine Principle by a similarity of nature, and that the existence of good men would be continued in a future state in which they would receive the rewards of their virtue. Plato testifies to the same effect, and the language of Socrates before his death confirms the doctrine. He said to his friends: 'As soon as I shall have drunk the poison, I shall not remain longer with you, but depart immediately to the seats of the blessed.'

Eviled himself, and all his followers,
 Notorious poets, only bating verse
 The Stagyrite, unable to expound
 The Euripus, leapt into 't, and was drowned †
 So he, that put his eyes out to consider,
 And contemplate on natural things the steadier ‡
 Did but himself for idiot convince,
 Though revered by the learn'd ever since
 Empedocles, to be esteemed a god
 Leapt into Ætna, with his sandals shod,
 That being blown out discovered what an ass
 The great philosopher and juggler was,
 That to his own new deity sacrificed,
 And was himself the victim, and the priest §
 The Cynic coined false money, and for fear
 Of being hanged for 't, turned philosopher ||
 Yet with his lantern went by day, to find
 One honest man in th' heap of all mankind,
 An idle freak, he needed not have done,
 If he had known himself to be but one
 With swarms of maggots of the self-same rate,
 The learn'd of all ages celebrate

* This banter upon Plato and his *Republic* assumes that poets had no place in a system based upon strict reasoning while it insinuates that Plato's disciples were no better after all than mere idealists, who, looking after an imaginary and unattainable perfection might be compared to poets in all respects except the verse.

† Butler recalls himself here of the licence of satire by adopting one of the idle tales related of the manner of Aristotle's death, which really took place at Colchis where he died from the effects of severe study, and vexation at the persecutions to which philosophy was at that period exposed in Athens.

‡ The allusion is to a story in the *Notes Atticæ* of Aulus Gellius of a philosopher who put out his eyes in order that he might not be distracted by external objects. Democritum philosophum in monumentis Historiæ Græcæ scriptum est unum præter alios venerandum auctoritateque antiqui præditum, luminibus oculorum suâ sponte privasse, quia existimaret cogitationes commentationesque animi sæpius contemplandis naturæ rationibus vegetiores et exactiores fore, si eas videndi illecebri et oculorum impedimentis liber esset. — AULI GELLII, 17

§ See vol. II p. 46, note †

|| Apparently for the sake of the epigram with which this description terminates, Butler transfers to Diogenes the offence committed by

Things that are properer for Knightsbridge college,
 Than th' authors and originals of knowledge,
 More sottish, than the two fanatics trying
 To mend the world by laughing, or by crying,†
 Or he that laughed until he choked his whistle,
 To rally on an ass, that ate a thistle,
 That th' antique sage, that was gallant t' a goose,‡
 A fitter mistress could not pick, and choose,
 Whose tempers, inclinations sense, and wit,
 Like two indentures, did agree so fit

THE ancient sceptics constantly denied
 What they maintained, and thought they justified,
 For when th' affirmed, that nothing's to be known,
 They did but what they said before disown,
 And, like polemics of the Post,§ pronounce
 The same thing to be true and false at once

These follies had such influence on the rabble,
 As to engage them in perpetual squabble,
 Divided Rome and Athens into clans
 Of ignorant mechanic partisans,
 That, to maintain their own hypotheses,
 Broke one another's blockheads, and the peace,
 Were often set by officers i' th' stocks
 For quarrelling about a paradox
 When pudding-wives were launched in cockquean||
 For falling foul on oyster-women's schools ¶ [stools,

his father, a banker, who was convicted of debasing the public coin, and obliged to leave his country in consequence

* See vol. II p. 165 note †

† Democritus and Heraclitus, commonly called, with remarkable inappropiateness the former the Laughing, and the latter the Crying, Philosopher

‡ The allusion is probably, to a marvellous story, related by Pliny and others, of a goose that fell in love with a young Grecian, named Amphiloehus Butler again introduces this curious legend in his *bullards on the Parliament*—See *post*, p. 131

§ Knights of the Post—See vol. I p. 68 note †

|| Cockquean—a beggar or cheat Altered to 'cucking stools' in Ed. of 1822

¶ See vol. I p. 202, note *

No herb-women sold cabbages or onions,
 But to then gossips of their own opinions
 A Peripatetic * cobbler scorned to sole
 A pair of shoes of any other school,
 And porters of the judgment of the Stoics,
 To go an errand of the Cyrenaics, †
 That used t' encounter in athletic lists,
 With beard to beard, and teeth and nails to fists,
 Like modern kicks and cuffs among the youth
 Of academics, to maintain the truth
 But in the boldest feats of arms the Stoic
 And Epicureans were the most heroic,
 That stoutly ventured breaking of their necks,
 To vindicate the interests of their sects,
 And still behaved themselves as resolute
 In waging cuffs and bruises, as dispute,
 Until with wounds and bruises, which th' had got,
 Some hundreds were killed dead upon the spot,
 When all their quarrels, rightly understood,
 Were but to prove disputes the sovereign good

DISTINCTIONS, that had been at first designed
 To regulate the errors of the mind,
 By being too nicely overstrained and vexed,
 Have made the comment harder than the text,
 And do not now, like carving, hit the joint,
 But break the bones in pieces of a point,
 And with impertinent evasions force
 The clearest reason from its native course,
 That argue things s' uncertain, 'tis no matter
 Whether they are, or never were in nature,
 And venture to demonstrate, when th' have slurred,
 And palmed a fallacy upon a word
 For disputants, as swordsmen use to fence
 With blunted foils, engage with blunted sense,

* A follower of Aristotle, so called because the doctrines of that school were expounded and discussed while walking in the Lyceum

† The disciples of the school of Cyrene

And as they're wont to falsify a blow,
Use nothing else to pass upon a foe,
Or, if they venture further to attack,
Like bowlers, strive to beat away the jack,
And, when they find themselves too hardly pressed on,
Prevailicate, and change the state o' th' quest'on,
The noblest science of defence and art
In practice now with all that controvert,
And th' only mode of prizes, from Bear-garden
Down to the schools, in giving blows, or waiving

As old knights-errant in their harness fought*
As safe as in a castle, or redoubt,
Gave one another desperate attacks,
To storm the countercups upon their backs,
So disputants advance, and post their aims,
To storm the works of one another's terms,
Fall foul on some extravagant expression,
But ne'er attempt the main design and reason
So some polemics use to draw their swords
Against the language only and the words,
As he, who fought at barriers with Salinasius,
Engaged with nothing but his style and phrases,
Waived to assert the murder of a prince,
The author of false Latin to convince,
But laid the merits of the cause aside,
By those, that understood them, to be tried,
And counted breaking Piusian's head a thing
More capital, than to behead a king,
For which he has been admired by all the learned
Of knaves concerned, and pedants unconcerned

JUDGMENT is but a curious pair of scales,
That turns with th' hundredth part of true or false,
And still, the more 'tis used, is wont to abate
The subtlety and niceness of its weight,

* See vol. 1 p. 167, note †

Until tis false, and will not rise, nor fall,
 Like those that are less artificial,
 And, therefore, students in their ways of judging
 Are fain to swallow many a senseless gudgeon,
 And by their over-understanding lose
 Its active faculty with too much use
 For reason, when too curiously 'tis spun,
 Is but the next of all removed from none—

It is opinion governs all mankind,
 As wisely as the blind, that leads the blind
 For as those surnames are esteemed the best,
 That signify in all things else the least,
 So men pass fairest in the world's opinion,
 That have the least of truth and reason in 'em
 Truth would undo the world, if it possessed
 The meanest of its right and interest,
 Is but a titular princess, whose authority
 Is always under age, and in minority,
 Has all things done, and carried in its name,
 But most of all where it can lay no claim,
 As far from gaiety and complaisance,
 As greatness, insolence, and ignorance,
 And therefore has surrendered her dominion
 O'er all mankind to barbarous opinion,
 That in her right usurps the tyrannies
 And arbitrary government of lies—

As no tricks on the rope, but those that break,
 Or come most near to breaking of a neck,
 Are worth the sight, so nothing goes for wit
 But nonsense, or the next of all to it
 For nonsense being neither false nor true,
 A little wit to any thing may screw,
 And, when it has a while been used, of course
 Will stand as well in virtue, power, and force,
 And pass for sense t' all purposes as good,
 As if it had at first been understood
 For nonsense has the amplest privileges,
 And more than all the strongest sense obliges,

That furnishes the schools with terms of art,
 The mysteries of science to impart,
 Supplies all seminaries with recruits
 Of endless controversies and disputes,
 For lea'nèd nonsense has a deeper sound
 Than easy sense, and goes for more profound

For all our lea'nèd authors now compile
 At charge of nothing but the words and style,
 And the most curious critics of the lea'nèd
 Believe themselves in nothing else concerned,
 For as it is the garniture and dress
 That all things wear in books and language,
 And all men's qualities we wot t' appear
 According to the habits that they wear,
 'Tis probable to be the truest test
 Of all the ingenuity o' th' rest
 The lives of trees lie only in the barks,
 And in their styles the wit of greatest clerks
 Hence 'twas the ancient Roman politicians
 Went to the schools of foreign rhetoricians,
 To learn the art of patiens, in defence
 Of interest and their clients,—eloquence,
 When consuls, censores, senators, and prætors,
 With great dictators, used t' apply to rhetors,
 To hear the greater magistrate o' th' school
 Give sentence in his haughty chair-curule,
 And those, who mighty nations overcame,
 Were fain to say their lessons, and declaim

Words are but pictures, true or false designed,
 To draw the lines and features of the mind,
 The characters and artificial draughts,
 T' express the inward images of thoughts
 And artists say a picture may be good,
 Although the moral be not understood,
 Whence some infer, they may admire a style,
 Though all the rest be e'er so mean and vile,

Applaud th' outsides of words, but never mind
With what fantastic tawdry they are lined

So orators enchanted with the twang
Of their own trillos take delight t' harangue,
Whose science, like a juggler's box and balls,
Conveys and counterchanges true and false,
Casts mists before an audience's eyes,
To pass the one for th' other in disguise,
And like a mouice-dancer dressed with bells
Only to serve for noise, and nothing else,
Such as a carrier makes his cattle wear,
And hangs for pendants in a horse's ear,
For, if the language will but bear the test,
No matter what becomes of all the rest
The ablest orator, to save a word,
Would throw all sense and reason overboard

Hence 'tis, that nothing else but eloquence
Is tied to such a prodigal expense,
That lays out half the wit and sense it uses
Upon the other half's as vain excuses
For all defences and apologies
Are but specifics t' other frauds and lies,
And th' artificial wash of eloquence
Is daubed in vain upon the clearest sense,
Only to stain the native ingenuity
Of equal brevity and perspicuity,
Whilst all the best and soberest things he does
Are when he coughs, or spits, or blows his nose,
Handles no point so evident and clear,
Besides his white gloves, as his handkercher,
Unfolds the nicest scruple so distinct,
As if his talent had been wrapt up in't
Unthriftily, and now he went about
Henceforward to improve, and put it out

THE pedants are a mongrel breed, that sojourn
Among the ancient writers and the modern,

And, while their studies are between the one
 And th' other spent, have nothing of their own,
 Like sponges, are both plants and animals,
 And equally to both their natures false
 For whether 'tis their want of conversation
 Inclines them to all sorts of affectation,
 Their sedentary life and melancholy,
 The everlasting nursery of folly,
 Their poring upon black and white too subtly
 Has turned the insides of their brains to motley,
 Or squandering of their wits and time upon
 Too many things has made them fit for none,
 Their constant overstraining of the mind
 Distorts the brain, as horses break their wind,
 Or rude confusions of the things they read
 Get up, like noxious vapours, in the head,
 Until they have their constant wanes and fulls,
 And changes in the insides of their skulls
 Or venturing beyond the reach of wit
 Has rendered them for all things else unfit,
 But never bring the world and books together
 And, therefore, never rightly judge of either,
 Whence multitudes of reverend men and critics
 Have got a kind of intellectual rickets,
 And by th' immoderate excess of study
 Have found the sickly head t' outgrow the body

For pedantry is but a corn, or wart,
 Bred in the skin of judgment, sense, and art,
 A stupified excrescence, like a wen,
 Fed by the peccant humours of learned men,
 That never grows from natural defects
 Of downright and untutored intellects,
 But from the over-curious and vain
 Distempers of an artificial brain—

So he, that once stood for the learned'st man,
 Had read out Little Britain and Duck Lane,*

* Little Britain and Duck Lane (now Duke Street), were chiefly inhabited by publishers and vendors of second hand books

Worn out his reason, and reduced his body
 And brain to nothing with perpetual study,
 Kept tutors of all sorts, and virtuosos,
 To read all authors to him with their glosses,
 And made his lacqueys, when he walked, bear folios
 Of dictionaries, lexicons, and scholias,
 To be read to him, every way the wind
 Should chance to sit, before him or behind,
 Had read out all the imaginary duels,
 That had been fought by consonants and vowels,
 Had cracked his skull, to find out proper places,
 To lay up all memories of things in cases,
 And practised all the tricks upon the charts,
 To play with packs of sciences and arts,
 That serve to improve a feeble gamester's study,
 That ventures at grammatic beast, or noddy,
 Had read out all the catalogues of wares,
 That come in dry fats o'er from Frankfort fairs,
 Whose authors use to articulate their surnames
 With scrips of Greek more learned than the Germans,
 Was wont to scatter books in every room,
 Where they might best be seen by all that come,
 And by a train, that naturally should force
 What he designed, as if it fell of course,
 And all this with a worse success than Cardan,
 Who bought both books and learning at a bargain,
 When lighting on a philosophic spell,
 Of which he never knew one syllable,
 Presto be gone! he uniddled all he read,
 As if he had to nothing else been bred †

† * Games at cards

† See vol. II p. 48, note † The last editor of the *Remains* suggests that the reference is to the marvellous way in which Cardan pretended to have received a knowledge of Latin and other languages. The following extract from Cardan's extraordinary autobiography explains the illusion: 'Who could he be who came up to me, when, if I recollect right, I was about twenty years of age and sold me an Apuleius in Latin, and instantly departed? I, however, thought at that time I had never even been in a school except once and who had no knowledge of the Latin language, and had only bought the book

UPON THE WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN

WHO would believe that wicked earth
 Where nature only brings us forth
 To be found guilty, and forgiven,
 Should be a nursery for heaven,
 When all we can expect to do,
 Will not pay half the debt we owe,
 And yet more desperately dare,
 As if that wretched trifle were
 Too much for the eternal powers,
 Our great and mighty creditors,
 Not only slight what they enjoin,
 But pay it in the adulterate coin¹
 We only in their mercy trust,
 To be more wicked and unjust
 All our devotions, vows, and prayers
 Are our own interest not theirs
 Our offerings, when we come t' adore,
 But begging presents, to get more,
 The purest business of our zeal
 Is but to err, by meaning well,
 And make that meaning do more harm,
 Than our worst deeds, that are less wim

without thought for the sake of its gilt binding the next day found myself as good a Latin scholar as I am at this day. The Greek also I learnt at once and the French and the Spanish only so however as to be able to read them and not to hold conversations in them being ignorant of the pronunciation and all their rules of grammar.—*De l'au Propriété*. It is in this singular book that Cardan says he was constantly attended by a spirit, whose counsel regulated all his actions.

Mr. Thyer supposes it probable that the character here drawn and compared to Cardan was written in ridicule of Selden and he adds that, 'though they were once friends they afterwards quarrelled.' It is to be regretted that Mr. Thyer did not favour us with the grounds upon which he made this latter statement which is certainly not sustained by any evidence that has come to light. There is no contemporary authority in support of the supposition that a particular friendship existed at any time between them, or that they ever quarrelled—See vol. i p. 13 note +. Nor is it credible that Butler intended to satirize Selden in this passage, which few persons will agree with Mr. Thyer in thinking applicable enough to a scholar of his class.

For the most wretched and perverse
Does not believe himself, he errs

Our holiest actions have been
Th' effects of wickedness and sin,
Religious houses made compounders
For th' horrid actions of the founders,
Steeple, that tottered in the air,
By lechers sinned into repair,
As if we had returned no sign,
Nor character of the divine
And heavenly part of human nature,
But only the coarse earthly matter
Our universal inclination
Tends to the worst of our creation,
As if the stars conspired t' imprint,
In our whole species, by instinct,
A fatal brand, and signature
Of nothing else, but the impure
The best of all our actions tend
To the preposterousest end,
And, like to mongrels, we're inclined
To take most to th' ignobler kind,
Or monsters, that have always least
Of th' human parent, not the beast
Hence tis we've no regard at all
Of our best half original,
But, when they differ, still assert
The interest of th' ignobler part,
Spend all the time we have upon
The vain caprices of the one,
But grudge to spare one hour, to know
What to the better part we owe
As in all compound substances
The greater still devours the less
So, being born and bred up near
Our earthy gross relations here,
Far from the ancient nobler place
Of all our high paternal race,

We now degenerate, and grow
As barbarous, and mean, and low,
As modern Grecians are, and worse
To their brave nobler ancestors
Yet, as no barbarousness beside
Is half so barbarous as pride,
Nor any prouder insolence
Than that, which has the least pretence,
We are so wretched, to profess
A glory in our wretchedness,
To vapour sillily, and rant
Of our own misery, and want,
And grow vain-glorious on a score,
We ought much rather to deplore,
Who, the first moment of our lives,
Are but condemned, and given reprieves,
And our great'st grace is not to know,
When we shall pay 'em back, nor how,
Begotten with a vain caprich,
And live as vainly to that pitch

Our pains are real things, and all
Our pleasures but fantastical,
Diseases of their own accord,
But cures come difficult and hard,
Our noblest piles, and stateliest rooms,
Are but outhouses to our tombs,
Cities, though e'er so great and brave,
But mere warehouses to the grave,
Our bravery's but a vain disguise,
To hide us from the world's dull eyes,
The remedy of a defect,
With which our nakedness is decked,
Yet makes us swell with pride, and boast,
As if w' had gained by being lost

All this is nothing to the evils,
Which men, and their confederate devils
Inflict, to aggravate the curse
On their own hated kind, much worse,

As if by nature they'd been served
 More gently, than then fate deserved,
 Take pains in justice, to invent,
 And study then own punishment,
 That, as their crimes should greater grow,
 So might their own inflictions too
 Hence bloody wars at first began,
 The artificial plague of man,
 That from his own invention rise,
 To scourge his own iniquities,
 That if the heavens should chance to spare
 Supplies of constant poisoned air,
 They might not, with unfit delay,
 For lingering destruction stay,
 Nor seek recruits of death so far
 But plague themselves with blood and war

And if these fail, there is no good,
 Kind nature e'er on man bestowed,
 But he can easily divert
 To his own misery and hurt,
 Make that, which heaven meant to bless
 Th' ungrateful world with, gentle peace,
 With luxury and excess, as fast
 As war and desolation, waste,
 Promote mortality, and kill,
 As fast as arms, by sitting still
 Like earthquakes slay without a blow,
 And only moving, overthrow,
 Make law and equity as dear,
 As plunder and free-quarter were,
 And fierce encounters at the bar
 Undo as fast, as those in war,
 Enrich bawds, whores, and usurers,
 Pimps, scoundrels, silenced ministers,
 That get estates by being undone
 For tender conscience, and have none,
 Like those, that with their credit drive
 A trade without a stock, and thrive,

Advance men in the church and state
For being or the meanest rate,
Raised for then double-guiled deserts,
Before integrity and parts,
Produce more grievous complaints
For plenty, than before for wants,
And make a rich and fruitful year
A greater grievance than a dear,
Make jests of greater dangers far
Than those they trembled at in war,
Till, unawares, they've lud a train
To blow the public up again
Rally with honor, and in sport,
Rebellion and destruction count,
And make fanatics, in despite
Of all their madness reason right,
And vouch to all they have foreshown,
As other monsters oft have done,
Although from truth and sense as far,
As all their other maggots are
For things said false, and never meant,
Do oft prove true by accident

That wealth, that bounteous fortune sends
As presents to her dearest friends,
Is oft laid out upon a purchase
Of two yards long in parish churches,
And those too happy men that bought it
Had lived, and happier too, without it
For what does vast wealth bring, but cheat,
Law, luxury, disease, and debt,
Pain, pleasure, discontent, and sport,
An easy-troubled life, and short?

For men neer digged so deep into
The bowels of the earth below,
For metals that are found to dwell
Near neighbour to the pit of hell,
And have a magic power to sway
The greedy souls of men that way,

But with their bodies have been fain
 To fill those trenches up again,
 When bloody battles have been fought
 For sharing that which they took out
 For wealth is all things that conduce
 To man's destruction or his use,
 A standard both to buy and sell
 All things from heaven down to hell."

But all these plagues are nothing near
 Those, far more cruel and severe,
 Unhappy man takes pains to find,
 T' inflict himself upon his mind
 And out of his own bowels spins
 A rack and torture for his sins,
 Torments himself, in vain, to know
 That most, which he can never do,
 And the more strictly 'tis denied,
 The more he is unsatisfied,
 Is busy in finding scruples out,
 To languish in eternal doubt,
 See spectres in the dark, and ghosts,
 And starts, as horses do at posts,
 And, when his eyes assist him least,
 Discerns such subtle objects best,
 On hypothetic dreams and visions
 Grounds everlasting disquisitions,
 And raises endless controversies
 On vulgar theorems and hearsays,
 Grows positive and confident,
 In things so far beyond th' extent
 Of human sense, he does not know
 Whether they be at all, or no,
 And doubts as much in things, that are
 As plainly evident and clear,

The fourteen lines terminating here were written by Butler on the opposite page of the MS. Mr. Fhyer consigns them to a note but as they were clearly intended to form a part of the poem, they are here inserted in the text.

Disdains all useful sense, and plain,
 T' apply to th' intricate and vain,
 And cracks his brains in plodding on
 That, which is never to be known,
 To pose himself with subtleties,
 And hold no other knowledge wise,
 Although the subtler all things are,
 They're but to nothing the more near,
 And the less weight they can sustain,
 The more he still lays on in vain,
 And hangs his soul upon as nice
 And subtle curiosities,
 As one of that vast multitude,
 That on a needle's point have stood *
 Weighs right and wrong, and true and false,
 Upon as nice and subtle scales,
 As those that turn upon a plane
 With th' hundredth part of half a grain,
 And still the subtiler they move,
 The sooner false and useless prove
 So man, that thinks to force and strain
 Beyond its natural sphere, his brain,
 In vain torments it on the rack,
 And for improving, sets it back,
 Is ignorant of his own extent,
 And that to which his aims are bent,
 Is lost in both, and breaks his blade
 Upon the anvil, where 'twas made
 For as abortions cost more pain
 Than vigorous births, so all the vain
 And weak productions of man's wit,
 That aim at purposes unfit,
 Require more dudgeon, and worse
 Than those of strong and lively force

* A joke at the expense of the schoolmen. The origin of it may be found in St. Thomas Aquinas, where he discusses the question whether a spiritual being is confined *punctualiter*, to a place, and, therefore, whether two or more angels can be in one *point* at once. *Summa*

ON THE LICENTIOUSNESS OF THE AGE

'TIS a strange age we've lived in, and a lewd,
 As e'er the sun in all his travels viewed,
 An age as vile as ever justice urged,
 Like a fantastic lecher, to be scourged,
 Nor has it 'scaped, and yet has only learned,
 The more 'tis plagued to be the less concerned
 Twice have we seen two dreadful judgments rage,
 Enough to fright the stubborn'st-hearted age,
 The one to move vast crowds of people down,
 The other, as then needless, half the town,
 And two as mighty miracles restore,
 What both had ruined and destroyed before,†
 In all as unconcerned as if they'd been
 But pastimes for diversion to be seen,
 Or like the plagues of Egypt, meant a curse,
 Not to reclaim us, but to make us worse [head'
 Twice have men turned the world, that silly block-
 The wrong side outward, like a juggler's pocket,
 Shook out hypocrisy, as fast and loose,
 As e'er the devil could teach or sinners use,
 And on the other side at once put in
 As impotent iniquity, and sin
 As skulls, that have been cracked, are often found,
 Upon the wrong side to receive the wound,
 And, like tobacco-pipes at one end hit,
 To break at th' other still that's opposite,
 So men, who one extravagance would shun,
 Into the contrary extreme have run,
 And all the difference is, that as the first
 Provokes the other freak to prove the worst,

Theologiae, Pars Prima Quæstio li De comparatione Angelorum ad loca
Articulus iii Utrum plures Angeli possunt simul esse in eodem loco

— * The Great Plague of 1665 and the Fire of London which broke out on the 2nd September, 1666

† Mr Thyer conjectures that by the 'two mighty miracles' are meant the rapid rebuilding of the city, and the healthy season that followed

So, in return, that strives to render less
The last delusion, with its own excess,
And, like two unskilled gamesters, use one way
With bungling t' help out one another's play
For those, who heretofore sought private holes
Securely in the dark to damn their souls,
Wore vizards of hypocrisy to steal
And slink away, in masquerade, to hell,
Now bring their crimes into the open sun,
For all mankind to gaze their worst upon,
As eagles try their young against his rays,
To prove, if they're of generous breed, or base,
Call heaven and earth to witness, how they've aimed
With all their utmost vigour to be damned,
And by their own examples, in the view
Of all the world, strive to damn others too,
On all occasions sought to be as civil
As possible they could, t' his grace the Devil,
To give him no unnecessary trouble,
Nor in small matters use a friend so noble,
But with their constant practice done their best
To improve, and propagate his interest
For men have now made vice so great an art,
The matter of fact's become the slightest part,
And the debauched'st actions they can do,
Mere trifles, to the circumstance and show
For 'tis not what they do, that's now the sin,
But what they levily affect, and glory in,
As it preposterously they would profess
A forced hypocrisy of wickedness,
And affectation, that makes good things bad,
Must make affected shame accused, and mad,
For vices for themselves may find excuse,
But never for their complement, and shows,
That if there ever were a mystery
Of moral secular iniquity,
And that the churches may not lose their due
By being incroached upon, 'tis now, and new

For men are now as scrupulous, and nice,
 And tender conscienced of low paltry vice,
 Disdain as proudly to be thought to have
 To do in any mischief, but the brave,
 As the most scrupulous zealot of late times
 T' appear in any, but the horrid'st crimes,
 Have as precise and strict punctilios
 Now to appear, as then to make no shows,
 And steer the world by disagreeing force
 Of different customs 'gainst her natural course
 So powerful's ill example to incroach,
 And nature, spite of all her laws, debauch,
 Example, that imperious dictator
 Of all that's good, or bad, to human nature,
 By which the world's corrupted and reclaimed,
 Hopes to be saved, and studies to be damned,
 That reconciles all contrarieties,
 Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise,
 Imposes on divinity, and sets
 Her seal alike on truths, and counterfeits,
 Alters all characters of virtue and vice,
 And passes one for th' other in disguise,
 Makes all things, as it pleases, understood,
 The good received for bad, and bad for good,
 That shily counter-changes wrong and right,
 Like white in fields of black, and black in white,
 As if the laws of nature had been made
 Of purpose, only to be disobeyed,
 Or man had lost his mighty interest,
 By having been distinguished from a beast,
 And had no other way but sin and vice,
 To be restored again to Paradise

How copious is our language lately grown,
 To make blaspheming wit, and a jargon!
 And yet how expressive and significant,
 In *damme* at once to curse, and swear, and rant!

* Counter changes in heraldry mean intermixtures, as the colours of the field and charge

As if no way expressed men's souls so well,
As damning of them to the pit of hell,
Nor any asseveration were so civil,
As mortgaging salvation to the devil,
Or that his name did add a charming grace,
And blasphemy a purity to our phrase
For what can any language more enrich,
Than to pay souls for vitiating speech,
When the greatest tyrant in the world made those
But lick their words out, that abused his prose?
What trivial punishments did then protect
To public censure a profound respect,
When the most shameful penance and severe,
That could be inflicted on a cavalier
For infamous debauchery, was no worse,
Than but to be degraded from his house,
And have his livery of orts and hay,
Instead of cutting spurs off, taken away?
They held no torture then so great as shame,
And that to slay was less than to defame,
For just so much regard as men express
To th' censure of the public, more or less,
The same will be returned to them again,
In shame or reputation, to a grain,
And, how perverse so'er the world appears,
'Tis just to all the bad it sees, and hears,
And for that virtue, strives to be allowed,
For all the injuries it does, the good

How silly were then sages heretofore
To fight their heroes with a siren whore,
Make 'em believe a water-witch with charms
Could sink their men of war, as easy as storms,
And turn their mariners, that heard them sing,
Into land porpoises, and cod, and ling,
To terrify those mighty champions
As we do children now with Bloody-bones,
Until the subtlest of their conjurers
Sealed up the labels to his soul, his ears,

And tied his deffened sailois, while he passed
 The dreadful lady's lodgings, to the mast,
 And rather venture drowning, than to wrong
 The sea-pugs' chaste ears with a bawdy song
 To b' out of countenance, and, like an uss,
 Not pledge the Lady Once one beer-glass,
 Unmannerly refuse her treat and wine,
 For fear of being turned into a swine,
 When one of our heroic advent'iers now
 Would drink her down, and turn her int' a sow

So simple were those times, when a grave sage
 Could with an old-wife's tale instruct the age,
 Teach virtue more fantastic ways and nice,
 Than ours will now endure t' improve in vice,
 Made a dull sentence, and a moral fable
 Do more, than all our holdings-forth are able,
 A forced obscure mythology convince,
 Beyond our worst inflictions upon sins,
 When an old proverb, or an end of verse
 Could more than all our penal laws coerce,
 And keep men honeste than all our fines
 Of jailois, judges, constables, and juries,
 Who were converted then with an old saying,
 Better than all our preaching now, and praying
 What fops had these been, had they lived with us
 Where the best reason's made ridiculous,
 And all the plain and sober things we say,
 By rallery are put beside then play!
 For men are grown above all knowledge now,
 And, what they're ignorant of, disdain to know,
 Engross truth, like fanatics, underhand,
 And boldly judge, before they understand,
 The self-same courses equally advance
 In spiritual, and carnal ignorance,
 -And, by the same degrees of confidence,
 Become impregnable against all sense,
 For, they outgrew ordinances then,
 So would they now morality again

Though dudgeon and knowledge are of kin,
 And both descended from one parent sin,
 And therefore seldom have been known to part,
 In tracing out the ways of truth and art,
 Yet they have North-west passages to steer
 A short way to it, without pains or care
 For, as implicit faith is far more stiff,
 Than that which understands its own belief,
 So those, that think, and do but think, they know,
 Are far more obstinate than those that do,
 And more averse, than if they'd ne'er been taught
 A wrong way, to a right one to be brought,
 Take boldness upon credit beforehand,
 And grow too positive to understand,
 Believe themselves as knowing, and as famous,
 As if their gifts had gotten a *mandamus*,
 A bill of store to take up a degree,
 With all the learning to it, custom-free,†
 And look as big, for what they bought at court,
 As if they'd done their exercises for it

UPON GAMING

WHAT fool would trouble fortune more,
 When she has been too kind before,
 Or tempt her to take back again,
 What she had thrown away in vain,
 By idly venturing her good graces
 To be disposed of by alms-uses,
 Or settling it in trust to uses,
 Out of his power, on trays and' deuces,
 To put it to the chance, and try,
 I' th' ballot of a box and die,

 † Original sin

† 'A bill of store is a licence which the merchant obtains at the Custom House, of taking up such stores and provisions as are necessary for his voyage, custom free —'

Whether his money be his own,
And lose it, if he be o'erthrown,
As if he were betrayed, and set
By his own stars to every cheat,
Or wretchedly condemned by fate
To throw dice for his own estate,
As mutineers, by fatal doom,
Do for their lives upon a drum?
For what less influence can produce,
So great a monster as a chouse,
Or any two-legged thing possess
With such a brutish sottishness?
Unless those tutelary stars,
Intrusted by astrologers
To have the charge of man, combined
To use him in the self-same kind,
As those, that helped them to the trust
Are wont to deal with others just
For to become so sadly dull
And stupid, as to fine for gull,
Not as, in cities, to be excused,
But to be judged fit to be used,
That, whosoever can draw it in
Is sure inevitably to win,
And, with a cursed half-witted fate,
To grow more dully desperate,
The more 'tis made a common prey,
And cheated foppishly at play,
Is then condition fate betrays
To folly first, and then destroys
For what, but miracles, can serve
So great a madness to preserve,
As his, that ventures goods and chattels,
Where there's no quarter given, in battles,
And fights with money-bags as bold,
As men with sand-bags did of old,

* See vol II p 125, note *

Puts lands, and tenements, and stocks
 Into a paltiy juggler's box,
 And, like an alldciman of Gotham,
 Embarketh in so vile a bottom,
 Engages blind and senseless lip
 'Gainst high, and low, and slur, and knap,*
 As Tartars with a man of straw
 Encounter lions, hnd to paw,
 With those, that never venture more,
 Than they had safely 'nsured before,
 Who, when they knock the box, and shake
 Do, like the Indian rattle-snake,
 But strive to run, and destroy
 Those that mistake it for fun play,
 That have their fulhams at command,†
 Brought up to do their feats at hind,
 That understand their calls and knocks,
 And how to place themselves i' th' box,
 Can tell the oddses of all games,
 And when to answer to their names,
 And, when he conjures them t' appear,
 Like imps are ready everywhere,
 When to play foul, and when run fair,
 Out of design, upon the square,
 And let the greedy cully win,
 Only to draw him further in,
 While those, with which he idly plays,
 Have no regard to what he says,
 Although he jernie‡ and blaspheme,
 When they miscarry heaven and them,
 And damn his soul, and swear, and curse,
 And crucify his Saviour worse
 Than those Jew-troopers, that threw out,
 When they were raffling for his coat,

* High, low, slur, and knap, terms used in certain games at cards

† See vol 1 p 190, note †

‡ Properly *renue* The expression is French—*renier et blasphemer*

Denounce revenge, as if they heard,
 And rightly understood, and leared,
 And would take heed another time,
 How to commit so bold a crime,
 When the poor bones are innocent
 Of all he did, or said or meant,
 And have as little sense almost,
 As he that damns them, when h' has lost
 As if he had relied upon
 Their judgment, rather than his own,
 And that it were then fault, not his,
 That managed them himself amiss,
 And gave them ill instructions, how
 To run, as he would have them do,
 And then condemns them silly
 For having no more wit than he

ON OUR RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE FRENCH *

WHO would not rather get him gone
 Beyond th' intolerablest zone,
 Or steer his passage through those seas,
 That burn in flames, or those that freeze,
 Than see one nation go to school,
 And learn of another, like a fool?
 To study all its tricks and fashions
 With epidemic affectations,
 And dare to wear no mode or dress,
 But what they, in their wisdom, please,

* The rage for French fashions which set in at the Restoration pervaded all classes and exercised a wide influence over the literature, costume, and manners of the age. The comedies of Wycherley, Shadwell and Etherege, especially the last, reflect, in striking pictures drawn to the life, that remarkable revolution in the national taste. It was sanction enough for the most extravagant absurdities as Dryden indicates in some of his prologues and epilogues, that they were the mode in France.

As monkeys are, by being taught
 To put on gloves and stockings, caught,*
 Submit to all that they devise,
 As if it wore then liveries,
 Make ready, and dress th' imagination,
 Not with the clothes, but with the fashion,
 And change it, to fulfil the curse
 Of Adam's fall, for now, though wise,
 To make then breeches fall and rise
 From middle legs to middle thighs,
 The tropics between which the hose
 Move always as the fashion goes
 Sometime wear hats like pyramids,
 And sometimes flat, like pipkins' lids
 With broad brims sometimes like umbrellas,
 And sometimes narrow as Punchinello's
 In coldest weather go unbraced,
 And close in hot, as if th' were laced,
 Sometimes with sleeves and bodies wide,
 And sometimes straiter than a hide
 Wear perukes, and with false grey hairs
 Disguise the true ones, and then years,
 That, when they're modish, with the young
 The old may seem so in the throng,
 And as some pupils have been known,
 In time to put their tutors down
 So ours are often found t' have got
 More tricks than ever they were taught,¹
 With sly intrigues and artifices
 Usurp then poxes and then vices,
 With garnitures upon their shoes,
 Make good their claim to gouty toes,
 By sudden starts, and shrieks, and groans
 Pretend to aches in their bones,

* 'Alluding to what travellers relate of the method of catching monkeys by dropping gloves, stockings, &c., under the trees which those silly animals putting on, prevent them from making their escape'—F

To scabs and botches, and lay trains
To prove them running of the reins,
And, lest they should seem destitute
Of any mange that's in repute,
And be behind hand with the mode,
Will swear to crystalline and node,
And, that they may not lose their sight,
Make it appear how they came by't
Disdain the country where th' were born,
As bastards their own mothers scorn,
And that which brought them forth contemn,
As it deserves, for bearing them
Admire whate'er they find abroad,
But nothing here, though e'er so good,
Be natives wheresoe'er they come,
And only foreigners at home,
To which th' appear so far estranged,
As if they'd been i' th' cradle changed,
Or from beyond the seas conveyed
By witches—not born here, but laid,
Or by outlandish fathers were
Begotten on their mothers here,
And therefore justly slight that nation,
Where they've so mongrel a relation,
And seek out other climates, where
They may degenerate less than here,
As woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,
Boine on the wind's wings and their own,
Forsake the countries where they're hatched,
And seek out others, to be caught
So they more naturally may please
And humour their own genises,
Apply to all things, which they see
With their own fancies best agree
No matter how ridiculous,
'Tis all one, if it be in use,
For nothing can be bad or good,
But as 'tis in or out of mode,

And as the nations are that use it,
 All ought to practise, or refuse it,
 T' observe their postures, move, and stand
 As they give out the word o' command,
 To learn the dullest of their whims,
 And how to wear their very limbs,
 To turn and manage every part,
 Like puppets, by their rules of art,
 To shug discreetly, act and tread,
 And politicly shake the head,
 Until the ignorant, that guess
 At all things by th' appearances,
 To see how art and nature strive
 Believe them really alive,
 And that they're very men, not things
 That move by puppet-work and springs,
 When truly all their feats have been
 As well performed by motion-men,
 And the worst drolls of Punchinello
 Were much th' ingeniouser fellows,
 For, when they're perfect in their lesson,
 The hypothesis grows out of season,
 And, all their labour lost, they're fain
 To learn new, and begin again,
 To talk eternally and loud,
 And altogether in a crowd,
 No matter what, for in the noise
 No man minds what another says,
 To assume a confidence beyond
 Mankind, for solid and profound,
 And still the less and less they know,
 The greater dose of that allow
 Decay all things, for to be wise
 Is not to know, but to despise,
 And deep judicious confidence
 Has still the odds of wit and sense,
 And can pretend a title to
 Far greater things than they can do

T' adorn then English with French scraps,
 And give them very language claps,
 To jeanie* lightly, and renounce
 I' th' pure and most approved of tones,
 And, while they idly think t' enrich,
 Adulterate their native speech,
 For though to smatter ends of Greek
 Or Latin be the rhetoric
 Of pedants counted, and vain-glorious,
 To smatter French is meritorious,
 And to forget their mother-tongue,
 Or purposely to speak it wrong,
 A hopeful sign of parts and wit,
 And that th' improve and benefit,
 As those, that have been taught amiss
 In liberal arts and sciences,
 Must all they'd learned before in vain
 Forget quite, and begin again

UPON DRUNKENNESS

'TIS pity wine, which nature meant
 To man in kindness to present,
 And gave him kindly to caress,
 And cherish his frail happiness,
 Of equal virtue to renew
 His wearied mind and body too,
 Should, like the cedar-tree in Eden,
 Which only grew, to be forbidden,
 No sooner come to be enjoyed,
 But th' owner's fatally destroyed,
 And that, which she for good designed,
 Becomes the ruin of mankind,
 That for a little vain excess
 Runs out of all its happiness,

* See ante, p 83, note †

And makes the friend of truth and love
Then greatest adversary prove
T' abuse a blessing she bestowed
So truly essential to his good,
To countervail his pensive cares,
And slavish dudgeon of affairs,
To teach him judgment, wit, and sense,
And, more than all these, confidence,
To pass his times of recreation
In choice and noble conversation,
Catch truth and reason unwarmed,
As men do health in wholesome airs,
While fools their conversants possess
As unwarmed with sottishness,
To gain access a private way
To man's best sense, by its own key,
Which painful judges strive in vain
By any other course t' obtain,
To pull off all disguise, and view
Things as they're natural and true,
Discover fools and knaves, allowed
For wise and honest in the crowd,
With innocent and virtuous sport
Make short days long, and long nights short,
And mirth, the only antidote
Against diseases, ere they're got,
To save health harmless from th' access
Both of the medicine, and disease,
Or make it help itself, secure
Against the desperat'st fit, the cure
All these sublime prerogatives
Of happiness to human lives
He vainly throws away, and slights
For madness noise, and bloody fights,
When nothing can decide, but swords
And pots, the right or wrong of words,
Like princes titles, and he's outed
The justice of his cause, that's routed

No sooner has a charge been sounded,
 With—*Son of a whore*, and *Damned confounded*—
 And the bold signal given, the *lie*,
 But instantly the bottles fly,
 Where cups and glasses are small shot,
 And cannon-ball a pewter-pot
 That blood, that's hardly in the vein,
 Is now remanded back again,
 Though sprung from wine of the same piece,
 And near a-kin, within degrees,
 Strives to commit assassinations
 On its own natural relations,
 And those twin-spirits, so kind-hearted,
 That from their friends so lately parted,
 No sooner several ways are gone,
 But by themselves are set upon,
 Surprised like brother against brother,
 And put to th' sword by one another
 So much more fierce are civil wars,
 Than those between mere foreigners,
 And man himself, with wine possessed,
 More savage than the wildest beast
 For serpents, when they meet to water,
 Lay by their poison and their nature
 And fiercest creatures, that repair,
 In thirsty deserts, to their rare
 And distant rivers' banks to drink,
 In love and close alliance link,
 And from their mixture of strange seeds
 Produce new, never-heard-of breeds,
 To whom the fiercer unicorn
 Begins a large health with his horn,
 As cuckolds put their antidotes,
 When they drink coffee, into th' pots *

* ' This refers to the commonly received opinion that the unicorn's horn is an antidote against poison and according to the description given of this animal—if there be such a one—he must necessarily dip his horn into the water when he stoops down to drink. This Butler

While man, with raging drink inflamed,
 Is fu more savage and untamed,
 Supplies his loss of wit and sense
 With barbarousness and insolence,
 Believes himself, the less he's able,
 The more heroic and formidable,
 Lays by his reason in his bowls,
 As Turks are said to do their souls,
 Until it has so often been
 Shut out of its lodging, and let in,
 At length it never can attain
 To find the right way back again,
 Drinks all his time away, and prunes
 The end of 's life, is vigneron
 Cut short the branches of a vine,
 To make it bear more plenty o' wine,
 And that, which nature did intend
 T' enlarge his life, perverts t' its end

So Noah, when he anchored safe on
 The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
 And all the passengers he bore,
 Were on the new world set ashore,
 He made it next his chief design
 To plant and propagate a vine,
 Which since has overwhelmed and drowned,
 Far greater numbers on dry ground,
 Of wretched mankind, one by one,
 Than all the flood before had done

archly supposes the cuckold must also do, when he bends down to sip his coffee — I find a joke of the same kind upon the cuckold on a scrap among his loose papers — I find in throwing a doubt upon the existence of the unicorn, Mr. Thyer seems to confound the animal so called the monoceros with the fabulous unicorn in heraldry — The unicorn mentioned in the Scriptures is now generally supposed to be the rhinoceros

* Alluding to the sophistry of conscience imputed to the Turks, who are said to dismiss their souls when they are about to indulge in wine, so that they may escape responsibility for having violated the prophetic injunctions. This is referred to more at large in the *Ode on an Hypocritical Nonconformist*

ON RHYME *

GREAT famous wit¹ whose rich and easy vein,
 Free, and unused to drudgery and pain,
 Has all Apollo's treasure at command,
 And, how good verse is coined, dost understand,
 In all wit's combats, master of defence,
 Tell me, how dost thou pass on rhyme and sense?
 'Tis said they apply to thee, and in thy verse
 Do freely range themselves as volunteers
 And without pain, or pumping for a word,
 Place themselves fitly of their own accord
 I, whom a lewd caprich, for some great crime
 I have committed, has condemned to rhyme,
 With slavish obstinacy vex my brain
 To reconcile 'em, but, alas! in vain
 Sometimes I set my wits upon the rack,
 And, when I would say white, the verse says black,
 When I would draw a brave man to the life,
 It names some slave, that pimps to his own wife,
 Or base poltroon, that would have sold his daughter,
 If he had met with any to have bought her,
 When I would praise an author, the untoward
 Damned sense, says Virgil, but the rhyme ,†
 In fine, whate'er I strive to bring about,
 The contrary, spite of my heart, comes out
 Sometimes, eniaged for time and pains misspent,
 I give it over, tired and discontent,
 And, damning the dull fiend a thousand times,
 By whom I was possessed, forswear all rhymes,
 But having cursed the muses, they appear,
 To be revenged for't, ere I am aware
 Spite of myself, I straight take fire again,
 Fall to my task with paper, ink, and pen,

* The editor of the last edition of *Thyer* observes that this satire is a close imitation of Boileau's Second Satire, addressed to Moliere.

† No doubt, the blank should be filled up with the name of Ned Howard — See *post*, p. 144 note *

And breaking all the oaths I made, in vain
 From verse to verse, expect then aid again
 But if my muse or I were so discreet,
 T' endure, for rhyme's sake, one dull epithet,
 I might, like others, easily command
 Words without study, ready and at hand
 In praising Chloris, moons, and stars, and skies,
 Are quickly made to match her face and eyes,
 And gold, and rubies, with as little care,
 To fit the colour of her lips and hair,
 And mixing suns, and flowers, and pearl, and stones,
 Make 'em serve all complexions at once
 With these fine fancies, at hap-hazard wit,
 I could make verses without art or wit,
 And, shifting forty times the verb and noun,
 With stolen impertinence patch up mine own
 But in the choice of words, my scrupulous wit
 Is fearful to pass one that is unfit,
 Nor can endure to fill up a void place,
 At a line's end, with one insipid phrase,
 And, therefore, when I scribble twenty times,
 When I have written four, I blot two rhymes
 May he be damned, who first found out that cause,
 T' imprison, and confine his thoughts in verse,
 To hang so dull a clog upon his wit,
 And make his reason to his rhyme submit
 Without this plague, I freely might have spent
 My happy days with leisure and content,
 Had nothing in the world to do, or think,
 Like a fat priest, but whore, and eat and drink,
 Had past my time as pleasantly away,
 Slept all the night, and loitered all the day
 My soul, that's free from care, and fear, and hope,
 Knows how to make her own ambition stoop,

* Maudit soit le premier, dont la verve insensee
 Dans les bornes d'un vers renferma la pensee,
 Et donnant a ses mots une étroite prison,
 Voulut avec la rime enchaîner la raison —BOILLAU

T' avoid uneasy greatness and resort,
 Or for preferment following the court
 How happy had I been if, for a cause,
 The fates had never sentenced me to verse!
 But, ever since this peremptory vein
 With restless frenzy first possessed my brain,
 And that the devil tempted me, in spite
 Of my own happiness, to judge and write,
 Shut up against my will, I waste my age
 In mending this, and blotting out that page,
 And grow so weary of the slavish trade,
 I envy then condition that write had
 O happy Scudery! whose easy quill
 Can, once a month, a mighty volume fill,*
 For, though thy works are written in despite
 Of all good sense impertinent, and slight,
 They never have been known to stand in need
 Of stationer to sell, or sot to read,
 For so the rhyme be at the verse's end,
 No matter whither all the rest does tend
 Unhappy is that man, who, spite of 's heart,
 Is forced to be tied up to rules of art
 A fop that scribbles, does it with delight,
 Takes no pains to consider what to write,
 But, fond of all the nonsense he brings forth,
 Is ravished with his own great wit and worth,
 While brave and noble writers vainly strive
 To such a height of glory to arrive,

* Scudery and his sister, the author of the well known romances, were both voluminous writers, especially Madame Scudery. The allusion is to the former, who died in 1667. The passage is translated from Boileau —

Bienheureux Scudery dont la fertile plume
 Peut tous les mois sans peine enfanter un volume
 Les écrits, il est vrai, sans art et languissans,
 Semblent être formés en dépit de bon sens
 Mais il trouve pourtant quoi qu'on en puisse dire,
 Un marchand pour les vendre et des sots pour les lire

But still, with all they do unsatisfied,
 Ne'er please themselves, though all the world beside,
 And those whom all mankind admire for wit,
 Wish, for their own sakes, they had never writ
 Thou then, that seest how ill I spend my time
 Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme,
 And if th' instructions chance to prove in vain,
 Teach how ne'er to write again

UPON MARRIAGE

SURE marriages were never so well fitted,
 As when to matrimony men were committed,
 Like thieves, by justices, and to a wife
 Bound, like to good behaviour, during life
 For then 'twas but a civil contract made,
 Between two partners, that set up a trade,
 And if both failed, there was no conscience,
 Nor faith invaded, in the strictest sense,
 No canon of the church, nor vow, was broke
 When men did free then galled necks from the yoke,*
 But when they tied, like other horn'd beasts,
 Might have it taken off, and take their rests,
 Without being bound in duty to show cause,
 Or reckon with divine, or human laws

For since, what use of matrimony has been,
 But to make gallantry a greater sin?
 As if there were no appetite, nor gust,
 Below adultery, in modish lust,
 Or no debauchery were exquisite,
 Until it has attained its perfect height
 For men do now take wives to nobler ends,
 Not to bear children, but to bear 'em friends,

* In this passage Butler conveys an allusion to the abolition of the Office of Matrimony by the Sectaries

Whom nothing can oblige at such a rate,
 As these endearing offices of late
 For men are now grown wise, and understand
 How to improve their crimes, as well as land,
 And if they've issue, make the infants pay
 Down for their own begetting on the day,
 The charges of the gossiping disburse,
 And pay beforehand, ere they're born, the nurse
 As he that got a monster on a cow,
 Out of design of setting up a show
 For why should not the brats for all account,
 As well as for the christening at the fount,
 When those that stand for them, lay down the rate
 O' th' banquet and the priest, in spoons and plate?

The ancient Romans made the state allow,
 For getting all men's children above two
 Then married men to propagate the breed,
 Had great rewards for what they never did,
 Were privileged, and highly honoured too,
 For owning what their friends were fain to do,
 For, so they 'ad children, they regarded not
 By whom, good men! or how they were begot
 To borrow wives, like money, or to lend,
 Was then the civil office of a friend,
 And he that made a scruple in the case,
 Was held a miserable wretch, and base,
 For when they 'ad children by 'em, th' honest men
 Returned 'em to their husbands back again
 Then for th' encouragement and propagation
 Of such a great concernment to the nation,
 All people were so full of complacency,
 And civil duty to the public sense,
 They had no name t' express a cuckold then,
 But that which signified all married men,
 Nor was the thing accounted a disgrace,
 Unless among the dirty populace,
 And no man understands on what account
 Less civil nations after hit upon't

For to be known a cuckold can be no
 Dishonour, but to him that thinks it so,
 For, if he feel no chagrin, or remorse,
 His forehead's shot-free and he's ne'er the worse
 For horns, like horny calluses, are found
 To grow on skulls that have received a wound,
 Are cracked, and broken not at all on those
 That are invulnerable, and free from blows
 What a brave time had cuckold-makers then,
 When they were held the worthiest of men,
 The real fathers of the commonwealth,
 That planted colonies in Rome itself!
 When he that helped his neighbours, and begot
 Most Romans, was the noblest patriot!
 For if a brave man, that preserved from death
 One citizen, was honoured with a wreath,*
 He, that more gallantly got three or four,
 In reason must deserve a great deal more
 Then, if those glorious worthies of old Rome,
 That civilized the world they 'ad overcome,
 And taught it laws and learning, found this way
 The best to save their empire from decay,
 Why should not these, that borrow all the worth
 They have from them, not take this lesson forth,
 Get children, friends, and honour too, and money
 By prudent managing of matrimony?
 For, if 'tis honourable by all confessed,
 Adultery must be worshipful at least,
 And these times great, when private men are come
 Up to the height and politic of Rome
 All by-blows were not only free-born then,
 But, like John Lilburne, free-begotten men,†
 Had equal right and privilege with these,
 That claim by title right of the four seas‡

* See vol 1 p 147, note *

† See vol 11 p 139, note *

‡ See vol 11 p 86, note *

For being in marriage born, it matters not
After what liturgy they were begot,
And if there be a difference, they have
Th' advantage of the chance in proving brave,
By being engendered with more life and force,
Than those begotten the dull way of course

The Chinese place all piety and zeal,
In serving with their wives the commonweal,
Fix all their hopes of merit, and salvation,
Upon their women's supererogation,
With solemn vows their wives and daughters bind,
Like Eve in Paradise, to all mankind,
And those that can produce the most gallants,
Are held the preciouslest of all their saints,
Wear rosaries about their necks to con-
Tain exercises of devotion on,
That serve them for certificates, to show
With what vast numbers they have had to do,
Before they're married make a conscience
T' omit no duty of incontinence,
And she, that has been oft'nest prostituted,
Is worthy of the greatest match reputed
But, when the conquering Tartar went about
To root this orthodox religion out,
They stood for conscience, and resolved to die,
Rather than change the ancient purity
Of that religion, which their ancestors,
And they, had prospered in so many years,
Vowed to their gods to sacrifice their lives,
And die their daughters' martyrs, and their wives,
Before they would commit so great a sin
Against the faith they had been bred up in

UPON PLAGIARIES

WHY should the world be so averse
 To plagium, privateers,^{*}
 That all men's sense and fancy seize,
 And make free prize of what they please?
 As if, because they huff and swell,
 Like pilferers full of what they steal,
 Others might equal power assume,
 To pay 'em with as hard a doom,
 To shut them up, like beasts in pounds,
 For breaking into others' grounds,
 Mark 'em with characters and brands,
 Like other forgers of men's hands,
 And in effigy hang and draw
 The poor delinquents by club-law,
 When no indictment justly lies,
 But where the theft will bear a price
 For though wit never can be leamed,
 It may b' assumed and owned, and earned,
 And, like our noblest fruits, improved,
 By being transplanted and removed,
 And as it bears no certain rate,
 Nor pays one penny to the state,

* The following alteration appears on the margin of the MS, in Butler's hand writing —

Why should the world be so severe
 To every small-wit privateer?

Mr Thyer conjectures that this satire was aimed at Sir John Denham, and adds that, the charge of plagiarism in borrowing the *Sophy* and buying *Cooper's Hill* coincides with and confirms this supposition. But buying cannot be considered plagiarism, and borrowing an entire work bears much the same relation to plagiarism as a wholesale robbery bears to petty larceny. Even if it had been true that Denham palmed such impositions upon the public he would not have come within the description of persons attacked in this satire, and should have been treated as an offender of a very different class.

With which it turns no more t' account
 Than virtue, faith, and merits wont,
 Is neither moveable, nor rent,
 Nor chattel, goods, nor tenement,
 Nor was it ever passed b' entail,
 Nor settled upon the heirs-male,
 Or if it were, like ill-got land,
 Did never fall t' a second hand
 So 'tis no more to be engrossed,
 Than sunshine, or the air inclosed,
 Or to propriety confined,
 Than th' uncontrolled and scattered wind

For why should that which nature meant
 To owe its being to its vent,
 That has no value of its own,
 But as it is divulged and known,
 Is perishable and destroyed,
 As long as it lies unenjoyed,
 Be scanted of that liberal use,
 Which all mankind is free to choose,
 And idly hounded, where 'twas bred,
 Instead of being dispersed and spread?
 And the more lavish and profuse,
 'Tis of the nobler general use,
 As riots, though supplied by stealth,
 Are wholesome to the commonwealth,
 And men spend freelier what they win,
 Than what they've freely coming in

The world's as full of curious wit
 Which those, that father, never writ,
 As 'tis of bastards, which the sot
 And cuckold owns, that ne'er begot,
 Yet pass as well, as if the one
 And th' other by-blow were their own
 For why should he that's impotent
 To judge, and fancy, and invent,
 For that impediment be stopped
 To own, and challenge, and adopt,

At least th' exposed, and fatherless
 Poor orphans of the pen, and press,
 Whose parents are obscure, or dead,
 Or in far countries born and bred

As none but kings have power to raise
 A levy, which the subject pays,
 And, though they call that tax a loan,
 Yet, when 'tis gathered, 'tis their own,
 So he, that's able to impose
 A wit-excise on verse or prose,—
 And, still the able authors are,
 Can make them pay the greater share,—
 Is prince of poets of his time,
 And they his vassals, that supply him,
 Can judge more justly of what he takes
 Than any of the best he makes,
 And more impartially conceive
 What's fit to choose, and what to leave
 For men reflect more strictly upon
 The sense of others, than their own,
 And wit that's made of wit and slight,
 Is richer than the plain downright
 As salt that's made of salt's more fine
 Than when it first came from the mine
 And sprouts of a nobler nature,
 Drawn from the dull ingredient matter.

Hence mighty Virgil's said, of old,
 From dung to have extracted gold,—
 As many a lout and silly clown,
 By his instructions since has done,—
 And grew more lofty by that means,
 Than by his livery-oats and beans,
 When from his carts and country farms
 He rose a mighty man at arms,
 To whom th' heroes ever since
 Have sworn allegiance as their prince,
 And faithfully have in all times
 Observed his customs in their rhymes

'Twas counted learning once and wit,
 To void but what some author writ,
 And what men understood by rote
 By as implicit sense to quote
 Then many a magisterial clerk
 Was taught, like singing birds i' th' dark,
 And understood as much of things,
 As the ablest blackbird what it sings,
 And yet was honoured and renowned,
 For grave, and solid, and profound
 Then why should those, who pick and choose
 The best of all the best compose,
 And join it by Mosaic art,
 In graceful order part to part,
 To make the whole in beauty suit,
 Not merit as complete repute
 As those who, with less art and pains,
 Can do it with their native brains,
 And make the home-spun business fit
 As freely with their mother wit,
 Since what by Nature was denied
 By art and industry's supplied,
 Both which are more our own, and brave
 Than all the alms that Nature gave?
 For what w' acquire by pains and art
 Is only due t' our own desert,
 While all th' endowments she confers,
 Are not so much our own, as heirs,
 That, like good fortune, unawares
 Fall not to our virtue but our shares,
 And all we can pretend to merit,
 We do not purchase, but inherit

* In the margin at this place, Butler inserted the following lines —

When no man writ so small a book
 But named where this or that he took,
 Run through the alphabet of names,
 From whom he made his chiefest claims,
 And wheresoever he began,
 He ended still with Zenophon

Thus all the great'st inventions when
 They first were found out, were so men,
 That th' authors of them are unknown,
 As little things they scorned to own,
 Until by men of nobler thought
 Th' were to their full perfection brought
 This proves that wit does but rough-hew,
 Leaves art to polish and review,
 And that a wit at second hand
 Has greatest interest and command,
 For to improve, dispose, and judge,
 Is nobler than t' invent, and dudge

Invention's humorous and nice,
 And never at command applies,
 Disdains t' obey the proudest wit,
 Unless it chance to b' in the fit,—
 Like prophecy, that can presage
 Successes of the latest age,
 Yet is not able to tell when
 It next shall prophesy again,
 Makes all her suitors couse and wait
 Like a proud minister of state,
 And, when she's serious in some freak,
 Extravagant, and vain, and weak,
 Attend her silly, lazy pleasure,
 Until she chance to be at leisure,
 When 'tis more easy to steal wit,
 To clip, and forge, and counterfeit
 Is both the business and delight,
 Like hunting-sports, of those that write,
 For thievery is but one sort,
 The learned say, of hunting-sport

Hence 'tis, that some, who set up first
 As raw, and wretched, and unversed,
 And opened with a stock as poor,
 As a healthy beggar with one sore,
 That never writ in prose or verse,
 But picked, or cut it, like a purse,

And at the best could but commit
 The petty luceny of wit,
 To whom to write was to purloin
 And printing but to stamp false coin,
 Yet after long and studdy endeavours
 Of being painful wit-receivers,
 With gathering rags and scraps of wit,
 As paper's made on which 'tis writ,
 Have gone forth authors, and acquired
 The right—or wrong, to be admired,
 And, armed with confidence, incurred
 The fool's good luck, to be preferred

For, as a banker can dispose
 Of greater sums he only owes,
 Than he, who honestly is known
 To deal in nothing but his own
 So whoso'er can take up most,
 May greatest fame and credit boast

UPON CRITICS

WHO JUDGE OF MODERN PLAYS PRECISELY BY THE RULES OF
 THE ANCIENTS *

WHO ever will regard poetic fury,
 When it is once found idiot by a jury,
 And every pett and arbitrary fool
 Can all poetic licence over-rule,

* Mr. Thyer conjectures that Rymer the royal historiographer who published an essay entitled *A View of the Tragedies of the Last Age* is specially aimed at in this piece. Mr. Rymer's object was to show that Shakspeare and his contemporaries were inferior to the Greeks, in so far as they violated the rules of Aristotle, and deviated from the examples of Sophocles and Euripides. Dryden made some notes upon Rymer's work, in which he took the opposite side of the question. He concludes a minute and temperate examination of the arguments, by observing that, 'if the plays of the ancients are more correctly plotted ours are more beautifully written and if we can raise passions as high on worse foundations, it shows our genius in tragedy is greater for in all other parts of it the English have manifestly excelled the a

Assume a blubious tyanny, to hundle
 The muses worse than Ostrogoth and Vandal,
 Make 'em submit to verdict and report,
 And stand or fall to th' orders of a court?
 Much less be sentenced by the arbitrary
 Proceedings of a witless plagiai,
 That forges old records and ordinances
 Against the right and property of fancies,
 More false and nice than weighing of the weather
 To th' hundredth atom of the lightest feather,
 Or measuring of an upon Pannus,
 With cylinders of Torricellian glasses,*
 Reduce all Tragedy by rules of art
 Back to its antique theatriæ cut,
 And make them henceforth keep the beaten roads
 Of reverend choruses and episodes,
 Reform and regulate a puppet-play,
 According to the true and ancient way,
 That not an actor shall presume to squeak,
 Unless he have a licence for't in Greek,
 Nor Whittington shall henceforth sell his cat in
 Plain vulgar English, without mewing Latin,†
 Nor Pudding shall be suffered to be witty,
 Unless it be in order to raise pity,‡

* Evangeliste Torricelli, an Italian mathematician, was born at Faenza in 1608, and died in 1647. At a very early age he composed a treatise on Motion which attracted the notice of Galileo who having at that time lost his sight, employed Torricelli as his companion and amanuensis. Torricelli made several improvements in the microscope and telescope, and was the first person who discovered the method of ascertaining the weight of the atmosphere by quicksilver or mercury, the barometer being called from him the Torricellian tube.

† A play, founded on the history of Whittington, by Thomas Payter, was entered in the book of the Stationers Company, on the 8th February 1604.

‡ If we should grant that the Greeks performed this better, perhaps it may admit of dispute, whether pity and terror are either the prime, or at least the only ends of tragedy. It is not enough that Aristotle had said so, for Aristotle drew his moles of tragedy from Sophocles and Euripides, and if he had seen ours, might have changed his mind — DRIDEN

Nor devil in the puppet-play b' allowed
 To roar and spit fire, but to fright the crowd,
 Unless some god or demon chance t' have piques
 Against an ancient family of Greeks,
 That other men may tremble, and take warning,
 How such a fatal progeny they're born in,
 For none but such for Tragedy are fitted,
 That have been ruined only to be pitied,
 And only those held proper to deter,
 Wh' have had th' ill luck against their wills to err
 Whence only such as are of middling sizes,
 Between morality and venial vices,
 Are qualified to be destroyed by fate,
 For other mortals to take warning at

As if the antique laws of Tragedy
 Did with our own municipal agree,
 And served, like cobwebs, but t' ensnare the weak,
 And give diversion to the great to break,
 To make a less delinquent to be brought
 To answer for a greater person's fault,
 And suffer all the worst the worst approver
 Can, to excuse and save himself, discover

No longer shall Dramatics be confined
 To draw true images of all mankind,
 To punish in effigy criminals,
 Reprieve the innocent, and hang the false,
 But a club-law to execute and kill,
 For nothing, whomsoe'er they please, at will,
 To terrify spectators from committing
 The crimes they did and suffered for, unwitting

These are the reformations of the Stage,
 Like other reformations of the age,
 On purpose to destroy all wit and sense,
 As th' other did all law and conscience,
 No better than the laws of British plays,
 Confirmed in th' ancient good King Howel's days,
 Who made a general council regulate
 Men's catching women by the—you know what,

And set down in the rubric, at what time
 It should be counted legal, when a crime,
 Declare when 'twas, and when 'twas not a sin,
 And on what days it went out, or came in
 An English poet should be tried b' his peers,†
 And not by pedants and philosophers,

* In Spe'man's *Concilia* b 1, there is mention made of one Hovel, King of Gloucestre in Wales, who lived in the ninth century and to his name Butler probably alludes, but as to his general council and the regulation which, it must be owned he rather waggishly describes, they are mere inventions of his own, to give an richer and more ludicrous turn to his banter. What he founds this joking fiction upon was an old superstitious custom of marriages being looked upon as allowable at certain times and not allowable at others, or coming in, or going out, as it is usually expressed and though it was founded upon the authority of no canon yet it is mentioned by ecclesiastical writers as a thing practised —

† The whole of this and the general defence of the English drama, in comparison with the ancients on the ground of its closer fidelity to nature, will recall to the reader Ben Jonson's lines to the memory of Shakespeare, especially the following passage —

For if I thought my judgment were of years,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers
 And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine
 Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line
 And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek
 From thence to honour thee I will not seek
 For names, but call forth thundering Eschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
 Pricus, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
 To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
 And shake a stage, or when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee alone for the comparison
 Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their isles come
 Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe
 He was not for an age, but for all time!
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When like Apollo, he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
 Nature herself was proud of his designs
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
 Which were so richly spun and woven to fit,
 As since she will vouchsafe no other wit
 The merry Greek tart Antiphanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus now not please,
 But antiquated and deserted lie,
 As they were not of Nature's family

Incompetent to judge poetic fury,
 As butchers are forbid to b' of a jury,
 Besides the most intolerable wrong
 To try their matters in a foreign tongue,
 By foreign jurymen, like Sophocles,
 Or Tales[†] fals^{er} than Euripides,
 When not an English native dares appeal,
 To be a witness for the prisoner,
 When all the laws they use t' arraign and try
 The innocent and wronged delinquent by,
 Were made b' a foreign lawyer, and his pupils
 To put an end to all poetic scruples,
 And, by th^e advice of virtuous Tuscans,
 Determined all the doubts of socks and buskins,
 Gave judgment on all past and future plays,
 As is apparent by Speroni's case,[†]
 Which Lope Vega first began to steal,[‡]
 And after him the French filou§ Corneille, ||

* See vol II p 214 note †

† Sperone Speroni, an Italian writer of the sixteenth century, who composed a tragedy called *Canace* on the model of Seneca, a work possessing little dramatic interest the action being dissolved into narrative. He also published a collection of dialogues on moral and speculative subjects.

‡ The meaning is obscure. In all the literary controversies in which Lope de Vega was engaged, it does not appear that he was ever accused of plagiarism, although his wonderful facility might have given a colour of probability to such an imputation. 'He is most known,' says Lord Holland, 'as indeed he is most wonderful, for the prodigious number of his writings. Twenty one million, three hundred thousand of his lines are said to be actually printed, and no less than eighteen hundred plays of his composition to have been acted on the stage. He, nevertheless asserts in one of his last poems —

Que no es mínimo parte aunque es excesivo,
 De lo que ésta por imprimir, lo impreso

The printed part, though far too large, is less
 Than that which yet unprinted waits the press

LOPE DE VEGA and GUILLEM DE CASTRO

Lord Holland adds. If we are to give credit to these accounts, allowing him to begin his compositions at the age of thirteen we must believe that upon an average he wrote more than nine hundred lines a day. Yet, in the midst of these marvellous labours, his originality was never impeached. The implied theft from Speroni must refer to

And since our English plagiaries him
 And steal then far-fet criticisms from him,
 And, by an action falsely laid of trover,
 The lumber for their proper goods recover,
 Enough to furnish all the lewd impeachers
 Of witty Beaumont's poetry, and Fletcher's,
 Who, for a few mispisions of wit,
 Are charged by those who ten times worse commit,
 And, for misjudging some unhappy scenes,
 Are censured for't with more unlucky sense,
 When all their worst miscreantages delight,
 And please more, than the best that pedants write

Lope's *Arte de hacer Comedias* in which he condemned the extravagant style introduced upon the stage by some of his contemporaries. Spicromi, in the preceding century, had defended his *Canave* on strictly classical principles, but there was little in common between them even in this region of criticism. Lope, however willing to correct the taste of others, acknowledges that except in six instances out of nearly five hundred he wrote against all rules himself. The passage in which he makes this confession is thus rendered by Loid Holland —

None than myself more barbarous or more wrong
 Who, hurried by the vulgar taste along,
 Dare give my precepts in despite of rule,
 Whence France and Italy pronounce me fool
 But what am I to do? who now of ply,
 With one complete within these seven days,
 Four hundred eighty-three in all have writ,
 And all save six, against the rules of wit

§ Sharper cheat, Fr

|| Not Corneille alone but the whole French drama, is under large obligations to the invention of Lope which the great writers repud by transcending their original. 'Had Lope never written observes Loid Holland, the masterpieces of Corneille and Moliere might ne'er have been produced, and were not those celebrated compositions known he might still be regarded as one of the best dramatic authors in Europe

ODES.

UPON AN HYPOCRITICAL NONCONFORMIST

A PINDARIC ODE.

I

THERE'S nothing so absurd, or vain,
 Or barbarous, or inhumane,
 But if it lay the least pretence
 To piety and godliness,
 Or tender-hearted conscience,
 And zeal for gospel-truths profess,
 Does sacred instantly commence,
 And all that dare but question it, are straight
 Pronounced th' uncircumcised, and reprobate
 As malefactors, that escape and fly
 Into a sanctuary for defence,
 Must not be brought to justice thence,
 Although their crimes be ne'er so great and high,
 And he, that dares presume to do't,
 Is sentenced and delivered up
 To Satan, that engaged him to't,
 For venturing wickedly to put a stop
 To his immunities, and free affairs,
 Or meddle saucily with theirs,
 That are employed by him, while he and they
 Proceed in a religious and a holy way

2

And as the Pagans heretofore
 Did their own handyworks adore,
 And made their stone and timber deities,
 Their temples, and their altars of one piece,
 The same outgoings seem t' inspire
 Our modern self-willed edifier,

That out of things as far from sense, and more,
 Contrives new light and revelation,
 The creatures of th' imagination,
 To worship and fall down before,
 Of which his cracked delusions draw
 As monstrous images and rude,
 As ever Pagan to believe in howled,
 Or madman in a vision saw,
 Mistakes the feeble impotence,
 And vain delusions of his mind,
 For spiritual gifts and offerings,
 Which Heaven, to present him, brings,
 And still, the further 'tis from sense,
 Believes it is the more refined,
 And ought to be received with greater reverence

3

But as all tricks, whose principles
 Are false, prove false in all things else,
 The dull and heavy hypocrite
 Is but in pension with his conscience,
 That pays him for maintaining it,
 With zealous rage and impudence,
 And as the one grows obstinate,
 So does the other rich and fat,
 Disposes of his gifts and dispensations,
 Like spiritual foundations
 Endowed to pious uses, and designed
 To entertain the weak the lame, and blind,
 But still diverts them to as bad, or worse,
 Than others are by unjust governors
 For, like our modern publicans,
 He still puts out all dues,
 He owes to Heaven, to the devil to use,
 And makes his godly interest great gains,
 Takes all the brethren, to recruit
 The spirit in him, contribute,

And, to repair and edify his spent
 And broken-winded outward man, present
 For painful holding-forth against the government

4

The subtle spider never spins
 But on dark days, his slimy gins,
 Nor does our engineer much care to plant
 His spiritual machines,
 Unless among the weak and ignorant
 Th' inconstant credulous, and light,
 The vain, the factious and the slight,
 That in their zeal are most extravagant
 For trout are tickled best in muddy water,
 And still the muddier he finds their brains,
 The more he's sought, and followed after,
 And greater ministrations gains,
 For talking idly is admired,
 And speaking nonsense held inspired,
 And still, the flatter and more dull
 His gifts appear, is held more powerful
 For blocks are better cleft with wedges,
 Than tools of sharp and subtle edges,
 And dullest nonsense has been found
 By some to be the solid'st, and the most profound

5

A great Apostle once was said
 With too much learning to be mad,
 But our great saint becomes distract,
 And only with too little cracked,
 Quies moral truth* and human learning down,[†]
 And will endure no reason, but his own
 For 'tis a drudgery and task,
 Not for a saint, but Pagan oracle,
 To answer all men can object, or ask,
 But to be found impregnable,

* See vol 1 p 166 note †

And with a sturdy forehead to hold out,
In spite of shame or reason resolute,
Is braver than to argue and confute

As he, that can draw blood, they say,
From witches, takes their magic power away
So he, that draws blood into a brother's face,
Takes all his guts away, and light and grace
For while he holds that nothing is so damned,

And shameful is to be ashamed,

He never can be attacked,
But will come off for confidence well backed,

Among the weak and prepossessed,
His often truth, with all his kingly power, oppress'd

6

It is the virtue of late zeal,
Twill not be subject nor rebel
Nor left at large nor be restrained
But where there's something to be gained
And that being once revealed, defies
The law, with all its penalties,

And is convinced, no pale

O' th' church can be so sacred as a jail
For as the Indians' prisons are their mines,
So he has found are all restraints

To thriving and free-conscienced saints
For the same thing enriches that confines,
And like to Lully, when he was in hold
He turns his base metals into gold,
Receives returning and returning fees
For holding-forth, and holding of his peace
And takes a pension to be advocate,
And standing counsel 'gainst the church and state

For galled and tender consciences,
Commits himself to prison, to tread,
Draw in, and spirit all he can,

* One of the means by which witches were supposed to be deprived of their power

For buds in cages have a call,
 To draw the wildest into nets,
 More prevalent and natural,
 Than all our artificial pipes and counterfeits

7

His slippery conscience has more tricks
 Than all the juggling empirics,
 And every one another contradicts,
 All laws of heaven and earth can break,
 And swallow oaths and blood, and rapine easy,
 And yet is so infirm and weak,
 'Twill not endure the gentlest check,
 But at the slightest nicety grows queasy,
 Disdains control, and yet can be
 No where, but in a prison, free,
 Can force itself, in spite of God,
 Who makes it free as thought at home,
 A slave and villain to become,
 To serve its interests abroad
 And though no Pharisee was e'er so cunning
 At tithing mint and cummin,
 No dull idolater was e'er so flat
 In things of deep and solid weight,
 Pretends to charity and holiness,
 And But is implacable to peace,
 out of tenderness grows obstinate
 And though the zeal of God's house ate a prince
 And prophet up, he says, long since,
 His cross-gained peremptory zeal
 Would eat up God's house, and devour it at a meal

8

He does not pray, but prosecute,
 As if he went to law, his suit,
 Summons his Maker to appear,
 And answer what he shall prefer

Returns him back his gift of pique,
 Not to petition, but decline
 Exhibits cross complaints
 Against him for the breach of covenants,
 And all the churches of the snows,
 Pleads guilty to the action and yet stands
 Upon high terms and bold demands,
 Excepts against him and his laws
 And will be judge himself in his own cause
 And grows more saucy and severe
 Than th' Heathen emperor was to Jupiter,
 That used to wrangle with him and dispute
 And sometimes would speak softly in his ear,
 And sometimes loud, and rant, and teaze
 And threaten, if he did not grant his suit

9

But when his painful gifts he employs
 In holding-forth, the virtue lies
 Not in the letter of the sense,
 But in the spiritual vehemence,
 The power, and dispensation of the voice,
 The zealous pangs and agonies,
 And heavenly turnings of the eyes,
 The groans, with which he piously destroys,
 And drowns the nonsense in the noise,
 And grows so loud as if he meant to force
 And take in heaven by violence,
 To fight the suns into salvation,
 Or scare the devil from temptation,
 Until he falls so low and hoarse,
 No kind of carnal sense
 Can be made out of what he means
 But as the ancient Pagans were precise
 To use no short-tailed beast in sacrifice,
 He still conforms to them, and has a care
 To allow the largest measure to his pally ware

IO

The ancient churches, and the best,
 By their own martyrs' blood increased,
 But he has found out a new way,
 To do it with the blood of those,
 That dare his church's growth oppose,
 On her imperious canons disobey,
 And strives to carry on the work,
 Like a true primitive reforming Turk,
 With holy rage and edifying war,
 More safe and powerful ways by far
 For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet
 Was the first great reformer, and the chief
 Of th' ancient Christian belief,
 That mixed it with new light, and cheat,
 With revelations, dreams, and visions,
 And apostolic superstitions
 To be held forth and carried on by war,
 And his successor was a Presbyter,
 With greater right than Haly or Abubeker *

II

For as a Turk, that is to act some crime
 Against his Prophet's holy law,
 Is wont to bid his soul withdraw,
 And leave his body for a time, †
 So when some horrid action's to be done,
 Our Turkish proselyte puts on
 Another spirit, and lays by his own,
 And when his over-heated brain
 Turns giddy, like his brother Mussulman,
 He's judged inspired, and all his frenzies held
 To be prophetic, and revealed
 The one believes all madmen to be saints
 Which th' other cries him down for, and abhors,
 And yet in madness all devotion plants,
 And where he differs most concurs,

* See vol II p 164, note §

† See ante p 91 note *

Both equally exact and just
 In perjury, and breach of trust,
 So like in all things that one brother
 Is but a counterpart of th' other
 And both unanimously damn
 And hate,—like two that play one game,—
 Each other for it, while they strive to do the same

12

Both equally design to rise
 Then churches by the self-same ways,
 With war and ruin to assert
 Their doctrine, and with sword and fire convert,
 To preach the gospel with a drum,
 And for convincing overcome
 And, though in worshipping of God all blood
 Was by his own laws disallowed,
 Both hold no holy rites to be so good,
 And both to propagate the breed
 Of their own saints one way proceed,
 For lust and rapes in war repeat as fast
 As fury and destruction waste,
 Both equally allow all crimes
 As lawful means to propagate a sect,
 For laws in war can be of no effect,
 And licence does more good in gospel-times
 Hence tis, t' at holy wars have ever been
 The horridst scenes of blood and sin,
 For when religion does recede
 From her own nature nothing but a breed
 Of prodigies and hideous monsters can succeed

UPON MODERN CRITICS

A PINDARIC ODE

I

'TIS well that equal Heaven has placed
 Those joys above, that, to reward
 The just and virtuous, are prepared,
 Beyond their reach, until their pains are past,
 Else men would rather venture to possess
 By force than earn their happiness,
 And only take the devil's advice,
 As Adam did how soonest to be wise,
 Though at th' expense of Paradise
 For, as some say, to fight is but a base
 Mechanic handy work, and far below
 A generous spirit to undergo
 So 'tis to take the pains to know,
 Which some, with only confidence and face
 More easily and ably do,
 For daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,
 Like scattered shot and pass with some for wit
 Who would not rather make himself a judge,
 And boldly usurp the chair,
 Than with dull industry and care
 Endure to study, think, and drudge
 For that, which he much sooner may advance
 With obstinate, and pertinacious ignorance?

2

For all men challenge, though in spite
 Of nature and their stars a right
 To censure, judge and know,
 Though she can only order who
 Shall be, and who shall ne'er be wise
 Then why should those, whom she denies
 Her favour and good graces to,
 Not strive to take opinion by surprise,
 And wish, what it were in vain to woo?

For he that desperately assumes
 The censure of all wits and arts,
 Though without judgment, skill, and parts,
 Only to startle and amuse,
 And mask his ignorance, as Indians use
 With gaudy-coloured plumes
 Their homely nether parts t' adorn,
 Can never fail to captive some
 That will submit to his oraculous doom,
 And reverence what they ought to scorn,
 Admire his sturdy confidence
 For solid judgment and deep sense,
 And credit purchased without pains or wit,
 Like stolen pleasures, ought to be most sweet

3

Two self-admirers, that combine
 Against the world, may pass a fine *
 Upon all judgment, sense, and wit,
 And settle it, as they think fit,
 On one another, like the choice
 Of Persian princes, by one horse's voice †
 For those fine pageants, which some raise
 Of false and disproportioned praise,
 T' enable whom they please t' appear,
 And pass for what they never were,
 In private only being but named,
 Their modesty must be ashamed, ‡
 And not endure to hear,
 And yet may be divulged and famed,
 And owned in public every where

* A mode of changing or alienating real property. The phrase is most usually adopted when a person has a limited interest in an estate, and wishing to divest himself of a reversionary interest in it settles the whole on himself absolutely. And this is the sense in which Butler here uses it. † See vol. i. p. 88, note †

‡ Alluding to the foolish custom of ushering books of poetry to the public with commendatory verses which were generally studied with such fulsome compliments as must have put the authors' modesty to the blush, if they had been presented to them in private only — 1

So vain some authois are to boast
 Their want of ingenuity, and club
 Their affidavit wits, to dub
 Each other but a Knight o' the Post,
 As false as suborned perjurers,
 That vouch away all right they have to their own ears

4

But when all other courses fail,
 There is one easy artifice,
 That seldom has been known to miss,
 To cry all mankind down, and rail
 For he, whom all men do contemn,
 May be allowed to rail again at them,
 And in his own defence
 To outface reason, wit, and sense,
 And all, that makes against himself, condemn,
 To snail at all things right or wrong,
 Like a mad dog, that has a worm in his tongue,
 Reduce all knowledge back of good and evil,
 To its first original, the devil,
 And, like a fierce inquisitor of wit
 To spare no flesh, that ever spoke, or writ,
 Though to perform his task as dull,
 As if he had a toadstone* in his skull,
 And could produce a greater stock
 Of maggots than a pastoral poet's flock

5

The feeblest vermin can destroy,
 As sure as stoutest beasts of prey,
 And only with their eyes and breath
 Infect, and poison men to death,

* In mineralogy, toadstone is the name applied to a sort of trap-rock of a brownish grey colour. The allusion in the text is to the vulgar error that there was a stone or hard substance in the heads of toads, which were supposed to possess a medicinal virtue

But that more impotent buffoon
 That makes it both his business, and his sport
 To rail at all, is but a drone,
 That spends his sting on what he cannot hurt
 Enjoys a kind of lechery in spite,
 Like o'eigrown sinners, that in whipping take delight,
 Invades the reputation of all those
 That have or have it not to lose
 And if he chance to make a difference
 'Tis always in the wrongest sense
 As looking gamesters never lay
 Upon those hands that use fair play,
 But venture all their bets
 Upon the slurs and cunning tricks of ablest cheats

6

Not does he vex himself much less
 Than all the world beside,
 Falls sick of other men's excess,
 Is humbled only at their pride,
 And wretched at their happiness,
 Revenges on himself the wrong,
 Which his vain malice and loose tongue
 To those, that feel it not, have done,
 And whips and spurs himself, because he is outgone,
 Makes idle characters and tales,
 As counterfeit, unlike, and false,
 As witches' pictures are of wax and clay,
 To those, whom they would in effigy slay
 And as the devil, that has no shape of his own,
 Affects to put the ugliest on,
 And leaves a stink behind him, when he's gone
 So he, that's worse than nothing, strives t' appear
 I' th' likeness of a wolf or bear,
 To fright the weak, but, when men dare
 Encounter with him, stinks, and vanishes to air

TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF THE MOST
RENOWNED DU-VAL

A PINDARIC ODE *

I

'TIS true, to compliment the dead
Is as impertinent and vain,
As 'twas of old to call them back again,
O! like the Tartars, give them wives
With settlements for after lives
For all that can be done, or said,
Though e'er so noble, great, and good,
By them is neither heard, nor understood
All our fine sleights, and tricks of art,
First to create, and then adore desert,
And those romances, which we frame
To raise ourselves, not them, a name,
In vain are stuffed with ranting flatteries,
And such as, if they knew, they would despise,
For as those times the Golden Age we call,
In which there was no gold in use at all,

* This ode was originally published in 1671 in three sheets, 4to with Butler's name. Wood says that, notwithstanding the statement on the title page 'some curious persons at that time attributed the authorship to another—Dr Walter Pope a Gresham Professor, who happened to be a wit as well as an astronomer. Mr Thyer, however, removed all doubt on the subject by reference to a copy of the ode which he found amongst Butler's manuscripts in the poet's hand writing. Dr Pope, it seems, was the author of a pamphlet entitled *Memoirs of Mr Du Val with his Last Speech and Epitaph* and from that circumstance was suspected of having written the ode. The occasion which led to his selection of the notorious highwayman as the hero of a biography will be found stated at length in the *Athenæ Cluide Du Val*, who was a native of Normandy, a smart, handsome fellow, and only twenty seven years of age when he was executed at Tyburn in 1669 had acquired a romantic reputation for the number of ladies he enslaved. Amongst his victims was the mistress of Dr Pope, who revenged the indignity by writing a mock biography of the highwayman. The object of the pamphlet was to treat with humorous ridicule the favour shown to Fenchmen in that age and more especially the false sentiment which surrounded with a tender interest such persons as Du Val.

So we plant glory and renown,
 Where it was ne'er deserved, nor known,
 But to worse purpose many times,
 To flourish o'er nefarious crimes
 And cheat the world, that never seems to mind
 How good or bad men die, but what they leave behind

2

And yet the brave Du-Val whose name
 Can never be worn out by fame,
 That lived, and died, to leave behind
 A great example to mankind,
 That fell a public sacrifice,
 From ruin to preserve those few,
 Who, though born false may be made true,
 And teach the world to be more just, and wise,
 Ought not, like vulgar ashes, rest
 Unmentioned in his silent chest,
 Not for his own, but public interest
 He, like a pious man, some years before
 Th' arrival of his fatal hour,
 Made every day he had to live
 To his last minute a preparative,
 Taught the wild Arabs on the road
 To act in a more genteel mode,
 Take prizes more obligingly than those
 Who never had been bred *filous*,
 And how to hang in a more graceful fashion,
 Than e'er was known before to the dull English nation

3

In France the staple of new modes,
 Where galls and miens are current goods,
 That serves the ruder northern nations
 With methods of address and treat
 Prescribes new garnitures and fashions,

And how to drink and how to eat,
 No out-of fashion wine or meat, -
 To understand ciavats and plumes,
 And the most modish from the old perfumes,
 To know the age and pedigrees
 Of points of Flanders or Venice,
 Cast their natiivities, and to a day
 Foretell how long they'll hold, and when decay,
 T' affect the purest negligences
 In gestures, gaits, and miens,
 And speak by repartee-rotines
 Out of the most authentic of romances,
 And to demonstrate, with substantial reason,
 What ribbands all the year are in, or out of season

4

In this great academy of mankind
 He had his birth, and education,
 Where all men are s' ingeniously inclined,
 They understand by imitation,
 Improve untaught, before they are aware,
 As if they sucked their breeding from the air,
 That naturally does dispense
 To all a deep and solid confidence,
 A virtue of that precious use,
 That he, whom bounteous heaven endues
 But with a moderate share of it,
 Can want no worth, abilities, or wit,
 In all the deep hermetic arts
 For so of late the learn'd call
 All tricks, if strange and mystical
 He had improved his natural parts,

* Mr Thyer points out a passage in the Satire on the Imitation of the French which so closely resembles these lines, that it may be said to identify the authorship —

To make a scruple when they dine
 On out-of-fashion meat and wine,
 Conform their palates to the mode,
 And relish that, and not the food, &c

And with his magic rod could sound
 Where hidden treasure might be found
 He like a lord o' th' manor, seized upon
 Whatever happened in his way,
 As lawful weft and stray,†
 And after by the custom kept it as his own

* The *virgula divina* or divining rod was held in high estimation by some distinguished Fellows of the Royal Society in and after Butler's time and many were the miles of ground says Mr Wood, traversed by credulous men in quest of that, which the science of geology has now enabled us to find with almost unerring certainty. Yet there is no doubt notwithstanding the advance of geology that the virtues of the divining rod still form an article of faith amongst the miners in Cornwall Lancashire and Cumberland and that the efficacy of divination is confidently believed in even by intelligent men who resort to its agency in seeking for mineral wealth on their estates. The divining-rod is a forked twig of the hazel tree or white thorn, and the following description of the manner in which it is used in the present day agrees in all particulars with the mode in which it was formerly employed. The small ends being crooked are to be held in the hands, in a position flat or parallel to the horizon, and the upper part at an elevation having an angle to it of about 70 degrees. The rod must be grasped strongly and steadily, and then the operator walks over the ground when he crosses a lode its bending is supposed to indicate the presence thereof. The position of the hands in holding the rod is a constrained one,—it is not easy to describe it—but the result is that the hands, from weakness speedily induced in the muscles, grasp the ends of the twig still more rigidly and thus is produced the mysterious bending. The phenomena of the divining-rod and table turning are precisely of the same character, and both are referrible to an involuntary muscular action resulting from a fixedness of idea. These experiments with the divining rod are always made in a district known to be metalliferous, and the chances, therefore, are greatly in favour of its bending over or near a mineral lode.—*Electric Lure* September 1855. Some curious particulars respecting the divining-rod are preserved in Brund's *Antiquities* where it is stated that 'the effluvia exhalings from the metals, or pour from the water [or spring] impregnating the wood, makes it dip or incline, which is the sign of a discovery.' Divination by the rod, or wand, as mentioned in the prophecy of Ezekiel. The Chaldeans used rods for divination. Herodotus mentions it as the custom of the Alam, and Iacitus of the old Germans. Lilly gives a curious account of an experiment he made with it to discover hidden treasure, in which however, he confesses he failed.

† Wufs and strays—goods or cattle found of which the owner is not known, and which is not claimed within a year and a day become forfeited to the sovereign, or to the lord of the manor, if he possess the franchise of wut

5

From these first rudiments he grew
 To nobler feats, and tried his force
 Upon whole troops of foot and horse,
 Whom he as bravely did subdue,
 Declared all caravans, that go
 Upon the king's highway, the foe,
 Made many desperate attacks
 Upon itinerant brigades
 Of all professions, ranks, and trades,
 On carriers' loads, and pedlars' packs,
 Made 'em lay down their arms, and yield,
 And, to the smallest piece, restore
 All that by cheating they had gained before,
 And after plundered all the baggage of the field
 In every bold affair of war
 He had the chief command, and led them on,
 For no man is judged fit to have the care
 Of others' lives until h' has made it known,
 How much he does despise, and scorn his own

6

Whole provinces, 'twixt sun and sun,
 Have by his conquering sword been won,
 And mighty sums of money laid,
 For ransom, upon every man,
 And hostages delivered till 'twas paid
 Th' excise and chimney-publican,
 The jew-forestaller and enhancer,
 To him for all their crimes did answer
 He vanquished the most fierce and fell
 Of all his foes, the constable,
 And oft had beat his quarters up,
 And routed him and all his troop
 He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,
 That in his own allowed highway
 Does feats of arms as great as his,
 And, when they 'ncounter in it, wins the day

Safe in his garrison, the court,
 Where meaner criminals are sentenced for t,
 To this stein foe he oft gave quarter,
 But as the Scotchman did t' a Tartar,
 That he, in time to come,
 Might in return from him receive his fatal doom

7

He would have staved this mighty town,
 And brought its haughty spirit down,
 Have cut it off from all relief,
 And, like a wise and valiant chief,
 Made many a fierce assault
 Upon all ammunition carts,
 And those that bring up cheese, or malt,
 Or bacon, from remoter parts,
 No convoy e'er so strong with food
 Durst venture on the desperate road
 'He made th' undaunted waggoner obey,
 'And the fierce higgler contribution pay,
 The savage butcher and stout drover
 Durst not to him then feeble troops discover,
 And, if he had but kept the field,
 In time had made the city yield,
 For great towns, like to crocodiles, are found,
 I' th' belly aptest to receive a mortal wound

8

But when the fatal hour arrived,
 In which his stars began to frown,
 And had in close cabals contrived
 To pull him from his height of glory down,
 And he, by numerous foes oppressed,
 Was in th' enchanted dungeon cast,
 Secured with mighty guards,
 Lest he by force or stratagem
 Might prove too cunning for their chains, and them,
 And break through all their locks, and bolts, and wards,

Had both his legs by chains committed
 To one another's charge,
 That neither might be set at large,
 And all their fury and revenge outwitted
 As jewels of high value are
 Kept under locks with greater care,
 Than those of meaner rates,
 So he was in stone walls, and chains, and iron gates

9

Thither came ladies from all parts,
 To offer up close prisoners their hearts,
 Which he received as tribute due,
 And made them yield up love and honour too,
 But in more brave heroic ways,
 Than e'er were practised yet in plays
 For those two spiteful foes, who never meet
 But full of hot contests, and piques
 About punctilios, and mere tricks,
 Did all their quarrels to his doom submit,
 And far more generous and free,
 In contemplation only of him did agree,
 Both fully satisfied, the one
 With those fresh laurels he had won,
 And all the brave renownèd feats,
 He had performed in arms,
 The other with his person and his charms
 For just as larks are caught in nets,
 By gazing on a piece of glass,
 So while the ladies viewed his brighter eyes,
 And smoother polished face,
 Their gentle hearts, alas! were taken by surprise

10

Never did bold knight, to relieve
 Distressèd dames, such dreadful feats achieve,
 As feeble damsels, for his sake,
 Would have been proud to undertake,

And bravely ambitious to redeem
 The world's loss, and then own,
 Strive who should have the honour to lay down,
 And change a life with him,
 But finding all then hopes in vain,
 To move his fixed determined fate,
 Then life itself began to hate,
 As if it were an infamy
 To live, when he was doomed to die,
 Made loud appeals and moans,
 To less hard-hearted grates and stones,
 Came swelled with sighs, and drowned in tears,
 To yield themselves his fellow-sufferers,
 And followed him, like prisoners of war
 Chained to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car *

* It was long held as a vulgar error that a woman marrying a man under the gallows (an expedient which none of Du Val's ladies appear to have thought of) would save him from execution. This notion is supported by Brunnington, in his *Observations on our Ancient Statutes*, who has arisen from the appeal of a widow who brought a charge against her lover of having murdered her husband, and, afterwards relenting, forgave the offender, and offered to marry him. In the notes on Brand's *Antiq* the following case of a servant girl is quoted, who was executed in 1660 for having set fire to the house of her master, a dyer in Southwark. 'At her execution there was a fellow who designed to marry her under the gallows (according to the ancient laudable custom), but she, being in hopes of a reprieve seemed unwilling; but when the rope was about her neck, she cried out she was willing; and then the fellow's friends dissuaded him from marrying her; and so she lost her husband and her life together. This statement was originally published in a newspaper at the time and was afterwards contradicted as 'a false and malicious story' but the fact of its publication may be accepted as evidence of the current belief in the legal efficacy of marriage under such circumstances.

It was also a common superstition (which is not yet entirely extinguished by the lower orders) that the touch of the hand of a person who had been recently hanged was a certain remedy for wens. At the execution of Dr Dodd in 1777, a young woman asked permission to have a wen on her face stroked by the Doctor's hand and the executioner complied with her request; and upon the execution of a Jew, in 1819 on Pennenden Heath several persons made a similar application, but the Jews who were present would not allow the body to be touched by any but their own people, it being contrary to their custom. A curative virtue was likewise attributed to the hilt of a sword which had about the hilt was supposed to cure the gut stone. — See Brand's *Pop. Antiq*, edited by Sir Henry Ellis.

Ballads.

UPON THE PARLIAMENT *

AS close as a goose
 Sat the Parliament-house,
 To hatch the royal gull,
 After much fiddle-faddle,
 The egg proved addle,
 And Oliver came forth Nol.

Yet old Queen Madge,
 Though things do not fadge,
 Will serve to be queen of a May-pole,
 Two princes of Wales,
 For Whitsun-ales,†
 And her Grace Maid-Marian Clay-pole

* This ballad observes Mr Thyer, refers to the Parliament which deliberated about making Oliver Cromwell king, and petitioned him to accept the title which he refused contenting himself with the power, under the name of Protector. This statement is inaccurate. On the 12th December, 1653 Colonel Sydenham, without any previous notice, moved that parliament should resign its powers into the hands of the lord general, by whom it had been called into existence six months before. Harrison, and other members of the republican party, strenuously objected to this motion, which was preconcerted by the friends of Cromwell who, having gathered in sufficient numbers to secure their object broke up the debate suddenly, and headed by the Speaker, proceeded to Whitehall, where they deposited a hasty instrument tendering the resignation of their powers. Four days afterwards, Cromwell went down to the House, and took the oaths as Lord Protector under the new constitution.

† Whitsun-ales was the name given to the sports and diversions usual in the country at Whitsuntide. On these occasions two young persons were chosen to be lord and lady of the ale and they held their hall, or court, in a barn, or some other empty building attended by a steward purse bearer, mace-bearer, and sword-bearer. Athletic games, dances and good cheer, constituted the amusements. As Whitsuntide generally falls close upon May, Butler mixes the customs of the two festivals, and confers upon the members of Cromwell's family the mock titles of lord of the ale, queen of the maypole, and Maid Marian, as substitutes for the real dignities of Prince of Wales,

In a robe of cow-hide
 Sat yeasty Pride*
 With his dagger, and his sling,
 He was the pertinent'st peer,
 Of all that were there,
 To advise with such a king
 A great philosopher
 Had a goose for his lover,
 That followed him day and night †
 If it be a true story,
 Or but an allegory,
 It may be both ways right
 Strickland‡ and his son,
 Both cast into one,
 Were meant for a single baron,

queen, and princess. In giving to 'Queen Madge and Lady Elizabeth Clavpole two different character.—Queen of the Maypole and Maid Marian—Butler, who is very ready at fault in his popular lore, commits an oversight. The Queen of the May and Maid Marian were identical. The original Maid Marian was the daughter of Lord Fitzwalter, and the mistress of Robin Hood. She assumed that name, as the legend goes, when her lover became an outlaw, and made a vow to keep it as long as he dwelt in Sherwood Forest. The character was always associated with the morris dance, and the name was still retained even after the dance degenerated into a piece of grotesque buffoonery, and the fair queen came to be personated by a clown dressed up in women's clothes.

* Colonel Pride—See vol. II p. 171 note *. The epithet 'yeasty' refers to Pride's original occupation, that of a brewer's dryman. The 'robe of cow-hide' is the buff coat.

† See *ante*, p. 61, note †.

‡ Strickland and Honeywood, whose name occurs in the next verse, were members of that assembly which elected Cromwell Protector, and which has passed into history under the nominal designation of Barebone's Parliament. There were two Stricklands, brothers, Walter and William, the former had been ambassador in Holland, and a member of the Long Parliament; the latter Sir William, the elder brother, distinguished himself by his activity in serving the cause of Cromwell. The Stricklands possessed considerable influence in Yorkshire, where their estates lay. Sir Thomas Honeywood was a man of considerable landed estate in Essex, a committee man in the Long Parliament, and commanded a regiment against the king at Worcester.

But, when they came to sit,
 There was not wit
 Enough in them both, to serve for one

Wherefore 'twas thought good
 To add Honeywood,
 But, when they came to trial,
 Each one proved a fool,
 Yet three knaves in the whole,
 And that made up a pair-royal *

A BALLAD

IN TWO PARTS †

PART I

DRAW near, good people, all draw near,
 And hearken to my ditty,
 A stranger thing,
 Than this I sing,
 Came never to this city

Had you but seen this monster,
 You would not give a farthing
 For the lions in the grate,
 Nor the mountain-cat,
 Nor the bears in Paris-garden

* 'The wit of this lies in the word pair royal, which signifies three knaves at the game of brag, and also, in French, a peer or baron —I

† To this ballad Butler originally prefixed this title, *The Privileges of Pimping*, but afterwards crossed it out. As the title bears no relation to the subject we may conclude that it was intended for some other design which the poet abandoned. Mr. Thyer is of opinion that the person here satirised is Oliver Cromwell. The portrait is an extravagant caricature, in which some general points of resemblance may be traced to the coarse features of the Protector.

You would defy the pageants,
Aie boine before the mayoi,
The strangest shape,
You e'er did gape
Upon at But'lmv fan !

His face is round and decent,
As is your dish, or platter,
On which there grows
A thing like a nose,
But, indeed, it is no such matter

On both sides of th' aforesaid
Are eyes, but they're not matches,
On which there are
To be seen two fan,
And large, well-grown mustaches

Now this with admiration
Does all beholders strike,
That a beard should grow
Upon a thing's blow,
Did ye ever see the like ?

He has no skull, 'tis well known
To thousands of beholders,
Nothing, but a skin,
Does keep his brains in
From running about his shoulders

On both sides of his noddle
Aie strips o' th' very same leather,
Ears are implied,
But they're mere hide,
On morsels of tape, choose ye whether

Between these two extendeth
A slit from ear to ear,
That, every hour,
Gapes to devour
The souse, that grows so new

Beneath, a tuft of bristles,
 As rough as a freeze-jerkin,
 If it had been a beard,
 'Twould have served a herd
 Of goats, that are of his near kin

Within, a set of grinders
 Most sharp and keen, coriouding
 Your iron and brass,
 As easy as
 That you would do a pudding
 But the strangest thing of all is,
 Upon his rump there groweth
 A great long tail,
 That useth to trail
 Upon the ground, as he goeth

PART II

THIS monster was begotten
 Upon one of the witches,
 B' an imp that came to her,
 Like a man, to woo her,
 With black doublet, and breeches
 When he was whelped, for certain,
 In divers several countries,
 The hogs and swine
 Did grunt and whine,
 And the ravens croaked upon trees
 The winds did blow, the thunder
 And lightning loud did rumble,
 The dogs did howl,
 The hollow tree in th' owl—
 'Tis a good horse that ne'er stumbled †

* That is, 'The owl in the hollow tree' The inversion seems to have been pie-meditated to heighten the grotesqueness of the image

† This catalogue of imaginary portents attending the birth of Crom-

As soon as he was brought forth,
 At the midwife's throat he flew,
 And threw the pap
 Down in her lap,
 They say, 'tis very true

And up the walls he clambered,
 With nails most shup and keen,
 The punts whereof,
 I' th' boards and roof,
 Are yet for to be seen

And out o' th' top o' th' chimney
 He vanished, seen of none
 For they did wink,
 Yet, by the stunk,
 Knew which way he was gone

The country round about there
 Became like to a wilder-
 ness, for the sight
 Of him did fright
 Away men, women, and children

Long did he there continue,
 And all those parts much harmed,
 'Till a wise-woman which
 Some call a white witch,
 Him into a hogstye charmed

well may have been designed in ridicule of the poetical descriptions of the storm that took place on the night of his death: or as Mr. Laver suggests, it may be 'a sneer upon those writers who describe the birth of their heroes is accompanied by prodigies.'

* There were three orders of witches—Black, White, and Grey. The first had the power of doing mischief without the gift of rendering help or service; the second could render service but had no power of evil; the third combined the qualities of the former two. The harmless witches were popularly called wise women. The function here ascribed to the White Witch has a mixture of evil in it. Butler thinking probably, with Dryden, that at best the class were only 'mischievously good.'

There, when she had him shut fast,
With bismstone, and with nitre,
She singed the claws
Of his left paws,
With tip of his tail, and his right ear

And with her charms and ointments
She made him tame as a spaniel,
For she used to ride
On his back astride,
Nor did he do her any ill

But, to the admnation
Of all both far and near,
He hath been shown
In every town,
And eke in every shire

And now, at length, he's brought
Unto fair London city,
Where, in Fleet-street,
All those may see't,
That will not believe my ditty

God save the king and parliament,
And eke the prince's highness,
And quickly send
The wars an end,
As here my song has—*Fims*

* From this allusion to the king Mr. Thyer concludes that the ballad was written before the execution of Charles I

UPON PHILIP NYE'S THANKSGIVING BEARD *

A BEARD is but the vizard of a face,
 That nature orders for no other place,
 The fringe and tassel of a countenance,
 That hides his person from another man's,
 And, like the Roman habits of their youth,
 Is never worn until his perfect growth,
 A privilege, no other creature has
 To wear a natural mask upon his face,
 That shifts its likeness, every day he wears,
 To fit some other person's characters,
 And by its own mythology implies,
 That men were born to live in some disguise

This satisfied a reverend man that cleared
 His disagreeing conscience by his beard
 He had been preferred to the army, when the church
 Was taken with a Why not?† in the lurch,
 When primate, metropolitan, and prelates
 Were turned to officers of horse, and zealots,
 From whom he held the most pluralities
 Of contributions donatives, and salaries,
 Was held the chiefest of those spiritual trumpets,
 That sounded charges to their fiercest combats,
 But in the desperate of defeats
 Had never blown as opportune retreats,
 Until the Synod ordered his departure
 To London, from his caterwauling quarter,
 To sit among 'em as he had been chosen,
 And pass, or null things, at his own disposing,

* See vol II p 222 note *

† To be 'taken with a why not?' is to be taken suddenly, or by surprise, in a way that cannot be evaded. Nares describes it as 'an arbitrary proceeding as that of a person who gives no reason for his acts but the mere capitious question, Why not?' It occurs also in *Hudibras* — See vol I p 222

Could clap up souls in Limbo with a vote,
 And for their fees discharge, and let them out,
 Which made some grandees bribe him with the place
 Of holding forth upon Thanksgiving-days,
 Whither the members, two and two abreast,
 Marched to take in the spoils of all—the feast,
 But by the way repeated the oh bones
 Of his wild Irish and chromatic tones,
 His frequent and pathetic hums and haws,
 He practised only t' animate the cause,
 With which the sisters were so prepossessed,
 They could remember nothing of the rest

He thought upon it, and resolved to put
 His beard into as wonderful a cut,
 And, for the further service of the women,
 T' abate the rigidity of his opinion,
 And, but a day before, had been to find
 The ablest virtuoso of the kind,
 With whom he long and seriously conferred
 On all intrigues that might concern his beard,
 By whose advice he sate for a design
 In little drawn, exactly to a line,
 That, if the creature chance to have occasion
 To undergo a thorough reformation,
 It might be borne conveniently about,
 And by the meanest artist copied out

This done, he sent a journeyman sectary,
 H' had brought up to retrieve, and fetch, and carry,
 To find out one that had the greatest practice,
 To prune, and bleach the beards of all fanatics,
 And set their most confused disorders right,
 Not by a new design but newer light,
 Who used to shave the grandees of their sticklers,
 And crop the worthies of their conventicles,
 To whom he showed his new-invented draught,
 And told him how 'twas to be copied out

Quoth he, 'Tis but a false and counterfeit,
 And scandalous device of human wit,

That's absolutely forbidden in the scripture,
To make of any carnal thing the picture

Quoth th' other saint, ' You must leave that to us,
T' agree what's lawful, or what scandalous
For, till it is determined by our vote,
'Tis either lawful, scandalous, or not,
Which, since we have not yet agreed upon,
Is left indifferent to avoid or own '

Quoth he, ' My conscience never shall agree
To do it, till I know what 'tis to be,
For, though I use it in a lawful time,
What, if it after should be made a crime?
'Tis true, we fought for liberty of conscience,
'Gainst human constitutions in our own sense
Which I'm resolved perpetually t' avow,
And make it lawful, whatsoever we do,
Then do your office with your greatest skill,
And let th' event befall us, how it will '

This said, the nice barbarian took his tools,
To prune the zealot's tenets, and his jowls,
Talked on as pertly, as he snipped,
A hundred times for every hair he clipped,
Until the beard at length began t' appear,
And re-assume its antique character
Grew more and more itself, that art might strive,
And stand in competition with the life,
For some have doubted, if 'twere made of snips
Of sables, glued and fitted to his lips,
And set in such an artificial frame
As if it had been wrought in filigian,
More subtly filed and polished than the gun
That Vulcan caught himself a cuckold in
That Lachesis, that spins the threads of fate,
Could not have drawn it out more delicate

But being designed and drawn so regular,
T' a scrupulous punctilio of a hair
Who could imagine that it should be portal
To selfish, inward-unconforming mortal?

And yet it was, and did abominate
 The least compliance to the church or state,
 And from itself did equally dissent,
 As from religion, and the government *

REPARTEES BETWEEN CAT AND PUSS AT A CATERWAULING

IN THE MODERN HEROIC WAY †

IT was about the middle age of night,
 When half the earth stood in the other's light,
 And sleep, death's brother, yet a friend to life,
 Gave wearied nature a restorative,

* The following fragment, found with several others on the same subject amongst Butler's MS, is printed by Mr Thyer —

This reverend brother like a goat,
 Did wear a tail upon his throat,
 The fringe and tassel of a face,
 That gives it a becoming grace,
 But set in such a curious frame
 As if twere wrought in filigree
 And cut so even as if it had been
 Drawn with a pen upon his chin
 No topiary hedge of quickset
 Was ever so neatly cut, or thick set,
 That made beholders more admire,
 Than China plate that's made of ware,
 But being wrought so regular
 In every put and every han,
 Who would believe it should be portal,
 To unconforming inward mortal?
 And yet it was and did dissent
 No less from its own government
 Than from the church's, and detest
 That which it held forth and professed,
 Did equally abominate
 Conformity in church and state,
 And like an hypocritic brother,
 Professed one thing and did another
 As all things which they're most professed,
 Are found to be regarded least

† The 'modern heroic way' was the way of the rhymed plays introduced and brought into fashion by Dryden. The close play of con-

When Puss, wapt waim in his own native furs,
 Dreamt soundly of as soft and waim amours,
 Of making gallantly in gutter-tiles,
 And sporting on delightful taggot-piles,
 Of bolting out of bushes in the dark
 As ladies use at midnight in the park,
 Or seeking in tall garrets an alcove,
 For assignations in th' affairs of love
 At once his passion was both false and true,
 And the more false the more in earnest grew
 He fancied that he heard those amorous charms,
 That used to summon him to soft alarms,
 To which he always brought an equal flame,
 To fight a rival, or to court a dame
 And, as in dreams love's raptures are more taking,
 Than all their actual enjoyments waking,
 His amorous passion grew to that extreme,
 His dream itself awaked him from his dream
 Thought he, 'What place is this? or whither art
 Thou rushed from me mistress of my heart?'
 But now, I had her in this very place,
 Here, first imprisoned in my glad embrace,
 And, while my joys beyond themselves were rapt,
 I know not how, nor whither thou'rt escaped
 Stay, and I'll follow thee'—With that he leaped
 Up from the lazy couch on which he slept,
 And, winged with passion, through his known pulchre,
 Swift as an arrow from a bow, he flew,
 Nor stopped, until his fire had him conveyed,
 Where many assignations h' had enjoyed,
 Where finding, what he sought, a mutual flame,
 That long had stayed and called, before he came,
 Impatient of delay, without one word,
 To lose no further time, he fell aboard,
 But griped so hard, he wounded what he loved,
 While she in anger, thus his heat reproved

cets the verbal cross purposes and the turgid sentiment of those pieces
 are ridiculed in this satire with the happiest strokes of humour

C Forbear, foul ravisher, this rude address,
Canst thou at once both injure and caress? [charms,

P Thou hast bewitched me with thy powerful
And I by drawing blood, would cure my harms

C He, that does love, would set his heart a-tilt,
Ere one drop of his lady's should be spilt

P Your wounds are but without, and mine within,
You wound my heart, and I but prick your skin,
And while your eyes pierce deeper than my claws,
You blame th' effect, of which you are the cause

C How could my guiltless eyes your heart invade,
Had it not first been by your own betrayed?
Hence 'tis, my greatest crime has only been,
Not in mine eyes, but yours, in being seen *

P I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt

C That's worse than making cruelty a sport

P Pain is the foil of pleasure and delight,
That sets it off to a more noble height

C He buys his pleasure at a rate too vain,
That takes it up beforehand of his pain

P Pain is more dear than pleasure, when 'tis past

C But grows intolerable, if it last

P Love is too full of honour to regard
What it enjoys but suffers, as reward
What knight durst ever own a lover's name,
That had not been half-murdered by his flame?
O lady, that had never lain at stake,
To death, or force of rivals for his sake?

C When love does meet with injury and pain,
Disdain's the only medicine for disdain

* Parts of this dialogue recall the 'keen encounter' between Lady Anne and Gloster —

Gloster Is not the cause of the timeless deaths
Or these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blamful as the executioner?

L. Anne Thou wast the cause, and most accursed effect

Gloster Your beauty was the cause of that effect,
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep &c

Richard III 1 3

P At once I'm happy, and unhappy too,
In being pleased, and in displeasing you

C Preposterous way of pleasure, and of love,
That contrary to its own end would move!
'Tis rather hate, that covets to destroy
Love's business is to love and to enjoy

P Enjoying and destroying are all one,
As flames destroy that which they feed upon

C He never loved at any generous rate,
That in th' enjoyment found his flame abate
As wine, the friend of love, is wont to make
The thirst more violent, it pretends to slake
So should fruition do the lover's fire,
Instead of lessening, inflame desire

P What greater proof, that passion does transport,
When, what I'd die for, I am forced to hunt?

C Death among lovers is a thing despised,
And far below a sullen humour prized
That is more scorned, andailed at than the gods,
When they are crossed in love, or fall at odds
But since you understand not what you do,
I am the judge of what I feel, not you

P Passion begins indifferent to prove,
When love considers any thing but love

C The darts of love, like lightning, wound within,
And, though they pierce it, never hurt the skin,
They leave no marks behind them, where they fly,
Though through the tenderest part of all, the eye
But your sharp claws have left enough to show,
How tender I have been, how cruel you

P Pleasure is pain, for when it is enjoyed,
All it could wish for was but to be allied

C Force is a rugged way of making love

P What you like best, you always disapprove

C He that will wrong his love will not be nice,
T' excuse the wrong he does, to wrong her twice

P Nothing is wrong, but that which is ill meant

C Wounds are ill cured with a good intent

P When you mistake that for an injury,
I never meant, you do the wrong, not I

C You do not feel yourself the pain you give,
But 'tis not that alone for which I grieve,
But 'tis your want of passion that I blame,
That can be cruel, where you own a flame

P 'Tis you are guilty of that cruelty
Which you at once outdo, and blame in me,
For while you stifle, and inflame desire,
You burn, and stave me in the self-same fire

C It is not I but you, that do the hurt,
Who wound yourself, and then accuse me for't,
As thieves, that rob themselves 'twixt sun and sun,
Make others pay for what themselves have done

TO THE HON EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF 'THE BRITISH PRINCES'*

SIR,—you've obliged the British nation more
Than all their bards could ever do before,
And, at your own charge, monuments more hard
Than brass, or marble, to their fame have reared

* This poem claimed for Butler by Mr Thyer was originally published in Dryden's *Miscellany*, where it was ascribed to Waller, under the following title — To a Person of Honour, upon his incomparable, incomprehensible poem, entitled *The British Princes*. Mr Fenton, relying upon the authority of the *Miscellany*, which had not then been called into question, included the piece in his edition of Waller's poems, and subsequent editors have not felt themselves justified in rejecting it, there being some evidence of authorship on both sides, although not of equal weight. Mr Thyer says — That this piece is not Waller's, must be evident to every distinguishing reader, and that it is Butler's is no less clear not only from the manner, but also by its being found among his other manuscripts, accompanied by the *Palinode* which follows it but to make the matter still more demonstrable, I must add that I find several of the lines and thoughts in his common-place collection. The manner is not so decisive as Mr Thyer supposes. There are some passages perfectly in the manner of Waller, and although, especially towards the close there is accidental resemblance to Butler, the piece, as a whole, is more in the

For as all wallike nations take delight
 To hear how brave their ancestors could fight,
 You have advanced to wonder their renown,
 And no less virtuously improved your own,
 For 'twill be doubted, whether you do write,
 Or they have acted at a nobler height
 You of then ancient princes have retrieved
 More than the ages knew in which they lived,
 Described their customs and their rites anew,
 Better than all then Druids ever knew,
 Unmuddled then dark oracles as well
 As those themselves, that made them, could foretell,
 For as the Britons long have hoped in vain,
 Arthur would come to govern them again,

poised and enigmell'd style of Willel. But the evidence supplied by Butler's MS. is undoubtedly strong and the discovery of several of the lines amongst his detached notes may be considered conclusive. It will probably, however always continue, like the *Fray on Satire*, claimed in like manner, for Mulgrave and Dryden, to be inserted in the works of each of the authors to whom it has been ascribed.

The Hon Edward Howard was one of the sons of the Earl of Berkshire, and brother-in-law of Dryden. He wrote seven plays, and the epic of *The British Princes*, and was a common mark for the ridicule of the wits and critics. He was severely satirized by Rochester and Dorset, Spenser Denham, Martin Clifford, and Lord Vaughan and contemptuously alluded to in the *Sesison of the Poets*, published in *The State Poems*. His rank alone could not have attracted so much notice to his productions which are remarkable only for what Dorset calls 'solid nonsense, and 'a strange alacrity in sinking. That it was his social position which procured him his unenviable notoriety is intimated plainly by Dorset —

For were it not that we respect afford
 Unto the son of an heroic lord,
 Thine in the ducking stool should take his seat,
 Dressed like herself in a great chair of state,
 Where like a Muse of quality she'd die,
 And thou thyself shalt make her elegy,
 In the same strain thou writ'st thy comedy

In Butler's *Common-place Collection* there is an allusion to the following couplet in *The British Princes* —

A vest is admired Fortigern had on,
 Which from this island's foes his grandsire won

Upon which Butler writes —

Such height as no wit ever could have reached,
 But only he that stripped a naked Pict

You have fulfilled that prophecy alone,
 And in this poem placed him on his throne
 Such magic power has your prodigious pen,
 To raise the dead, and give new life to men,
 Make rival princes meet in arms, and love,
 Whom distant ages did so far remove
 For as eternity has neither past,
 Nor future, authors say, nor first, nor last,
 But is all instant, your eternal muse
 All ages can to any one reduce †
 Then why should you, whose miracle of art
 Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,
 Trouble in vain your better-busied head
 To observe what time they lived in, or were dead?
 For since you have such arbitrary power,
 It were defect in judgment to go lower,
 Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,
 As use to take the vulgar latitude
 There's no man fit to read what you have writ,
 That holds not some proportion with your wit,
 As light can no way but by light appear,
 He must bring *sense*, that understands it here ‡

* The historical anachronisms committed in *The British Princes* constitute one of its most prominent offences. For example, Boadicea and King Arthur are made contemporaries, thus noticed in Spenser's verses to Howard —

Nor let small critics blame this mighty queen,
 That in King Arthur's time she here is seen,
 You that can make immortal by your song
 May well one life four hundred years prolong

† The line is thus given by Thyer, and adopted from him in subsequent editions. I have not therefore, considered myself at liberty to alter it but a better reading would, probably, be supplied by making the following change —

He must bring *sense*, that understands it here

A PALINODE TO THE HONOURABLE EDWARD
HOWARD, ESQ

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF 'THE BRITISH PRINCES'

IT is your pardon sue for which my muse
Thrice humbly thus, in form of paper, sues,
For having felt the dead weight of your wit,
She comes to ask forgiveness, and submit,
Is sorry for her faults, and, while I write,
Mourns in the black does penance in the white
But such is her belief in your just candour,
She hopes you will not so misunderstand her,
To wrest her harmless meaning to the sense
Of silly emulation, or offence
No your sufficient wit does still declare
Itself too amply, they are mad that dare
So vain and senseless a presumption own,
To yoke your vast parts in comparison
And yet, you might have thought upon a way
To instruct us how you'd have us to obey,
And not command our praises, and then blame
All that's too great, or little for your fame,*
For who could choose but err, without some trick
To take your elevation to a nick?
As he that was desired, upon occasion,
To make the Mayor of London in oration,
Desired his lordship's favour, that he might
Take measure of his mouth, to fit it right,

* Mr Howard was very angry with his critics, and particularly with those who ridiculed him under the disguise of burlesque panegyric. His wrath is thus lashed by De Witt —

Therefore, dear Ned, in my advice, forbear
Such loud complaints against critics to pierce,
Since thou art turned an arm'd libeller
Thou sett'st thy name to what thy self dost write—
Did ever libel yet so snappily bite?

So, had you sent a scantling of your wit,
 You might have blamed us if it did not fit,
 But 'tis not just t' impose, and then cry down
 All that's unequal to your huge renown,
 For he that writes below your vast desert,
 Betrays his own, and not your want of art
 Praise, like a robe of state, should not sit close
 To th' person 'tis made for, but wide and loose,
 Derives its comeliness from being unfit,
 And such have been our praises of your wit,
 Which is so extraordinary, no height
 Of fancy but your own can do it right,
 Witness those glorious poems you have writ
 With equal judgment, learning, art, and wit,
 And those stupendous discoveries
 You've lately made of wonders in the skies
 For who, but from yourself, did ever hear
 The 'sphere of atoms' was the atmosphere? *
 Who ever shut those stragglers in a room,
 Or put a circle about *vacuum*,
 That should confine those undetermined crowds,
 And yet extend no further than the clouds?
 Who ever could have thought, but you alone
 A 'sign' and an 'ascendant' were all one?
 Or how 'tis possible the Moon should shroud
 Her face, to peep at Mars, behind a cloud,
 Since clouds below are so far distant placed,
 They cannot hinder her from being barefaced?
 Who ever did a language so enrich,
 To scorn all little particles of speech?
 For though they make the sense clear, yet they're
 To be a scurvy hindrance to the sound, [found

* The nonsense alluded to runs as follows —

And these roll within a straggling sky,
 A space transparent entertain the eye,
 The sphere of atoms called, nature's first seed,
 Which, scattered hence, some think the world did breed

British Princes

Therefore you wisely scorn your style to humble
Or for the sense's sake to waive the rumble
Had Homer known this art, h' had ne'er been fun
To use so many particles in vain
That to no purpose serve, but, as he haps
To want a syllable to fill up gaps
You justly coin new verbs, to pay for those,
Which in construction you o'ersee, and lose,
And by this art do Pindar no wrong
When you break's head, for 'tis as broad as long
These are your own discoveries which none
But such a muse as yours could hit upon,
That can, in spite of laws of art or rules,
Make things more intricate than all the schools
For what have laws of art to do with you
More than the laws with honest men and true?
He that's a prince in poetry should strive
To cry 'em down, by his prerogative,
And not submit to that which has no force
But o'er delinquents, and inferiors
Your poems will endure to be tried *
I' th' fire like gold, and come forth purified,
Can only to eternity pretend,
For they were never writ to any end
All other books bear an uncertain rate,
But those you write are always sold by weight,
Each word and syllable brought to the scale,
And valued to a scruple in the sale
For when the paper's charged with your rich wit,
'Tis for all purposes and uses fit,
Has an abstersive virtue to make clean
Whatever nature made in man obscene,
Boys find, b' experiment no paper kite,
Without your verse, can make a noble flight,

* In some modern editions a word has been interpolated in this line, to complete the measure without any notice to the reader —

Your poems will endure to be *well* tried

It keeps our spice and aromatics sweet,
 In Paris they perfume their rooms with it
 For burning but one leaf of youi's, they say,
 Drives all their stinks and nastiness away,
 Cooks keep their pies from burning with your wit,
 Their pigs and geese from scorching on the spit,
 And vintners find their wines are ne'er the worse,
 When arsenic's only wrapped up in the verse
 These are the great performances, that raise
 Your mighty parts above all reach of praise,
 And give us only leave t' admire your worth,
 For no man, but yourself, can set it forth,
 Whose wondrous power's so generally known,
 Fame is the echo, and her voice your own

A PANEGYRIC UPON SIR JOHN DENHAM'S RECOVERY FROM HIS MADNESS *

SIR, you've outlived so desperate a fit,
 As none could do, but an immortal wit,
 Had yours been less, all helps had been in vain,
 And thrown away, though on a less sick brain,

* The injustice of these lines, so far as they reflect on Denham's writings will at once strike the reader. Fhyer suggests that Butler's severity 'can be accounted for by nothing but some personal quarrel or disgust. Possibly he may have felt malignant at the rewards heaped upon Denham at the Restoration while he was himself left to starve. But, in that case, it was he who conferred the rewards and not the recipient of them who would have been the proper object of attack. Under any circumstances, the selection of such an occasion as a subject for satire deserves reprobation.

Aubrey says that when Denham's distemper of madness broke out he went to Hounslow and demanded rents of lands he had sold many years before and that he went to the king and called him the Holy Ghost. Jealousy of his second wife is said to have been the cause of his temporary derangement. She was Miss Brooke a niece of the Earl of Bristol and had been mistress to the Duke of York. When Denham married her he was advanced in age, and the lady was only

But you were so far from receiving hurt,
 You grew improved, and much the better for it;
 And when th' Arabian bird does sacrifice,
 And burn himself in his own country's spice,
 A maggot first hatches in her pregnant urn,
 Which after does to a young Phoenix turn
 So your hot brain, burned in its native fire,
 Did life renewed, and vigorous youth acquire,
 And with so much advantage, some have guessed,
 Your after-wit is like to be your best,
 And now expect far greater matters of ye,
 Than the bought *Cooper's Hill*, or borrowed *Sophy*,†

eighteen There was reason to suppose that she still continued her intercourse with the Duke of York and her great desire to be appointed one of the ladies of the bed chamber to the Duchess confirmed Denham's suspicions. Her sudden death at the moment when, through the Duke's influence she was about to be introduced into the household led to the rumour that she had been taken off by her husband. 'No person,' says the gossiping De Grammont entertained any doubt of his poisoning her and he adds that the populace in his own neighbourhood had a design of tearing him in pieces as soon as he showed himself in public. It is stated however on the authority of Lord Ormeray that Lady Denham's body was opened at her own desire, and no sign of poison was found. Butler is silent on this subject and the charges he brings against Denham are of so malignant a character as to leave little doubt that he would have included it if he believed it to be true.

* It was after his recovery that Denham wrote his poem on the death of Cowley, which certainly betrays no diminution of his usual clearness of power and which Dr Johnson pronounces the best of his minor works.

† A malicious report was circulated that Denham was not the author of *Cooper's Hill* but that he bought it from a vicar for £40. This report had its origin in a bantering lampoon contained in *The Session of the Poets* —

But Apollo advised him to write something more,
 To clear a suspicion which possessed the court,
 That *Cooper's Hill* so much bragged on before,
 Was writ by a vicar, who had forty pound for it.

Butler expands the scandal by hinting, that the *Sophy* also was the production of another. The *Sophy* was published before *Cooper's Hill*, and it took every body so completely by surprise for at that time Denham had given no indications of his power that Warton said he broke out like the Irish rebellion three-score thousand strong, when nobody was aware, or in the least suspected it.

Such as you Tully lately dressed in verse,
 Like those he made himself, or not much worse,
 And Seneca's dry sand unmixed with lime,
 Such as you cheat the king with, botched in rhyme †
 Nor were your morals less improved, all pride
 And native insolence quite laid aside,
 And that ungoverned outrage that was wont
 All, that you durst with safety, to affront,
 No China cupboard rudely overthrown,
 Nor lady tipped, by being accosted, down,
 No poet jeered, for scribbleing amiss,
 With verses forty times more lewd than his, ‡
 Nor did you crutch give battle to your duns,
 And hold it out, where you had built a sconce,
 Nor furiously laid orange-wench aboard,
 For asking what in fruit and love you 'ad scored,
 But all civility and complacence,
 More than you ever used, before or since
 Beside, you never over-reached the king
 One farthing, all the while, in reckoning,
 Nor brought in false account, with little tricks
 Of passing broken rubbish for whole bricks,
 False mustering of workmen by the day,
 Deduction out of wages, and dead pay
 For those that never lived, all which did come,
 By thrifty management, to no small sum §

* Alluding to Denham's translation, or paraphrase of TULLY *de Senectute*, a piece of which Dr Johnson says that it 'has neither the clearness of prose, nor the sprightliness of poetry'

† 'This alludes to what Caligula is recorded by Suetonius to have said of Seneca — '*Lenius comptiusque scribendi genus adco contemnens, ut Senecam tum maxime placentem commissionis meas componere, et iram sine calce esse diceret* — *Id Suetonii Calig* — T

‡ There are some pertinent passages in Denham's poems but none that answer to this description

§ Denham succeeded Inigo Jones in the lucrative office of Surveyor of the King's buildings Aubrey says, on the authority of Sir Christopher Wren, who was Denham's deputy, that in this situation, which he held till his death Denham made £7000 The charge imputed by Butler that he enriched himself by making false entries in his accounts, cannot be considered entitled to credit There may have

You pulled no lodgings down to build them worse,
 Nor repaired others, to repair your praise,
 As you were wont till all you built appeared
 Like that, Amphion with his riddle reared
 For had the stones, like his, charmed by your verse
 Built up themselves, they could not have done worse
 And, sure, when first you ventured to survey
 You did design to do't no other way,

All this was done before those days begun
 In which you were a wise and happy man,
 For who e'er lived in such a paradise,
 Until fresh straw and dukeness oped your eyes?
 Who ever greater treasure could command,
 Had nobler palaces, and richer land,
 Than you had then, who could raise sums as vast,
 As all the cheats of a Dutch war could waste,
 Or all those practised upon public money[†]
 For nothing, but your cure, could have undone ye
 For ever are you bound to cure those quacks,
 That undertook to cure your happy cracks,
 For though no art can ever make them sound
 The tampering cost you threescore thousand pound
 How high might you have lived and played, and lost,
 Yet been no more undone by being choused,
 Nor forced upon the king's account to lay
 All that, in serving him, you lost at play[‡]
 For nothing, but your brain, was ever found
 To suffer sequestration, and compound
 Yet you've an imposition laid on brick,
 For all you then laid out, at least on gleek,[†]

been some story of that kind current at the time, but it is not mentioned by any of Denham's contemporaries.

* Denham was an inveterate gambler. His passion for cards and dice showed itself at college. When he had played away all his money, says Aubrey, 'he would play away his father's wrought caps with gold. This fatal propensity, by which he lost huge sums of money, exercised a strong influence over him for many years of his life notwithstanding many penitent resolutions. It was the vice of the age.

† Fashionable games at cards.

And, when you've raised a sum, straight let it fly,
 By understanding low, and venturing high,
 Until you have reduced it down to tick
 And then recruit again from lime and brick

PROLOGUE TO THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON *

ACTED BEFORE THE DUKE OF YORK, UPON HIS BIRTH-DAY

SIR, while so many nations strive to pay
 The tribute of their glories to this day,
 That gave them earnest of so great a sum
 Of glory, from your future acts to come,
 And which you have discharged at such a rate,
 That all succeeding times must celebrate,
 We, that subsist by your bright influence,
 And have no life but what we own from thence,
 Come humbly to present you, our own way,
 With all we have, beside our hearts, a play
 But as devoutest men can pay no more
 To deities, than what they gave before,
 We bring you only, what your great commands
 Did rescue for us from engrossing hands,
 That would have taken out administration
 Of all departed poets' goods i' th' nation,
 Or, like to lords of manors, seized all plays,
 That come within their reach, as wefts and strays,
 And claimed a forfeiture of all past wit,
 But that your justice put a stop to it
 'Twas well for us, who else must have been glad
 To admit of ill, who now write new, and bad,
 For still the wickedest some authors write,
 Others to write worse are encouraged by't

* A Tragi-Comedy by William Habington, the author of *Castara*,
 1640 It is in Dodsley's Collection, vol. ix

And though those fierce inquisitors of wit,
 The critics, spare no flesh that ever writ,
 But, just as tooth drawers find among the rout
 Their own teeth work in pulling others out,
 So they, decrying all of all that write,
 Think to elect a trade of judging by't
 Small poetry, like other heresies,
 By being persecuted multiples,
 But here they're like to fail of all pretence,
 For he that writ this play is dead long since,
 And not within their power, for bears are sud
 To spare those that lie still, and seem but dead

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME

TO THE DUCHESS

MADAM, the joys of this great day are due,
 No less than to your royal lord, to you,
 And, while three mighty kingdoms pay your part,
 You have, what's greater than them all, his heart,
 That heart, that, when it was his country's guard,
 The ruin of two elements out-dared,
 And made a stubborn haughty enemy
 The terror of his dreadful conduct fly,
 And yet you conquered it—and made your chums
 Appear no less victorious, than his aims
 For which you oft have triumphed on this day,
 And many more to come Heaven grant you may
 But, as great princes use in solemn times
 Of joy, to pardon all but heinous crimes,
 If we have sinned, without an ill intent,
 And done below what really we meant
 We humbly ask your pardon for it and pray
 You would forgive, in honour of the day

TO HIS MISTRESS

DO not unjustly blame
 My guiltless breast,
 For venturing to disclose a flame
 It had so long suppressed

In its own ashes it designed
 For ever to have lain,
 But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
 Made it break out again

TO THE SAME

DO not mine affection slight,
 'Cause my locks with age are white
 Your breasts have snow without, and snow within,
 While flames of fire in your bright eyes are seen

TRIPLETS UPON AVARICE

AS misers their own laws enjoin
 To wear no pockets in the mine,
 For fear they should the ore pulloin

So he that toils and labours hard
 To gain, and what he gets has spared,
 Is from the use of all debarr'd

And though he can produce more spankers
 Than all the usurers and bankers,
 Yet after more and more he hankers,

And after all his pains are done,
 Has nothing he can call his own,
 But a mere livelihood alone

EPIGRAM ON A CLUB OF SOTS

THE jolly members of a topping club,
 Like pipe-staves, are but hooped into a tub,
 And in a close confederacy link,
 For nothing else, but only to hold drink

DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND.

A COUNTRY that draws fifty foot of water,
 In which men live, as in the hold of nature,
 And when the sea does in upon them break,
 And down a province, does but spring a leak,
 That always ply the pump, and never think
 They can be safe, but at the rate they stink,
 That live as if they had been run a-ground,
 And, when they die, are cast away, and drowned,
 That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey
 Upon the goods all other nations' fleets convey,
 And when their merchants are blown up and cracked,
 Whole towns are cast away in storms and wrecked,
 That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,
 And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes,
 A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
 In which they do not live, but go aboard

* The close resemblance between these lines and Marvell's *Character of Holland* is striking. The two pieces might be easily blended into one, without doing violence to either. It might be supposed that in such passages as the following, Marvell intended to enlarge upon Butler's verses, were it not unlikely that he had ever seen them, as they were not published in his lifetime —

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land
 As but the off scouring of the British sand,
 And so much earth as was contributed
 By English pilots when they heaved the lead,

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS *

ALL men's intrigues and projects tend
 By several courses to one end,
 To compass by the properest shows,
 Whatever their designs propose,
 And that which owns the fairest pretext
 Is often found the indirectest
 Hence 'tis, that hypocrites still paint
 Much fairer than the real saint,
 And knaves appear more just and true
 Than honest men, that make less show
 The dullest idiots in disguise
 Appear more knowing than the wise,
 Illiterate dunces undiscerned
 Pass on the rabble for the learned,
 And cowards that can damn and rant,
 Pass muster for the valiant

Or what by th' ocean's slow alluvion fill,
 Of shipwrecked cockle and the muscle-shell
 Glad then as miners who have found the ore,
 They, with hard labour fished the land to shore
 Yet still his clamour the injured ocean laid
 And oft it leaped from their steeples played,
 As if on purpose it on land had come,
 To show them what's their *manu liberum*
 A duly deluge over them does boil
 The earth and water play at level-coil,
 The fish oft times the burgher dispossessed,
 And eat not as a meat, but as a guest

* The title—*Miscellaneous Thoughts*—was given to these fragments by Mr. Thyer who found them fairly written out by Butler in a book he kept for that purpose. They possess an interest beyond that of their intrinsic value as illustrations of Butler's mode of composition. He evidently did not write continuously, or systematically. Thoughts were seized, and thrown into form, as they presented themselves to his mind, and were afterwards fitted into suitable places. Some of the most brilliant points in Sheridan's comedies were preserved for use in the same way. Of the scraps of wit and wisdom thus collected, these *Miscellaneous Thoughts* appear to be the only fragments which were not transplanted into *Hudibras* and the other poems.

For he, that has but impudence,
To all things has a just pretence,
And put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim

How various and innumerable
Are those who live upon the rabble !
'Tis they maintain the church and state,
Employ the priest and magistrate,
Bear all the charge of government,
And pay the public fires and rent
Defray all taxes and excises,
And impositions of all prices,
Bear all th' expense of peace and war,
And pay the pulpit and the bar,
Maintain all churches and religions,
And give them pastors exhibitions
And those who have the greatest flocks
Are primitive and orthodox
Support all schismatics and sects,
And pay them for tormenting texts,
Take all their doctrines off their hands,
And pay them in good rents and lands,
Discharge all costly offices,
The doctor's and the lawyer's fees,
The hangman's wages, and the scores
Of caterpillars bawds and whores,
Discharge all damages and costs
Of knights and squires of the post,
All statesmen, curpurses, and pudders
And pay for all their ropes and ladders,
All pettifoggers, and all sorts
Of mercats, churches and of courts,
All sums of money paid or spent,
With all the charges incident,
Laid out, or thrown away or given
To purchase this world, hell or heaven

SHOULD once the world resolve t' abolish
 All that's ridiculous, and foolish,
 It would have nothing left to do,
 T' apply in jest or earnest to,
 No business of importance, play,
 Or state, to pass its time away

THE world would be more just, if truth and lies,
 And right and wrong, did bear an equal price,
 But since impostures are so highly raised,
 And faith and justice equally debased,
 Few men have tempers for such paltry gains,
 T' undo themselves with drudgery and pains

THE sottish world without distinction looks
 On all that passes on th' account of books,
 And, when there are two scholars that within
 The species only hardly are a-kim
 The world will pass for men of equal knowledge,
 If equally they've loitered in a college

CRITICS are like a kind of flies, that breed
 In wild fig-trees, and, when they're grown up, feed
 Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
 And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,
 Open the pores, and make way for the sun
 To ripen it sooner than he would have done

As all fanatics preach, so all men write
 Out of the strength of gifts and inward light,
 In spite of art; as horses thorough paced
 Were never taught, and therefore go more fast

IN all mistakes the strict and regular
 Are found to be the desperat'st ways to err,
 And worst to be avoided, as a wound
 Is said to be the harder cured, that's round,

For error and mistake, the less they appear,
 In th' end are found to be the dangerousest,
 As no man minds those clocks, that use to go
 Apparently too over-fast, or slow

THE truest characters of ignorance
 Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance,
 As blind men use to bear their noses higher,
 Than those that have their eyes and sight entire

THE metaphysic's but a puppet motion
 That goes with screws, the notion of a notion,
 The copy of a copy, and lame draught
 Unnaturally taken from a thought,
 That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,
 And turns the eyes like an old crucifix,
 That counterchanges whatsoever it calls
 By another name, and makes it true or false,
 Turns truth to falsehood, falsehood into truth
 By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth

'Tis not the art of schools to understand,
 But make things hard, instead of b'ing explained,
 And therefore those are commonly the learn'dest,
 That only study between jest and earnest,
 For when the end of learning's to pursue,
 And trace the subtle steps of false and true,
 They ne'er consider how they're to apply,
 But only listen to the noise and cry,
 And are so much delighted with the chase,
 They never mind the taking of their prey

MORE proselytes and converts use to accrue
 To false persuasions, than the right and true,
 For error and mistake are infinite,
 But truth has but one way to be i' th' right,
 As numbers may to infinity be grown,
 But never be reduced to less than one

ALL wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious tis ground,
Is forced for every carat to abate
As much in value, as it wants in weight

THE great St Lewis, king of France,
Fighting against Mahometans,
In Egypt, in the holy war,
Was routed and made prisoner,
The Sultan then, into whose hands
He and his army fell, demands
A thousand weight of gold, to free
And set them all at liberty
The king pays down one half o' th' nail
And for the other offers bail
The pyx, and in't the eucharist,
The body of our Saviour Christ
The Turk considered, and allowed
The king's security for good
Such credit had the Christian zeal,
In those days, with an Infidel,
That will not pass for two pence now
Among themselves, 'tis grown so low

THOSE, that go up hill, use to bow
Their bodies forward, and stoop low,
To poise themselves, and sometimes creep,
When th' way is difficult and steep
So those at court that do address
By low, ignoble offices,
Can stoop to any thing that's base,
To wriggle into trust and grace,
Are like to rise to greatness sooner
Than those that go by worth and honour

ALL acts of grace, and pardon and oblivion,
Are meant of services, that are forgiven,
And not of crimes delinquents have committed,
And rather been rewarded, than acquitted

LIONS are kings of beasts, and yet their power
Is not to rule and govern, but devour
Such savage kings all tyrants are, and they
No better than mere beasts, that do obey

NOTHING's more dull and negligent
Than an old lazy government,
That knows no interest of state,
But such as serves a present strait,
And to patch up, or shift, will close,
Or break alike, with friends or foes,
That runs behind hand, and has spent
Its credit to the last extent,
And the first time 'tis at a loss,
Has not one true friend, nor one cross

THE devil was the first o' th' name
From whom the race of rebels came,
Who was the first bold undertaker
Of bearing arms against his Maker,
And though miscarrying in th' event,
Was never yet known to repent,
Though tumbled from the top of bliss
Down to the bottomless abyss,
A property, which from their prince
The family owns ever since,
And therefore ne'er repent the evil
They do, or suffer, like the devil

THE worst of rebels never aim
To do their king or country harm,
But draw their swords to do them good
As doctors cure by letting blood

No searèd conscience is so fell,
As that, which has been burned with zeal,
For christian charity's as well
A great impediment to zeal,

As zeal a pestilent disease
To christian charity and peace

As thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they're grown,
And then declare themselves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats,
And all the mischief, that he meant,
Does like a rattlesnake prevent

MAN is supreme lord and master
Of his own ruin and disaster,
Controls his fate, but nothing less
In ordering his own happiness,
For all his care and providence
Is too, too feeble a defence,
To render it secure and certain
Against the injuries of fortune,
And oft, in spite of all his wit,
Is lost with one unlucky hit,
And ruined with a circumstance,
And mere punctilio of chance

DAME Fortune, some men's tutelar,
Takes charge of them without their care,
Does all their drudgery and work,
Like faunes, for them in the dark,
Conducts them blindfold, and advances
The naturals by blinder chances
While others by desert or wit,
Could never make the matter hit,
But still the better they deserve,
Are but the abler thought to starve *

* This, and the following passage, may be presumed to convey a direct reference to Butler's own case, and his neglect by the Court

GREAT wits have only been preferred,
In princes' trains to be interred,
And, when they cost them nothing, placed
Among their followers not the last,
But, while they lived, were far enough
From all admittances kept off

As gold that's proof against th' assay,
Upon the touchstone wears away,
And having stood the greater test,
Is overmastered by the least
So some men, having stood the hate
And spiteful cruelty of fate,
Transported with a false guess
Of unacquainted happiness,
Lost to humanity and sense,
Have fallen as low as insolence

INNOCENCE is a defence
For nothing else but patience,
'Twill not bear out the blows of fate,
Nor fence against the tricks of state,
Nor from th' oppression of the laws
Protect the plain'st and justest cause
Nor keep unspotted a good name
Against the obloquies of fame,
Feeble as patience, and as soon
By being blown upon undone
As beasts are hunted for their furs,
Men for their virtues fare the worse

Who doth not know with what fierce rage
Opinions, true or false, engage?
And, 'cause they govern all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind,
All claim an equal interest,
And free dominion o'er the rest,

And, as one shield, that fell from heaven,
 Was counterfeited by eleven,
 The better to secure the fate
 And lasting empire of a state,*
 The false are numerous, and the true,
 That only have the right, but few
 Hence fools, that understand them least,
 Are still the fiercest in contest,
 Unsight, unseen, espouse a side
 At random, like a prince's bride,
 To damn their souls, and swear and he for,
 And at a venture live and die for

OPINION governs all mankind,
 Like the blind's leading of the blind,†
 For he, that has no eyes in 's head,
 Must be b' a dog glad to be led,
 And no beasts have so little in 'em
 As that inhuman brute, opinion
 'Tis an infectious pestilence,
 The tokens upon wit and sense,
 That with a venomous contagion
 Invades the sick imagination,
 And, when it seizes any part,
 It strikes the poison to the heart
 This men out of one another catch
 By contact, as the humours match,
 And nothing's so perverse in nature,
 As a profound opinator

AUTHORITY intoxicates,
 And makes mere sots of magistrates,
 The fumes of it invade the brain,
 And make men giddy, proud, and vain,

* Numa's shield, which was said to have fallen from heaven, and upon the preservation of which the security of Rome depended. Eleven exact counterparts were made of it for security.

† Repeated from the last passage

By this the fool commands the wise,
The noble with the base complies,
The sot assumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the base submit

A GODLY man, that has served out his time
In holiness may set up any crime,
As scholars, when they've taken their degrees,
May set up any faculty they please

WHY should not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade,
And men get money by devotion,
As well as making of a motion,
B' allowed to pray upon conditions
As well as suits in petitions,
And in a congregation pray
No less than chancery for pay?

A TEACHER'S doctrine, and his proof
Is all his province, and enough,
But is no more concerned in use,
Than shoemakers to wear all shoes

THE soberest saints are more stiff-neckèd,
Than th' hottest-headed of the wicked

HYPOCRISY will serve as well
To propagate a church, as zeal,
As persecution and promotion
Do equally advance devotion
So round white stones will serve, they say,
As well as eggs, to make lens lay

THE greatest saints and sinners have been made
Of proselytes of one another's trade

YOUR wise and cautious consciences
Are free to take what course they please,

Have plenary indulgence to dispose,
 At pleasure, of the strictest vows,
 And challenge heaven, they made 'em to,
 To vouch and witness what they do,
 And when they prove averse and loth,
 Yet for convenience take an oath,
 Not only can dispense, but make it
 A greater sin to keep, than take it,
 Can bind and loose all sorts of sin,
 And only keeps the keys within,
 Has no superior to controul,
 But what itself sets o'er the soul,
 And when it is enjoined t' obey,
 Is but confined, and keeps the key,
 Can walk invisible, and where,
 And when, and how it will appear,
 Can turn itself into disguises
 Of all sorts, for all sorts of vices,
 Can transubstantiate, metamorphose,
 And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus,
 Make woods and tenements, and lands,
 Obey and follow its commands,
 And settle on a new freehold,
 As Marcy-hill removed of old,*
 Make mountains move with greater force
 Than faith, to new proprietors,
 And perjures, to secure th' enjoyments
 Of public charges and employments
 For true and faithful, good and just,
 Are but preparatives to trust,
 The guilt and ornament of things,
 And not their movements, wheels, and springs

ALL love at first, like generous wine,
 Ferments and fets, until 'tis fine,

* See vol II p 166, note †

But when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from th' impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still, the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder

THE motions of the earth or sun,
The Lord knows which, that turn or run,
Are both performed by fits and starts,
And so are those of lovers' hearts,
Which, though they keep no even pace,
Move true and constant to one place

LOVE is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess,
For could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of fate,
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high,
For perishing mortality,
Translate to earth the joys above,
For nothing goes to heaven but love

ALL wild, but generous creatures live, of course,
As if they had agreed for better or worse
The lion constant to his only miss,
And never leaves his faithful lioness,
And she as chaste and true to him again,
As virtuous ladies use to be to men,
The docile and ingenuous elephant
To his own and only female is gallant,
And she as true and constant to his bed,
That first enjoyed her single maidenhead
But palt'ry rams, and bulls, and goats, and boars,
Are never satisfied with new amours,
As all poltroons with us delight to range,
And, though but for the worst of all, to change

THE souls of women are so small,
That some believe they've none at all,
Or if they have, like cripples, still
They've but one faculty, the will,
The other two are quite laid by
To make up one great tyranny,
And though their passions have most power,
They are, like Turks, but slaves the more
To th' absolute will, that with a breath
Has sovereign power of life and death,
And, as its little interests move,
Can turn 'em all to hate or love,
For nothing, in a moment turn
To frantic love, disdain, and scorn,
And make that love degenerate
T' as great extremity of hate,
And hate again, and scorn, and piques,
To flames, and raptures, and love-tricks

ALL sorts of votaries, that profess
To bind themselves apprentices
To heaven, abjure, with solemn vows,
Not cut and long-tail, but a spouse,
As th' worst of all impediments
To hinder their devout intents

MOST virgins marry, just as nuns
The same thing the same way renounce,
Before they've wit to understand
The bold attempt they take in hand,
Or having stayed, and lost their tides,
Are out of season grown for brides

THE credit of the marriage-bed
Has been so loosely husbanded,
Men only deal for ready money,
And women, separate alimony,

And ladies-errant for debauching
Have better terms, and equal caution,
And for their journeywork and puns
The chaw-women clear greater gains

As wine that with its own weight runs is best,
And counted much more noble than the pressed
So is that poetry whose generous strains
Flow without servile study, art, or puns

SOME call it fury, some a muse,
That, as possessing devils use,
Haunts, and forsakes a man, by fits,
And when he's in, he's out of 's wits

ALL writers, though of different fancies,
Do make all people in romances,
That are distressed and discontent,
Make songs, and sing t' an instrument,
And poets by their suffering grow,
As if there were no more to do,
To make a poet excellent,
But only want and discontent

It is not poetry that makes men poor
For few do write, that were not so before,
And those that have writ best, had they been rich,
Had neer been clapped with a poetic itch,
Had loved their ease too well to take the pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains,
But being for all other trades unfit,
Only t' avoid being idle, set up wit

THEY that do write in authors' praises,
And freely give their friends their voices,
Are not confined to what is true,
That's not to give, but pry a due

For praise, that's due, does give no more
 To worth, than what it had before,
 But to commend without desert
 Requires a mastery of art,
 That sets a gloss on what's amiss,
 And writes what should be, not what is

IN foreign universities,
 When a king's born, or wedd, or dies,
 Straight other studies are laid by,
 And all apply to poetry,
 Some write in Hebrew, some in Greek,
 And some, more wise, in Arabic,
 T' avoid the critic, and th' expense
 Of difficult wit and sense,
 And seem more learnedish than those,
 That at a greater charge compose
 The doctors lead, the students follow,
 Some call him Mars, and some Apollo,
 Some Jupiter, and give him th' odds,
 On even terms, of all the gods,
 Then Cæsar he's nicknamed,—as duly as
 He that in Rome was christened Julius,
 And was addressed to by a crow,
 As pertinently long ago,—
 And with more heroes' names is styled,
 Than saints' are clubbed t' an Austrian child,
 And as wit goes by colleges,
 As well as standing and degrees,
 He still writes better than the rest,
 That's of the house that's counted best

FAR greater numbers have been lost by hopes,
 Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
 And other ammunitions of despair
 Were ever able to despatch by fear

THERE's nothing our felicities endows,
Like that which falls among our doubts and fears,
And in the miserablest of distress
Improves attempts as desperate with success
Success that owns and justifies all quarrels,
And vindicates deserts of hemp with laurels,
Or, but miscarrying in the bold attempt,
Turns wreaths of laurel back again to hemp

THE people have as much a negative voice
To hinder making war without their choice,
As kings of making laws in parliament,
No money is as good as No assent

WHEN princes idly lead about,
Those of their party follow suite,
Till other trump upon their play,
And turn the cards another way.

WHAT makes all subjects discontent
Against a prince's government,
And princes take as great offence
At subjects' disobedience,
That neither th' other can abide,
But too much reason on each side?

AUTHORITY is a disease and cure,
Which men can neither want, nor well endure

DAME Justice puts her sword into the scales,
With which she's said to weigh out true and false,
With no design, but, like the antique Gaul,*
To get more money from the capitol

* Brennus the commander of the Gauls, who threw his sword into the scales, when the Romans were weighing the gold which they agreed to pay on condition that the Gauls would raise the siege, and evacuate the Roman territories

ALL that, which law and equity miscalls
By th' empty idle names of true and false,
Is nothing else but maggots blown between
False witnesses, and falser jurymen
No court allows those partial interlopers
Of law and equity, two single paupers,
T' encounter hand to hand at bays, and tounce
Each other gratis in a suit at once
For one at one time, and upon free cost, is
Enough to play the knave and fool with justice,
And when the one side bringeth custom in,
And th' other lays out half the reckoning,
The devil himself will rather choose to play
At paltiy small game than sit out, they say,
But, when at all there's nothing to be got,
The old wife, law and justice, will not trot

THE law, that makes more knaves than e'er it hung,
Little considers right or wrong,
But like authority's soon satisfied
When 'tis to judge on its own side

THE law can take a pulse in open court,
Whilst it condemns a less delinquent for't

WHO can deserve, for breaking of the laws,
A greater penance than an honest cause?

ALL those that do but rob and steal enough,
Are punishment and court of justice proof,
And need not fear, nor be concerned a straw
In all the idle bugbears of the law,
But confidently rob the gallows too,
As well as other sufferers of their due

OLD laws have not been suffered to be pointed,
To leave the sense at large the more disjointed,

And furnish lawyers with the greater ease,
To turn and wind them any way they please
The statute-law's then scripture and reports
The ancient reverend fathers of their courts,
Records then general councils, and decisions
Of judges on the bench then sole traditions,
For which, like catholics they've greater awe,
As th' arbitrary and unwritten law,
And strive perpetually to make the standard
Of right between the tenant and the landlord
And when two cases at a trial meet
That like indentures, jump exactly fit,
And all the points, like checker-tallies suit,
The court directs th' obstinat'st dispute,
There's no decorum used of time, nor place,
Nor quality, nor person in the case

A MAN of quick and active wit
For dudgeon is more unfit,
Compared to those of duller parts,
Than running-nags to draw in carts

Too much, or too little wit
Does only render th' owners fit
For nothing, but to be undone
Much easier than if they 'ad none

As those that are stark blind can trace
The nearest way from place to place,
And find the right way easier out
Than those that hood-winked try to do t:
So tricks of state are managed best
By those that are suspected least,
And greater *finesse* brought about
By engines most unlike to do t

ALL the politics of the great
Are like the cunning of a cheat

That lets his false dice freely run,
And trusts them to themselves alone,
But never lets a true one stir,
Without some fingering trick or slur,
And, when the gamesters doubt his play,
Conveys his false dice safe away,
And leaves the true ones in the lurch,
T' endure the torture of the search

WHAT else does history use to tell us,
But tales of subjects being rebellious,
The vain perfidiousness of lords,
And fatal breath of princes' words,
The sottish pride and insolence
Of statesmen, and their want of sense,
Their treachery, that undoes of custom
Their own selves first, next those who trust 'em?

BECAUSE a feeble limb's caressed,
And more indulged than all the rest,
So frail and tender consciences
Are humoured to do what they please,
When that, which goes for weak and feeble,
Is found the most incorrigible,
To outdo all the fiends in hell
With rapine, murder, blood, and zeal

As, at the approach of winter, all
The leaves of great trees use to fall,
And leave them naked to engage
With storms and tempests when they rage,
While humbler plants are found to wear
Then fresh green liveries all the year
So, when the glorious season's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,
The great'st calamities oppress
The greatest still, and spare the less

As when a greedy raven sees
A sheep entangled by the fleece,
With hasty cruelty he flies
T' attack him, and pick out his eyes
So do those vultures use, that keep
Poor prisoners fast like silly sheep,
As greedily to prey on all
That in their ravenous clutches fall
For thorns and briambles that came in
To wait upon the curse of sin,
And were no part o' th' first creation,
But for revenge a new plantation
Are yet the fittest materials
T' enclose the earth with living walls
So jails, that are most accused,
Are found most fit in being worst.

THERE needs no other charm, nor conjurer,
To raise infernal spirits up, but fear,
That makes men pull their horns in, like a snail,
That's both a prisoner to itself, and jail,
Draws more fantastic shapes, than in the grains
Of knotted wood, in some men's crazy brains,
When all the cocks, they think they see, and bulls
Are only in the inside of their skulls

THE Roman Mufti with his triple crown
Does both the earth, and hell, and heaven own
Beside th' imaginary territory
He lays a title to in Purgatory,
Declares himself an absolute fee prince
In his dominions, only over sins,
But as for heaven, since it lies so far
Above him, is but only titular,
And, like his cross-keys' badge upon a tavern,
Has nothing there to tempt, command, or govern,
Yet, when he comes to take account, and share
The profit of his prostituted ware,

He finds his gains inclease by sin and women,
Above his richest titular dominion

A JUBILEE is but a spiritual fair,
T' expose to sale all sorts of impious ware,
In which his Holiness buys nothing in
To stock his magazines, but deadly sin,
And deals in extraordinary crimes,
That are not vendible at other times,
For dealing both for Judas and th' High-Priest,
He makes a plentiful trade of Christ

THAT spiritual pattern of the Church, the Ark,
In which the ancient world did once embark,
Had ne'er a helm in't to direct its way,
Although bound through an universal sea,
When all the modern Church of Rome's concern
Is nothing else, but in the helm and stern

IN the Church of Rome to go to shift
Is but to put the soul on a clean shift

AN ass will with his long ears fray
The flies, that tickle him, away,
But man delights to have his ears
Blown maggots in by flatterers

ALL wit does but divert men from the road
In which things vulgarly are understood,
And force mistake and ignorance to own
A better sense than commonly is known

IN little trades more cheats and lying
Are used in selling, than in buying,
But in the great unjust dealing,
Is used in buying, than in selling

ALL smatterers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art,
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals, that give them light

LAW does not put the least restraint
Upon our freedom, but maintain 't,
Or if it does, 'tis for our good,
To give us free latitude,
For wholesome laws preserve us free
By stinting of our liberty

THE world has long endeavoured to reduce
Those things to practice, that are of no use,
And strives to practise things of speculation,
And bring the practical to contemplation,
And by that error renders both in vain
By forcing Nature's course against the grain

IN all the world there is no vice
Less prone t' excess than avarice
It neither cares for food nor clothing,
Nature's content with little, that with nothing

IN Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honour, built to show
How humble honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority

IT is a harder thing for men to rate
Their own parts at an equal estimate,
Than cast up fractions in the account of heaven,
Of time and motion, and adjust them even
For modest persons never had a true
Particular of all that is then due

SOME people's fortunes, like a weft or stray,
Are only gained by losing of their way

As he that makes his mark is understood
To write his name, and 'tis in law as good
So he, that cannot write one word of sense,
Believes he has as legal a pretence
To scribble what he does not understand,
As idiots have a title to their land

WERE Tully now alive, he'd be to seek
In all our Latin terms of art, and Greek,
Would never understand one word of sense,
The most inefragable schoolman means
As if the Schools designed their terms of art,
Not to advance a science, but divert,
As Hocus Pocus conjures to amuse
The rabble from observing what he does

As 'tis a greater mystery in the art
Of painting to foreshorten any part,
Than draw it out, so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief

THE man that for his profit's bought t' obey,
Is only hired, on liking, to betray,
And, when he's bid a liberaler price,
Will not be sluggish in the work, nor nice

OPINIATERS naturally differ
From other men, as wooden legs are stiffer
Than those of pliant joints, to yield and bow,
Which way soever they're designed to go

— NAVIGATION, that withstood
The mortal fury of the Flood,
And proved the only means to save
All earthly creatures from the wave,
Has, for it, taught the sea and wind
To lay a tribute on mankind,

That, by degrees, has swallowed more,
Than all it drowned at once before

THE prince of Syracuse, whose destined fate
It was to keep a school, and rule a state,
Found that his sceptre never was so awed,
As when it was translated to a rod,
And that his subjects never were s' obedient,
As when he was inaugurated pedant
For to instruct is greater than to rule,
And no command's s' imperious as a school

As he, whose destiny does prove
To dangle in the air above,
Does lose his life for want of air,
That only fell to be his share
So he, whom fate at once designed
To plenty and a wretched mind,
Is but condemned t' a rich distress,
And starves with riggardly excess

THE Universal medicine's a trick,
That nature never meant to cure the sick,
Unless by death, the singular receipt,
To root out all diseases by the great,
For universals deal in no one part
Of Nature, nor particulars of art
And, therefore, that French quack that set up
Called his receipt a general specific, [physic,
For though in mortal poisons every one
Is mortal universally alone,
Yet nature never made an antidote
To cure 'em all, as easy as they're got,
Much less, among so many variations
Of different maladies and complications,
Make all the contrarieties in nature
Submit themselves t' an equal moderator

A CONVERT's but a fly, that turns about
After his head's cut off to find it out

— ALL mankind is a rabble,
As silly and unreasonable
As those that, crowding in the street,
To see a show or monster meet,
Of whom no one is in the right,
Yet all fall out about the sight,
And when they chance t' agree the choice is
Still in the most and worst of vices,
And all the reasons that prevail
Are measured, not by weight, but tale

As in all great and crowded fairs
Monsters and puppet-shows are wares,
Which in the less will not go off,
Because they have not money enough
So men in princes' courts will pass,
That will not in another place

LOGICIANS used to clap a proposition,
As justices do criminals, in prison,
And in as learned authentic nonsense writ
The names of all their moods and figures fit,
For a logician's one that has been broke
To ride and pace his reason by the book,
And by their rules, and precepts, and examples,
To put his wits into a kind of trammels

THOSE get the least that take the greatest pains,
But most of all i' th' diudgery of the brains,
A natural sign of weakness, as an ant
Is more laborious than an elephant,
And children are more busy at their play,
Than those that wisest pass their time away

ALL th inventions that the world contains,
Were not by reason first found out, but brains,
Put pass for theirs who had the luck to light
Upon them by mistake, or oversight

No Jesuit e'er took in hand
To plant a Church in barren land,
Nor ever thought it worth the while
A Swede or Russ to reconcile
For where there is no store of wealth,
Souls are not worth the charge of health
Spain, in America, had two designs,
To sell their Gospel for their mines
For had the Mexicans been poor,
No Spaniard twice had landed on their shore
'Twas gold the Catholic religion planted,
Which, had they wanted gold, they still had wanted *

* This fragment was communicated to Aubrey by Butler himself
Mr Thyer does not insert them in the *Remains* because they had been
printed before but he testifies to their genuineness having found them
in the MS volume which Butler used as a sort of 'poetical The-
saurus

VARIOUS READINGS OF AND ADDITIONS TO,
HUDIBRAS.*

VOL. I

PAGE 47, LINE 19

THAT had the greatest orator
Of all the Greeks, who heretofore
Did fill his mouth with pebble stones,
To learn the better to pronounce,
But known his harder rhetoric,
He would have used no other trick

* These very curious fragments are derived from the edition of the *Remains*, published in 1822. In addition to the interest which would attach to such passages under ordinary circumstances, they possess a special value in reference to Butler, whose system of composition, and modes of thought they illustrate in a remarkable way, enabling the reader to trace particular ideas from the forms in which they first presented themselves to the poet's mind to the shapes in which he ultimately left them, to follow the process of reflection which enlarged, or curtailed the original image, and to ascertain, as far as these instances extend, not only how much of the rough material he retained, but (which is hardly of less importance) how much of it he rejected. 'Finding says the Editor to whose judicious zeal we are indebted for the preservation of these relics, 'in Butler's manuscripts the original of many of his ideas, afterwards transferred into *Hudibras*, as well as different versions of, and additions to, several passages, and various thoughts illustrative of that poem, and considering, that to trace the thoughts of a man of genius from their first dawning to their development—to observe the quantity of acquired power which they possess—is equally agreeable as an amusement and instruction as showing the working of the intellectual faculty I have made a selection of such passages as in this view I thought most interesting.'

The above references at the head of the fragments are to the corresponding passages in the present edition

PAGE 179, LINE 1

He thought it now the fittest moment,
 The lady's amorous pangs to foment,
 The hopefullest critical occasion
 To pass upon her with his passion,
 The likeliest planetary crisis
 For stratagems and love surprises
 Who ever was a homelier lover
 Than Hercules, th' heroic driver ?
 Yet, when he wooed at quaterstaff,
 What lady's puitenance was safe ?
 For sympathetic blows as well,
 No doubt, may wound, as powder heal

PAGE 202 LINE 1

To fight for truth is but the sole dominion
 Of every idiot's humour or opinion,
 And what it fancies truth maintains,
 By venturing t' hardest blows its brains
 And he, whose noddle is most tough,
 Demonstrates with the clearest proof

PAGE 202, LINE 5

What sort of creature *summum bonum* was
 Philosophers describe so like an ass,
 If virtue were an animal determine,
 Or vice but insects, and imperfect vermin

PAGE 203, LINE 15 *

For wise and cautious consciences
 Are free to take what course they please,
 And plenary indulgence to dispose
 At pleasure of the strictest vows,

* This is the reference given in the edition of 1822 but it is clearly a mistake, the subject having reference to the discussion which begins at l 23 Some of the lines will be found in vol II p 166 l 11 The whole passage, with some slight variances is given also amongst the 'Miscellaneous Thoughts' It is here reported in the form intended for insertion in *Hudibras*

And challenge heaven, they made 'em to,
 To vouch and witness what they do,
 And when they prove averse and loth,
 Yet for conscience take an oath,
 Not only can dispense, but make it
 A greater sin to keep, than take it,
 Can bind and loose all sorts of sin,
 And only keeps the keys within,
 Has no superior to controul,
 But what itself sets o'er the soul,
 And, when it is enjoined to obey,
 Is but confined, and keeps the key,
 Can walk invisible, and where,
 And when, and how it will appear,
 Can turn itself into disguises
 Of all sorts, for all sorts of vices,
 Can transubstantiate, metamorphose,
 And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus,
 Make woods, and tenements, and lands
 Obey and follow its commands,
 And settle on a new freehold,
 As Marcy Hill, removed of old,
 Make mountains move, with greater force
 Than faith, to new proprietors,
 And perjure, to secure th' enjoyments
 Of public charges and employments,
 For true and faithful, good and just,
 Are but preparatives to trust,
 The gilt and ornament of things,
 And not their movements, wheels, and springs,
 For a large conscience is all one,
 And signifies the same with none

PAGE 206, LINE 17

Fanatics hold the scripture does not bar
 The bearing of false witness for
 A spiritual neighbour, but against,
 For only that forbids the saints,

When some among them have had calls
 To swear for brethren, true or false,
 They have been bled up by the saints
 To swear without the least restraints,
 Which, when it does not reach to blood,
 Weighs nothing with the brotherhood

PAGE 208, LINE 29

God does not put those strict restraints
 Upon his favourites the saints,
 As on his slaves, the reprobrates,
 The drudges He abhors and hates,
 Nor does He look for that attendance
 From privy chamber independents,
 As from the presbyterian rout
 That wait like sentinels without

VOL II

PAGE 19, LINE 1

Whether the ganzas, or a scarab,
 Or Mahomet's horse, by birth an Arab,
 Did bear him up, or if he flew
 With bladders of attracted dew,
 Since authors mention to the moon
 Men only those four ways have gone *

* The flight to the moon by the aid of ganzas, or wild swans, is described in the *Voyages and Adventures of Domingo Gonzalez to the World of the Moon*, by Bishop Godwin. These birds are supposed to have been in the habit of making an annual migration to the moon, and Gonzales, having trained a great number of them to carry him by means of a wooden frame fastened round their necks, is conveyed to his destination in that manner. Another voyage is described in *Les Voyages de Milord Ceton*, by Marie Anne de Roumier, in which the hero is metamorphosed into a fly, and conducted by a friendly genius. The mode of sailing through the air on bladders is adopted by Cirino Bergerac in his *Histoire Comique des Etats et Empire de la Lune*. He fills several vessels with dew which the sun attracts and uses him to a vast height towards that luminary, when, finding that he is going

PAGE 32, LINE 8 *

As Campanella, when he witt,
 Strived to look like his reader's wit,
 So Sidrophel still strived to look
 As wise as those to whom he spoke,
 And oft would shake his pensive head,
 To stir his wit up, when 'twas dead,
 As clerks then ink bottles do shake,
 To make it shine more bright and black

PAGE 76, LINE 17

With cow-itch meazled like a sisei,
 And smutched i' th' nose with Guinea pepper,
 With dink and dewty cast in trances,
 And all the mad'st extravagances,
 Dismounted into sloughs and ditches
 By fiends and spirits, raised by witches,
 And conjured into raving fits,
 Like one that's outed of his wits

PAGE 77, LINE 1

Employs me out upon perpetual jobs
 Of gimcracks and fantastic jig umbobs,
 On grinding glasses in a punctual minute
 For mysteries, which they believe are in it,
 That keep me in insufferable fears,
 And everlasting danger of my ears,
 When guiltless delinquents have been scourged,
 And hemp, in docks, on wooden anvils forged

to the sun instead of the moon, he breaks several of the vessels, and his own weight then preponderating over the attracting influence, he descends and alights upon the moon — *Note* Ed 1822 The horse that bore up Mahomet was the milk white beast, Alborak — See vol 1 p 53, note *, and vol 11 p 29 note †

* This reference, taken from the edition of 1822, is apparently wrong The place to which the passage seems properly to apply will be found in vol 11 p 43, l 25

PAGE 78, LINE 15

That think then talents most adroit
For any mystical exploit
To deal in love, and news, and weather,
And thieves, and matches altogether

PAGE 78, LINE 27

The devil had granted him a lease
Of's life, for secret services,
Which he made o'er in trust to me,
And I, t' appear a just trustee,
Found out a flaw in't, which I knew
Would make him, when I pleased, renew,
And, therefore, when the time drew nigh,
I put his bill in equity,
And bid the devil take his course,
But he, who knew that medicine worse
Than the disease, let fall his suit,
And fled to hell t' avoid dispute,
But yet, concerning himself wronged,
And knowing what t' his place belonged,
That, though he would not touch a life,
Could plague with botches, and a wife,
He sent me that mysterious fob,
As he had done before to Job,
And gave th' ungrateful wretch commission
To use me in this sad condition,
To pay m' in kind for all my sins,
As whips are made of horses' skins

PAGE 85, LINE 13 *

When all his suit is but a mat
For, if he win the lady's heart,
Upon the marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet he laid,
And all the rest, of better or worse,
Is but a loser out of purse

PAGE 87, LINE 23

For love, that is both man and beast,
Is equally with both possessed,
And, like a Pythagorean soul,
Runs through all sorts of fish and fowl,
Retains a smack of every one
He shows his mighty power upon,
And whensoever he's mad and fond,
Has something of the vagabond,
And as a Pythagorean soul,
Runs through all silly beasts and fowl
So, ere he had it, his had done,
And had a smack of every one

PAGE 87, LINE 26

Love's but the running of the fancy,
A clap of fond extravagancy,
That, if it be not stopped in time,
Breaks out in botches of vile rhyme,
And when 'tis with love-powder laden,
And primed and cocked by miss or madam,
The smallest sparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery

PAGE 90, LINE 9

Nor can diseases, though begot
By one or both, untie the knot,
For health and sickness being all one,
Which both engaged before to own,
And are not with their bodies bound
To worship, only when they're sound,
The worst that falls can be no more
Than was provided for before,
And when both sides have shared the hurt
Who ever did it suffers for't

PAGE 90, LINE 19

That like their watches wear then faces,
In delicate enamelled cases,
And all then sense and wit as tawdry,
Except their native talent, bawdry

PAGE 91, LINE 1

No sooner are they made one flesh,
And both compounded int' a mesh,
But sexes prove the next debate,
And who has right to this, or that,
Or whether slavery or dominion
Belong to that of men or women,
Until the issue has been tried
And found most frequent for the bride,
Who can reduce the greatest brave
To be her utensil and slave,
To husband takes him during life,
And makes but helper to his wife

PAGE 93, LINE 1

Your eyes are not two precious stones
Nor twinkling stars, but radiant suns,
That dazzle those that look upon ye,
And scorch all other ladies tawny,
Your shining hair of the same fleece is
With that of heavenly Berenice's,
Your lips no rubies, but the stain
Of th' heavenly dragon's blood in grain,
Your teeth not pearls, but whiter far
Than those of the heavenly dog-star

PAGE 97, LINE 19

For though the less love costs of pains
And slavery, 'tis the clearer gains,
As wine, the friend of love, proves best
That freely runs before 'tis pressed

Some lovers are besotted most,
Where most they find their matters crossed,
As other beasts are sharper set,
The less they are allowed to eat

PAGE 101, LINE 1

With rhyme and begging presents prove
To make returns of heart and love,
As Indians, for glass-beads and tinkets,
Exchange rich stones, and pearls and ingots
For there's no mystery nor trade
But in the art of love is made

PAGE 104, LINE 14

As in dreams, the hands and feet
Are not so vigorous and fleet,
But, when they engage to strike or run,
They both fall slow, and faintly on
So did the renegade knight,
Perform his waking dream of fight

PAGE 116, LINE 19

And engineers, the best divines,
And soundest doctrine, drawing lines,
Or taking forts and sconces in
The safest way to conquer sin,
And military discipline
Revealed to be by right divine,
Or men of war to overcome
The flesh and devil with a drum,
Else what can engines and edged tools
Pretend to do with saving souls?

PAGE 122, LINE 7

The Persian Magi, who were brothers
To those who got 'em on their mothers,

And held unqualified t' enjoy
 That dignity any other way,
 With all submission had given place
 To this unmixed and pure race,
 So we and they became 1-kin
 Who 're both our sons and brethren

PAGE 127, LINE 19

As if they meant to build upon
 The old design of Babylon,
 Had coined a language for their sticklers,
 Worse than the Mesopotamian bricklayers,
 And edified their canting jabbers
 Beyond the gibberish of their labourers

PAGE 127, LINE 23

For none but jesuits are allowed here,
 To propagate the faith with powder,
 For what can serve their purpose fitter
 To prove their church derived from Peter?

PAGE 126, LINE 23

As politic as if one eye
 Upon the other were a spy,
 And jealous, as if both his ears
 Had eaves-dropped what each other hears,
 And so trepan the one to think
 The other blind, both strove to blink

PAGE 137, LINE 9

As if the changeling had been trucked
 In clouts by witches whom he sucked
 The magic from, to turn himself
 To any figure, like an elf

PAGE 137, LINE 15

Who, like a skilful rhetorician,
 Knew how to order his transition

So cunningly, the quickest sense
 Could ne'er discover his pretence,
 Nor what he went about discover,
 Until the whole design was over

PAGE 137, LINE 31

For as, at th' end of a game, 'tis lawful
 Before the next to cut and shuffle,
 He understood all common places
 Of treachery, and their intricacies,
 The doctrine and the discipline
 Of all cheats, moral and divine,
 The price of principles, and the rates
 Of shifting them at turns of states,
 And always valued them the more
 The oftener they 'ad been sold before,
 For he believed perfidiousness
 Was like the small-pox or disease,
 Which no man's temper's free against,
 But first or last the blood attaints,
 And only those are treason proof,
 Wh' have had it once, and are come off

PAGE 141, LINE 3

Still the ignorant they proved,
 Became the stiffer to be moved,
 For fools are stubbornest to obey,
 As coins are hardened by th' alloy

PAGE 142, LINE 11

Was this the mystery we meant
 In th' holy league and covenant,
 To take it like tobacco then,
 Only to be blown-out again?
 To hold up one hand for a brother,
 And pick a pocket with the other?

That all the bus'ness of the cause
Was but to tickle eais with straws,
And pick the purse of John a Nokes,
That did but scratch it, like Squine Cokes

PAGE 143, LINE 11

'Tis true we are in some confusion,
For want of zeal and resolution
When haughty 'prentices rebelled,
And beat their masters in the field,
And after ventured to reduce
The guards at Whitehall, and the Mews
But failing in the enterprise,
Took in the city in a trice,
And kept it with a strong recruit,
And fresh supplies of horse and foot,
Till gallant Hewson, with a handful
Of men at arms, resolved and manful,
Drew up where th' enemy made head,
And shot an apple-woman dead,
Put th' haughty enemy, in spite
Of all their confidence, to flight,
And took the town, with the only slaughter
Of his great rival, a translator

PAGE 150, LI *5*

Lawyers, like jugglers, can with ease
Convey men's money how they please,
From Stiles's pockets into Nokes's,
As readily as *hocus pocus*,
Play fast and loose, make men obnoxious,
And clear again, like *hucius doctius*
Those, that in licensed knavery deal,
And freely rob the commonweal,

* The reference to this place is, probably, a mistake. There are other parts of *Hudibras* to which the above lines have a clearer application, and two of the lines will be found in vol II p 123, line 19

And after make the laws o' th' land
 A refuge against justice stand,
 Like thieves that in a hemp-plot lie
 Secure against the hue-and-cry,
 And make that which they most deserve—
 A harter, for protection serve

PAGE 167, LINE 25

To kee'n out suplices and rings,
 Was fitter for your wit than kings,
 Or cast the Quakers out, and Ranters,
 For out-reforming Covenanters,
 Or banish rosemary and bays
 And pies, on Christ-tide holidays,
 Fitter for talents of your rate,
 Than botching of a church or state

PAGE 168, LINE 13

Those, whose interest lies between
 His keeping out, or bringing in,
 Mean nothing but to make a mouth,
 And take th' advantages of both,
 Like rooks who drive a subtle trade,
 By taking all the oddses laid

PAGE 168, LINE 21

Till finding the hangman like to board,
 Our vessel grappled to his yard,
 T' avoid the danger tacked about,
 And turned our vile commanders out,
 To put in others, in their steads,
 Of stouter hearts and wiser heads,
 Who quickly got the weather-gage,
 And then came boldly up t' engage,
 Maintained courageously the fight,
 And put the enemy to flight

PAGE 180, LINE -

A speaker with a mace before it,
 Cut by an artist in a cannet,
 With many a tattered talisman
 From Bladshew, Iieton, Scott, and Vane,
 Next statues, they have shown much ut in,
 For Tichborn, Munson, Downs, and Mutin,
 With Lambert Desbio', and the rest,
 In proper characters expressed,
 All which, with rumps, are in a fl me,
 And our approaching fate proclaim,
 More ominous than comets' tails
 To all our juntas and cabals

* * * *

Through all the flaming keannel course us,
 To shoot the fiery gulf like Cuntus,
 As if the fortune of the state
 Depended wholly on our fate,
 For what does all then fury mean else
 By sacrificing rumps in kennels?
 By burning fundaments and haunches,
 But to supplant us roots and branches?
 To burn the most refined of Christians
 With postick botches, like Philistians,
 To make our patriots miraculous,
 Scorched in the touts, like Chaucer's Nicholas,
 And sacrifice our hinder quarters,
 More like to heretics than martyrs,
 To blow us up worse than the plot,
 To charge them mortal piece, for shot,
 With th' house of lords, and fire the hall,
 Instead of a granado ball!
 And now stand ready with granadoes
 Of squibs and crackers, to invade us,
 And every journeyman and 'prentice,
 With rumps in kennels to represent us,

And now are damning us, and drinking
Strong ale and cuses to our sinking

PAGE 183, LINE 15

The rumps of all trees are the head,
By which they are maintained and fed,
And, therefore, all their tops and branches,
Are but their rumps, and arms, and haunches
Were not the fundamental laws
The rump and fundament o' th' cause?
The cause which we have vowed t' entail
And settle on our heirs male,
And therefore rump's a name most fit
For those whose business is to sit
A peacock's tail's more rich and gaudy,
Than all the feathers of the body

PAGE 184, LINE 19*

Not is this news to us, or more
Than what we might expect, before,
For when we have been rendered once
The subject matter of lampoons,
The argument of stories, libels,
News, queries, politics, and quibbles,
In which we have been said and sung,
And clinched, and punned upon so long,
'Twas no hard matter to forecast
How long our government would last,
For when our folly had rendered us,
And all we did, ridiculous,
Men have obeyed as much in jest
As we have used our interest,

* The reader will find it difficult in this instance, as in many others to determine the exact line to which the alteration, or addition, applies. But it must be recollected that most of these 'various readings' are in a crude form, that in some cases the proposed change was altogether rejected, in others only partially adopted, and that in a few the suggestions of these memoranda were broken up and distributed over different places.

And when a state becomes a farce,
 There needs no prophecy of stars
 Nor long tailed comet, to presage
 Implicit changes to the age
 The smallest conventicle prophet
 Might dream awake the ruin of it,
 For nothing can destroy a nation
 So soon as fools in consultation

PAGE 195, LINE 19 *

Cowards,

Like horses, do heroic acts,
 Engage by turning of their backs,
 And use the same heels both for fight
 With th' enemy, and pursuit, and flight,
 So with the same arms kill and slay,
 And rout the foe and run away
 He that overcomes and runs,
 Does more than he that takes great towns,
 If every man would save but one,
 No victory would e'er be won,
 For he that runs may fight again,
 Which he can never do that's slain

PAGE 199, LINE 13

All feats of arms are now abridged
 To sieges, or to being besieged,
 And he's the formidablest soldier
 Who flies, like crows, the smell of powder,
 To digging-up of skeletons,
 To make brown Georges† of the bones
 It is not wearing arms of proof,
 Lined through with shirts of mail and buff,

* One of the most interesting examples in the whole collection of the mental process through which the original idea passed on its way to the form it finally assumed in the poem, where it is elaborated with remarkable ingenuity

† Brown loaves

VARIOUS READINGS OF

But marching naked in the cold,
 That makes men valorous and bold,
 Not swords, not bullets, not bloodshed,
 But stealing one another's bread,
 And eating nothing out of mode,
 But what's in season, frogs or toad
 All blows are at the belly aimed,
 Until 'tis slain outright or maimed,
 And one another's motions watch,
 Only to go upon the catch,
 To understand the time and reason
 When toads and vermin are in season,
 When frogs come in, and what's the cause
 Why July spiders make best sauce,
 As if the wars of frogs and mice
 Had been of ours but prophecies,
 For greater crowds are slain of those
 Than upon both sides now of foes
 No feats of arms are now in mode,
 But only living without food,
 Not weapons handled but for show,
 Disease and famine are the foe,
 And he that against both is proof,
 Can eat his boots, and feed on buff,
 Is held impregnable in arms,
 And more than shot-free made by charms,
 They do not manage the contest
 By fighting, but by starving best,
 And he that's able to fast longest,
 Is sure in th' end to be the strongest,
 And he that can dine upon mundungus,
 Is held the valiant'st man among us,
 And those the formidablest forces,
 That never mount, but eat their horses,
 And make 'em serve i' th' expedition
 For cavalry and ammunition,
 Not helmets now we in request
 Not cuirasses, not back, not breast,

No! aims of proof accounted good,
Because they will not serve for food

PAGE 199, LINE 13*

Fighting now is out of mode,
And stratagem the only road,
Unless i' th' out of fashioned wars
Of barbarous Turks and Polanders
They laugh at fighting in the field,
Till one side run away or yield,
But manage all a safer way,
Like th' ancient sword and buckler play,
And loiter out a whole campaign
To forage only and tiepan
All feats of arms are now reduced
To chowsing, or to being choused
And no rencounters so renowned
As those on walls or underground
They fight not now to overthrow,
But gull and circumvent a foe,
And watch all small advantages,
As if they fought a game at chess,
And he's approved the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving,
Can make best fricassies of cats,
—— of frogs, and mice and rats,
Pottage of vermin and ragouts
Of trunks, and boxes, and old shoes,
And those who, like th' immortal gods,
Do never eat, have still the odds
—— all their wallike stratagenis,
And subtle feynig over streams,
And playing at bo-peep with bridges,
Or crawling under ground at sieges,

* We have here a second version of the same train of reflections presented in the previous passage. The third version, in the poem, is constructed mainly upon the above

Or swimming over deepest channels
T' avoid the foe, like water spaniels

PAGE 207, LINE 21

Law is like a labyrinth,
With the two-formed monster in't,
That used to eat men's flesh, and devour
All that it got within its power

PAGE 208, LINE 17

Allow him the odds of demurrers,
The other nothing but his errors,
And is admitted to all grace
And lawful favour by his place

PAGE 209, LINE 2 *

A man s' impartial in his calling,
That right or wrong to him was all one,
Was never known to be s' unjust,
As when he was bribed to break his trust,
So just, that he who bribed him first
Was never known to have the worst,
But, when they strove to give him most,
The desp'iat'st cause was never lost

PAGE 210, LINE 19 †

To this brave man the knight repairs
For counsel in his law affairs,
And, though the sage was not at home,
Was led into an inward room,

* The place where these lines were intended to be inserted cannot be accurately ascertained. They appear as suggested in the Edition of 1822, to have been designed as part of the character of the lawyer

† The reference in the edition of 1822 is obviously erroneous, the reader being directed, possibly by a misprint, to the Third Canto of Part II for an incident which takes place in the Third Canto of Part III. It will be seen that the humorous circumstances described in the above passage are omitted in the poem

And told, he should have speed advice,
 To wait upon them in a tice,
 Meanwhile the clerk flew out in haste,
 And locked the door upon them fast,
 And left the knight and squire once more
 In duance closer than before

The lawyer was that morning gone
 Some miles off to a market town,
 Where he was wont to ply for fees,
 And regulate enormities,
 To vend his trumpery opinions
 For turnips cabbages, and onions,
 And in the market put to sale
 Recognisance and common bail,
 But when his clerk had found him out,
 And told him what he came about,
 How long his two new clients had
 For his advice or justice stayed,
 Three hours at least to give him handsel
 To execute the laws or cancel
 'Why then,' quoth he, 'tis ten to one
 The birds before this time are flown'
 'Flown!' quoth the clerk, 'they're fast enough,
 I'll warrant 'em, from getting off,
 I have 'em under lock and key
 Too well secured to run away'
 'That's right,' quoth he, 'but will the gains
 We're like to have, outweigh the pains'
 'They're such, as near as I could guess,
 That seldom fail to pay their fees,
 True virtuosos, and *hef-hebbers*
 Of suits in law among their neighbours,
 That bleed well, though the dotterels,
 Are fain to spare in all things else'
 'They are the liker,' quoth Biacton,
 'To bring us many a sleeveless action,
 Then let us trudge away apace
 To seize 'em for our wefts and strays,

As fast as jockeys post to break,
 Or padders to preserve, a neck '
 Where let us leave 'em, while we tell
 What new exploits the knight befel
 Clapped up beforehand for their fees
 The knight and squire in little ease
 Some hours had laid, and did not know
 How many more they were to do,
 When wearied with their tedious stay,
 The knight, to pass the time away,
 And squire engaged in fierce dispute
 To pass the judgment on their suit,
 And what they came to understand
 Resolved between 'em before hand,
 But waged with mortal heat the squabble,
 As ignorance is apt to dabble,
 For none are fiercer in contest
 Than those that understand the least
 Just as both parties were preparing
 To break the peace and good abearing,
 They heard a knocking at the gate,
 That stopped the desperate debate,
 And forced them both to waive th' assault,
 And by consent to make a halt

Soon as the lawyer was at home,
 He sent his clerk to approach the room,
 Where he had shut them in the pound,
 Like beasts, for breaking int' his ground,
 T' excuse his master's great occasions
 Of private business, and the nation's,
 And let them know what great affairs
 He had neglected, to do theirs,
 What clients he had waived, and fees,
 To serve them and their businesses

PAGE 219, LINE 1

Love, like honour, 's privileged,
 And cannot be by oaths obliged,

No more than what a witness swears
Is valid in his own affairs,
And owe has nothing to pretend,
But its own interest and end

PAGE 219, LINE 21

Can any power pretend to awe
Loose a sacred fundamental law,
Or dare to give laws to a lover
They have no jurisdiction over?
Shall he, that with his magic bow
Strikes hearts of monarchs through and through,
Submit his own great laws of war
To come to a trial at a bar?
To turn solicitor and pro, and
Suborn, forswear, and pettifog

PAGE 219, LINE 31

Love, that's the work and recreation,
And charter of the first creation,
From whom all souls of things derive
The free inheritance of life,
That in a short time would expire,
But that 'tis lengthened by desire,
—— for how could nature live,
But that love gives it a reprieve,
That has no more than one life in it
If love did not enlarge that stint

PAGE 232, LINE 5

Love that has substance for its ground,
Must be more lasting, firm, and sound,
Than that which has the slighter basis
Of any virtue, wit, and graces
Which is of such thin subtlety
In man, it creeps in at the eye,
But that which its extraction owns
From solid gold and precious stones,

Must, like its shining parents, prove
As solid as a glorious love

PAGE 232, LINE 23

Wealth is all these, she that has that
Is any thing she would be at
Wit, beauty, honour, virtue, vice,
Are always valued by the price,
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty fights and conquers with,
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which a philter love compounds?
Or what is here but threads of gold,
That lovers' hearts in fetters hold?

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTES

TRANSLATIONS OF HUDIBRAS

TWO complete versions of *Hudibras*, into French and German, were published in the last century, both, especially the former, remarkable for their spirit and fidelity.

The French translation was made, not by Colonel Francis Townley, as stated in the *Revue Rev*, ii 257, but by Mr John Townley, uncle of Mr Charles Townley, the collector of the Townley Marbles. Mr John Townley was an officer in the French service, and died in 1782, at the age of 85. His translation of *Hudibras* into French verse was published in three volumes in London in 1757, with the English, line for line, on the opposite page. The publication was superintended by M l'Abbe Tuberville Needham, the notes, founded, for the most part, on Dr Grey's were supplied by Larcher, and the plates were chiefly after the designs of Hogarth. Only two hundred impressions were printed, and the work became so rare, from the estimation in which it was held that large prices were given for single copies. Bindley's copy sold for £5 5s, the Ponthill copy for £7 and Inglis's for £8 10s 6d. It was reprinted in Paris in 1819, with fifteen engravings, additional notes by Larcher, a key to the characters by Lotin le Jeune, and some account of the translator.

Voltaire observes of *Hudibras*, c'est de tous des livres, que j'ai jamais lus, celui où j'ai trouvé le plus d'esprit mais c'est aussi le plus intraduisible,' and he adds that in order to render the wit of this 'unique poem' into another language, it is necessary to retrench three fourths of the original. In the specimen he gives us of his method of compression, he tells us that he has reduced the first 400 lines of the First Canto, containing the character and description of the knight, to about 80 but he has in fact, reduced 456 lines to 107, of which the closing quintain is an addition of his own. The English reader, knowing how essential it is to a just estimate of the powers of Butler, that the close texture of his verse, his subtle brevity, idiomatic forms, and compound rhymes should be accurately preserved, will not be sur-

prised to find that this singular experiment failed even in the skilful hands of Voltaire. It is curious that, in putting this plan into execution, he gives the best possible reason why it should never have been attempted. Who would believe, he asks, that a work which has as many thoughts as words could not be translated? Yet, with this frank avowal of the value and weight of the words, he proposes to reduce the whole to less than a fourth. As might be expected, the spirit evaporates in the compression of the substance, and the substance itself becomes totally unlike the original. The following is the entire passage —

QUAND les profanes et les saints
 Dans l'Angleterre étaient aux prises,
 Qu'on se battait pour des églises
 Aussi fort que pour des catins,
 Lorsqu'Anglicans et puritains
 Fesaient une si rude guerre,
 Et qu'au sortir du cabaret
 Les orateurs de Nazareth
 Allaient battre la caisse en chaire,
 Que partout, sans savoir pourquoi,
 Au nom du ciel, au nom du roi,
 Les gens d'âmes couvraient la terre,
 Alors monsieur le chevalier,
 Long-temps oisif, ainsi qu'Achille,
 Tout rempli d'une sainte bile,
 Suivi de son grand écuyer,
 S'échappa de son poulaillet,
 Avec son sabre et l'Évangile,
 Et s'avisa de guerroyer.

Sur Hudibias, cet homme rare,
 Était, dit-on, rempli d'honneur,
 Avait de l'esprit et du cœur
 Mais il en était fort avare
 D'ailleurs, par un talent nouveau,
 Il était tout propre au baïneau,
 Ainsi qu'à la guerre cruelle,
 Grand sur les bancs, grand sur la selle,
 Dans les camps et dans un bureau,
 Semblable à ces rats amphibies,
 Qui paraissent avoir deux vies,
 Sont rats de campagne et rats d'eau

Mais, malgré sa grande éloquence,
 Et son mérite, et sa prudence,
 Il passa chez quelques savans
 Pour être un de ces instrumens
 Dont les fripons avec adresse
 Savent user sans due mot,
 Et qu'ils tournent avec souplesse
 Cet instrument s'appelle un sot
 Ce n'est pas qu'en théologie,
 En logique, en astiologie,
 Il ne fût un docteur subtil
 En quatre il séparait un fil,
 Disputant sans jamais se rendre,
 Changeant de thèse tout-a coup,
 Toujours prêt à parler beaucoup,
 Quand il fallait ne pas s'entendre
 D'Hudibras la religion
 Était, tout comme sa raison,
 Vide de sens et fort profonde
 Le puritanisme divin,
 La meilleure secte du monde,
 Et qui certes n'a rien d'humain,
 La vraie Eglise militante,
 Qui pieche un pistolet en main,
 Pour mieux convertir son prochain
 A grands coup de sabre argumens,
 Qui promet les célestes biens
 Par le gibet et par la corde,
 Et damne sans miséricorde
 Les péchés des autres chrétiens,
 Pour se mieux pardonner les siens,
 Secte qui, toujours détruisante,
 Se détruit elle-même enfin
 Tel Samson, de sa main puissante,
 Brisa le temple philistin,
 Mais il périt par sa vengeance,
 Et lui-même il s'ensevelit
 Ecrase dans la chute immense
 De ce temple qu'il démolit
 Au nez du chevalier antique
 Deux grandes moustaches pendaient
 A qui les Parques attachaient

Le destin de la république
 Il les garde soigneusement,
 Et si jamais on les arrache,
 C'est la chute du parlement
 L'est et entier, en ce moment,
 Doit tomber avec sa moustache
 Ainsi Talmecotius,
 Grand Esculape d'Etienné,
 Repara tous les nez perdus
 Par une nouvelle industrie
 Il vous prenait adroitement
 Un morceau du cul d'un pauvre homme,
 L'appliquait au nez proprement,
 Enfin il arrivait qu'en somme
 Tout juste à la mort du preteur
 Tombait le nez de l'empirieux
 Et souvent dans la même bière,
 Par justice et par bon accord,
 Ou remettait au gré du mort
 Le nez auprès de son derrière
 Notre grand héros d'Albion,
 Grimpe dessus sa hanche,
 Pour venger la religion,
 Avait à l'arçon de sa selle
 Deux pistolets et du jambon,
 Mais il n'avait qu'un épéon
 C'était de tout temps sa manière,
 Sachant que si la talonnière
 Pique une moitié de l'animal
 Ne resterait point en arrière
 Voilà donc Hudibras parti,
 Que Dieu bénisse son voyage,
 Ses argumens et son parti,
 Sa barbe rousse et son courage !

The French reader who should found his opinion of *Hudibras* upon this version of one of its most celebrated passages, might be excused for doubting the truth of the introductory criticism which led him to expect a sample of the finest wit. The plan pursued by Voltaire is fatal to the essential qualities of his author, strips the satire of its peculiar humour, and sinks it into a few meagre items, which bear much about the same relation to the

poem as an imperfect catalogue of furniture borne to the interior of a costly mansion. Voltaire misses the spirit, and mutilates the letter, of *Hudibras*. He omits the most important particulars, the metaphysics, the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew lore, the coinage of words, and the whole equipments and personal description of the knight, he converts the 'tawny beard' into a moustache, a change which utterly destroys an important characteristic, transposes some lines, and represents others, and intercolates images of his own—such as the allusion to Achilles, and the elaborate analogy between Samson and the giants. This evasive treatment could not have arisen from deficient knowledge of English, for he tells us in one of his letters that he had become so familiar with the language as to think in it unconsciously. The cause of his failure, and of the strange method he adopted for avoiding the responsibility of a direct translation, must be traced to the difficulties presented by the artful turns, compact sense, and idiomatic diction of the original.

These difficulties were completely overcome by Mr Townley, whose translation is not less remarkable for its fidelity than for its ease and freshness. There is hardly a single peculiarity of expression that is not preserved in a corresponding shape. There is nothing left out, nothing added, and the version, thus distinguished by its close adherence to the very words of the author, possesses all the freedom and ease of an original work. Had *Hudibras* been written in French, it would, probably, have taken very nearly the form in which it was rendered by Mr Townley. The most striking example that can be selected for illustration is the passage already exhibited in the translation of Voltaire. A comparison between them will at once reveal the immense inferiority of the latter. Mr Townley follows the verse nearly line for line, bringing the 456 lines of the original into little more than 500 lines —

QUAND les hommes en dessein
Se brouilloient sans savoir pourquoi,
Quand gros mots, crantes, jalousies
Causoient partout des batteries,
Et les gens en dissension
Pour la Dame Religion
Se chamailloient dans la dispute
Comme gens ivres font pour pûte,

Dont chacun disoit tant de bien,
 Sans que personne y connût rien,
 Quand le Trompette d'Evangile
 Sonnoit la charge par la Ville,
 Et pour tambour, la Chaire au loin
 Retentissoit à coups de poing,
 Lors le Chevalier prit le large,
 Et de Colonel fit la charge

Son aspect étoit trait pour trait
 D'un pieux Chevalier le portait,
 Dout le fier genoux de sa vie,
 Ne pla qu'à Chevalerie,
 Qui jamais qu'un coup n'endura
 Qui son épaule decora
 A bon droit la fleur de la clique
 Soit en ante, soit domestique,
 Grand sur les bancs, grand à cheval,
 Sur tous deux d'un mérite égal
 Brilloient son cœur et sa cervelle
 A juger, ou vider querelle,
 Et fut renommé pour ses faits
 Pendant la Guerre comme en Paix,
 (Ainsi certain Rat Amphibie
 Dans l'an ou l'eau trouve sa vie)

Mais ici doute maint Auteu
 S'il eut plus d'esprit, ou de cœur,
 C'est disputer et faire glose,
 En vérité, sur peu de chose,
 L'esprit ne passoit, c'est certain,
 La valeur, que d'un demi gian,
 Ce qui fit passer pour manie
 L'éclat dont brilloit son génie,
 Et qu'on le prit (tranchons le mot)
 Pour l'outil des fripons, un sot
 La chatte dont se plaint Montagne,
 Prenoît son Maître pour un âne,
 Elle eut formé, sans emballis,
 Même jugement d'Hudibias,
 (Car c'est le nom que de coutume
 A ses cartels signoit sa plume)
 Mais il est clair assuément
 Qu'on se trompoit très-lourdement,

Car en esprit il étoit riche,
 Quoique souvent il en fut chiche,
 Et ne le portât qu'aux bons jours,
 Comme bougeoise ses atours
 D'ailleurs on est dans l'assurance
 Qu'il p'loît Grec avec aisance,
 Que Latin il vous eut parlé,
 Tout comme un meile auroit siflé
 Parfait en tout deux, chose rare,
 Il n'en fut pourtant onc avare,
 Sur tout il en donnoit très bien
 A ceux qui n'en entendoient rien,
 Pour les racines Hebraïques,
 (Quoique souvent ces exotiques
 Se plaisent en mauvais terrain)
 Il se piqua tant d'en savoir,
 Que le soupçon en vint à naître
 Qu'il fut circoncis, et peut être
 Le fut il, non comme apostrit,
 Mais pour certain mal au Prostat
 Il étoit sçavant en Logique,
 Et profond dans l'Analytique
 Un cheveu sçavoit diviser,
 Et sur les parts subtiliser,
 En pedant retors qui dispute,
 Change la thèse, et puis réfute
 Il eut démontre bien ou mal
 Qu'un homme n'est pas un cheval,
 Que celui qui prend une Buse
 Pour un oiseau, souvent s'abuse,
 Qu'un Lord peut bien être un Hibou
 Et maint Echevin un Coucou,
 Un juge une Oye et la Corneille
 Passer pour tutrice à merveille.
 Par la dispute il s'endettoit,
 Et par raisonnement payoit.
 En Dialectique très-pure,
 Sans manquer à mode ou figure
 La Rhetorique étoit son fait
 Et sa bouche, comme l'on sçait,
 Ne s'ouvroit que pour faire eclorre
 Trope brillant ou metaphore

Et si pu fois dans son discours
 Il toassoit, ou bien icstoit court,
 Il se seroit de plus se obscure
 Pour une passer cette allure
 Quel avec plus d'art il parloit
 Tout comme un autre, on l'entendoit,
 (Car les règles de Rhétorique
 Ce sont ses outils qu'elle explique)
 Mais quand il parloit de son mœurs,
 C'étoit langage harmonieux,
 De ton que le Peuple affecte,
 Ou de Babel le Dialecte,
 C'étoit un habit d'Alequin
 D'Anglais, de Grec, et de Latin,
 Que de coudre il prenoit la peine,
 Comme on coud satin sur futaine,
 Son ton mûr étoit moins commun,
 Que n'est tino chaire par un,
 Ce qui pouvoit bien faire accorde,
 Quand il parloit, à l'audience
 D'entendre encoir le bruit mortel
 De trois ouvriers de Babel,
 Ou Cerbere aux âmes errantes
 Japper trois langues différentes
 Son discours étoit vite et long,
 Sans crainte de creuser son fond,
 Pour suffire à cette dépense
 Il se voit faire amas d'avance
 Cui de nouveaux mots il forgeoit,
 Et bien ou mal contre-faisoit,
 Mots si durs, qu'aucune carrière,
 Pour les toucher, ne fournit pierre
 Mais, parlant vite aux ignorans,
 Ceux-ci les prenoient pour courans
 De sorte que si Démosthène,
 Qui se fût la bouche pleine
 De culloux, avoit sçu son ton,
 Il n'eût pas pris d'autre façon
 Plus habile en Mathématiques
 Que Tycho-Brahé de cent piques,
 En Géométrie latiné
 Un pot de Bière il eût jaugé,

Pai tangente et sinus, sur l'homme
 Trouvè le poids de pain ou bœuf,
 Et pu Algebre eut dit aussi,
 A quelle neune il sonne midi
 Grand philosophe en toute chose,
 Il avoit lu tout texte ou glose,
 Pai imphorte Foi se voit
 Ce qu'auteur obscur entendoit,
 Rendait raison, et sans repliche,
 De tous les doutes du sceptique,
 Comme quarante, il en savoit,
 Aussi lom que parole alloit,
 Cotaat tout celà pai routine,
 Toat comme, ou mieux, qu'une machine,
 Et son jargon etoit note
 Pou l'être dit ou bien chante
 Si bien les choses aux idées
 Dans sa tête etoient adaptees,
 Que l'un pou l'autre bien souvent
 Li prenoit comme maint se avint
 A des faits reduisoit les choses,
 Et pu abstraits faisoit leurs gloses,
 Savoit ou va la quiddite,
 Des corps morts l'âme, et l'entite,
 Où la verite se decele
 Comme un mot gele, qui dégele
 Distinguoit ceci de cela,
 Metaphysique en reste li
 Avec succes ce grand genie
 S'exerçoit en Theologie
 Comme Thomas d'Aquin et plus,
 C'etoit un second Duns Scotus,
 Dans les Nominaux, ainsi comme
 Dans les Reaux, le plus grand homme
 De sable une corde il tordeit
 Mieux que le Sorbonniste adroit
 Filoit des toiles d'Araignees,
 Mcubles pour têtes mal timbrées,
 Vuides quand la Lune est au plein,
 Comme maison pou qui l'on crant.
 Il imaginoit un scrupule,
 Puis en monstroit le ridicule,

Comme qui s'en voit gagner
 La galle, exprès pour se gratter,
 Comme si la Théologie
 D'un Chailatan eut la manie,
 Se perçant de doutes exprès,
 Pour faire voir à tous après,
 De quelle façon prompte et sûre
 La foi guérit de sa blessure,
 On a pourtant vu de nos jours
 Que la marque y restoit toujours
 Il connoissoit la longitude,
 Aussi bien que la latitude
 Du Paradis, et le plaçoit,
 Selon l'humeur dont il étoit,
 Dessous, et par dessus la Lune,
 Dédaignant la façon commune,
 Se piquant ordinairement
 D'être seul de son sentiment
 D'Adam il sut quel fut le rêve,
 Quand son épouse, Madame Eve,
 Sortit dans toute sa beauté
 Du cabinet de son côté
 Il savoit de quel vieux langage
 Le Tentateur faisoit usage,
 Si nos premiers pères avoient
 Un nombril, ou s'ils en manquoient,
 Qui fut le premier agréable,
 Qui fit Musique malleable,
 Si le serpent, faisant son coup,
 Eut pieds fourchus, ou point du tout
 Et tout cela, sans commentaire,
 Comme sans glose il savoit faire,
 En termes propres, comme expert,
 Qui prend à gauche, et puis se perd
 Sa religion au gémé,
 Et sçavoir, étoit assortie,
 Il étoit franc Presbytérien,
 Et de la Secte le soutien,
 Secte, qui justement se vante
 D'être l'Eglise Militante,
 Qui de sa foi vous rend raison
 Par la bouche de son canon,

Dout le boulet et feu terrible
 Montre bien qu'elle est infallible,
 Et sa Doctrine prouve a tous
 Orthodoxe, à force de coups
 Chez eux guère et courage énorme
 Prend le nom de Sainte Reforme,
 Laquelle il faut incessamment
 Poursuivre jusqu'au Jugement,
 La foi ne leur étant donnée,
 Que pour être accommodée,
 Comme si la Religion
 Fût faite à cette intention
 Leur devotion plus chérie
 Consiste en pure antipathie,
 Ils ont toujours quelques raisons,
 Pour blâmer d'autres les façons
 Chien enragé, singe malade
 N'ont pas de bile si maussade
 Fête, au mauvais jour, chommeront
 Mieux qu'au bon, les autres ne font,
 Ce qui leur plaît, est légitime,
 Et ce qui leur déplaît, un crime,
 Ils sont retifs, et leur esprit
 N'honore Dieu, que par dépit,
 Ils sont friands de même chose,
 Qui, d'autres sens, les indispose,
 Ce qui dans eux est piété,
 Dans les autres, c'est un péché,
 Libre arbitre un jour ils admettent,
 Et le lendemain le rejettent
 Ils se brouillent en fureur
 Avec ce qu'ils aiment le mieux,
 Les jambons, les pâtés d'usage,
 Et leur cher ami le potage,
 Défendent les petits cochons,
 Les œufs au lait, et les oisons
 Les Apôtres de cette Secte,
 Semblables à ceux que respecte
 L'Ottomane Religion
 Etoient ou bien ane ou pigeon,
 Auxquels par instinct de Nature,
 Par esprit, ou par température,

Hudibias s'attacha si fort,
 Qu'on eut devine sans choit,
 Sa conscience être soumise
 A l'hypocrisie et bêtise
 C'est ainsi qu'il fut accoutié,
 Sans que le portait soit outie,
 C'est par dedans que je veux dire,
 Car le dehors je vus d'écurie
 Sa brabe ornait, tout à la fois,
 Sa pud' homme et son minois,
 A sa coupe et sa tente bise
 Pour une tuile on l'aurait prise,
 Le haut, couleu de l'ut coupe,
 Le bas, orange et gris meie,
 Ce Meteorie et sa cunierie
 Annonçoient l'époque dernière
 Du Thône et de la Royauté
 Et des sujets la liberté
 Par sa grisaille et vieillesse
 De l'Etat montrait la foiblesse,
 A la bêche elle ressembloit,
 Et sa fosse elle piochoit,
 En cela d'ussi triste augure,
 Que de Samson la chevelure,
 Courant à son propre destin,
 Pour d'un Etat hâter la fin
 Elle avait fait vœu d'uns un Ordre
 Qu'elle observoit, sans en demordre,
 Dont la règle avoit rebuté
 Le Moine le plus entêté
 Elle devoit souffrir l'outrage,
 Et le martyre avec courage,
 Et s'exposer avec colit
 A la vengeance de l'Etat
 Qu'elle naquoit, bien résolue
 D'être déshuée ou tordue,
 Dût on la couvrir de crachat,
 La trailler comme un forcat,
 Et croître, malgré sa disgrâce,
 Tant que le Roi serait en place,
 Mais quand le Thône creueroit,
 Qu'au rason elle cederait,

En s'immolant comme une Hostie,
 A la chute de Monarchie,
 Dont les Parques avoient si fort,
 Avec son poil, tordu le sort
 Que le tems, de façon aucune,
 Ne put separer leur fortune,
 Mais d'un seul coup, ce flateur
 Devoit les faucher tous les deux.
 Ainsi Talicot d'une cresse
 Se voyoit tailler avec cresse
 Par tous neufs qui ne visquoient rien,
 Tant que le cul se portoit bien,
 Mais si le cul perdoit la vie,
 Le nez tombait par sympathie
 Son dos comme un fudeau fuyait
 Que sous lui même il se couboit,
 Car ainsi que portoit Ence
 Son Père dans Troie embalsmée,
 Hadrias portoit sur son dos
 Les ses fesses tout aussi gloses
 Qui lui remontaient par derrière
 La tête, faute de coupure
 Et pour contre-poids par devant
 Étoit un ventre à l'avant,
 Dont, sans faire grande dépense,
 Il avoit soin d'emplir la pumise,
 Du lait, de fromage ou de fruit,
 De maison des champs le produit,
 Et d'autres vivres qui à notre aise
 Nous vous dirons, ne vous déplaise;
 Quand ses chusses on decina,
 Le magasin s'y trouvera
 Voilà l'extrait de sa figure,
 Parlons un peu de sa pumise
 Un Bufile à l'épreuve si bon
 De l'épée au moins du bâton
 Lui servoit d'autant mieux d'armure,
 Qu'il ne craignoit que mouture
 Ses chusses avoient bien servi
 Autrefois sous le Roi Henri
 Devant Boulogne, et l'on veut dire
 Qu'elles étoient à ce gros sire

La doublure étoit maint lopin
 De pain, de fromage, ou boudin,
 Mets propre au Guerrier intrépide,
 Qui toujours de sang est avide,
 Car il se plaisoit à loger
 Dans sa culotte son manger
 Cette culotte étoit fort grande,
 Et tenoit beaucoup de viande,
 Qui mante sous attuoit,
 Pour fourager en cet endroit,
 Et quand sa main faisoit l'approche
 Du magasin de chaque poche,
 C'étoit du sang qu'il en couloit
 A quelque doigt qu'elle mouroit,
 Se défendant en petit Diable
 Tant que la place étoit tenable
 Quoiqu'un grave auteur soit garant,
 Que jadis Chevalier enant
 Ne savoit ni manger, ni boire,
 Puisque, pour aller à la Gloire,
 Par vastes déserts il passoit,
 Où pain, ni pâtre, il ne trouvoit,
 (A moins qu'il ne se mit en tête
 De brouter l'herbe avec sa bête)
 Ces Messieurs n'ayant d'appetit
 Que de se battre, à ce qu'il dit,
 La méprise me paroît lourde,
 Ou bien il faut traiter de boude
 Tant ce qu'ont dit du Grand Arthus,
 Ceux qui célébroient ses vertus,
 Sçavoir qu'il portoit dans sa salle
 La table ronde en Fandrigalle,
 Qui n'étoit, par bien des raisons,
 Qu'une culotte à grands canons,
 Où la nappe se trouvoit mise,
 Quand il en sortoit sa chemise
 Et tous les Chevaliers dînoient
 De ce que ces chausses tenoient,
 Quand ils quittoient, pour se refaire
 Bouclier, casque, et cimetière
 Mais revenons à mon Héros,
 Crainte, par de plus long propos,

D'oublier net où nous en sommes,
 Comme il arrive à savants hommes
 A gauche, et près de son grand cœur,
 Pendoit son sabre de longueur,
 La garde utile, ainsi que belle,
 Etoit faite comme une écuelle,
 Se voit de plus d'une façon,
 A puer coups d'Estimaçon,
 Et tenu bouillon ou potage,
 Quand il étoit dars son ménage
 Il y fondoit tous ses bolets
 Pour ennemis, ou bien poulets,
 Pour qui sa haine étoit si forte,
 Que contre tous ceux de leur sorte,
 On prétend que le Chevalier
 Se battoit toujours sans quartier
 La lame à Tolède forgée,
 Fuite d'escume, étoit rouillée
 Et se mangeait de desespoir
 De ce qu'on gavait son pouvoir
 Le paisible fourreau, sa cage,
 Se ressentait de cette rage,
 Car elle en avoit devoié
 Plus de six pouces d'un côté,
 Dedaignant, en retraite obscure,
 De cacher ainsi sa ngue,
 Et par secousse et plus d'un tour
 Elle s'étoit enfin fait jour
 Jadis en mante échauffourée
 Elle brilla, s'étant ligée
 Et donnant main forte aux recois,
 Pour saisie, ou prise de corps
 Ce puissant sabre avait pour Page
 Un poignard petit pour son âge,
 A le suivre aussi régulier
 Qu'un Nam qui sert un Chevalier,
 C'étoit, outre son grand courage,
 Très bonne pièce de ménage,
 Il eut, au sortir d'un combat,
 Chaple du pain, ratisse plat,
 Adroitement ôte les crottes
 Des souliers, ainsi que des bottes,

En teneil pl ntoit des oignons,
 Et guillo t au feu des rognons,
 Moicevix de l'ud ou de hon age,
 Il n'impc toît pour quel usage,
 Fut ce pour attraper des rats,
 C'étoit là son moindie embarras
 Car il fut en apprentissage
 Chez un Bissereu, en son bas âge,
 Mais depuis quitta le metier,
 Comme n'ayant autre, et fut g reilleu

Deux pistolets de date antique
 Dans ses fontes étoient à piqué,
 Avec les vivres qui restoient
 Quand ses chausses en regorgeoient
 Et si les rats par friandise,
 Venoient fleurir la marchandise,
 Le chien bandé, qui les guettoit,
 En s'abattant, les attrapoit,
 Et jour et nuit en sentinelle,
 Gardoit la culotte ou la selle,
 Contre voleurs industrieux,
 Qui vont à quatre pieds ou deux

Ainsi muni, ce personnage
 Partit avec ancre et bagage,
 Mais, pour sauter en selle, ayant
 Il put de bien loin son elant
 Car cette selle magnifique
 N'avoit qu'un étrier unique,
 Encore étoit il attaché,
 Par malheur du mauvais côté,
 Même si haut, qu'il pouvoit craindre
 Que son jud n'y pût pas atteindre
 Enfin après plus d'un effort,
 De la selle il gagna le bord,
 Puis voltigea avec adresse,
 Brusquement y plaça la fesse,
 Comme gus de vingt ans au plus,
 Mais pensa passer par dessus,
 Et se retint à la cranière,
 Façon qui lui fut coutumière
 A propos de saillir cheval
 Je crois qu'on ne feroit pas mal

De vous décrire la figure
 Et qualités de sa monture
 Ce cheval étoit maigre et long,
 La bouche blanche et l'œil vif on,
 Au singulier je m'en explique,
 Car ce bel œil étoit unique,
 Et même un auteur envieux
 Veut qu'il les eût perdus tous deux
 La majesté de son allure
 Réhaussoit encore sa figure,
 Jamais il ne fit saut ni bond
 Pour coup de gaule ou d'épion
 Cependant, quand il touchoit terre,
 C'étoit de façon si légère
 Que le cheval du Grand César,
 (Qu'un bon auteur dit quelque part,
 Pour l'avoir vu lui-même à Rome
 Avoir eu pieds faits comme un homme,
 Et cois aux doigts probablement)
 La touchoit moins légèrement
 Et comme on vit l'autre, peut-être,
 À genoux, pour prendre son Maître,
 Celui-ci s'y mettoit fort bien,
 Pour faire descendre le sien
 Je passe, en faisant sa peinture,
 Ce qu'il eût au dos d'écorchure,
 Car cela se trouvoit caché
 Sous cul tout autant écorché
 Ses côtes en sillons rangées,
 Comme les terres labourées
 Chaque entre-deux faisant canal,
 Montraient squelette de cheval
 Sa queue, ornement du derrière,
 Tiempoit en marchant dans l'ornière,
 Et son Maître secouroit
 La crotte qu'elle y ramassoit,
 Quand au flanc talon de chaussure,
 Ou l'épion faisait injure,
 Car Hudibras, avec raison,
 Ne se chaussait qu'un épion
 Ayant preuve démonstrative,
 Qu'un côté marchant, l'autre arrive

To my friend, William Tooke, Esq., the Editor of Churchill's Poems, I am indebted for some particulars, which will be new to the public, respecting Mr Soltau, the German translator of *Hudibras*, derived from his nephew, Mr William Soltau, of Clapham, and also for an opportunity of examining a presentation copy of that work, containing many MS alterations by the translator.

Diderich William Soltau was born at Bergsdorf, near Hamburg, in Holstein, on the 15th March, 1745, and died on the 13th February, 1827, aged 82, leaving one son and three daughters. His widow and his son are dead, his daughters are still living at Lanstutz, in the Hanoverian dominions, to which town he retired about 1796 or 1797. At what time he originally settled in Russia is not known. It is supposed that he resided in the first instance at Riga, and afterwards went to St Petersburg, where he entered into a commercial engagement with Mr J W Amburger, in whose house he became a partner, subsequently joining the house of Meybohm and Co, with which he continued to be connected until he finally left Russia altogether. His literary labours appear to have been undertaken after he had retired from the cares of business, and to have consisted chiefly of translations, for which he was well qualified, having, it is said, been perfect master of thirteen languages. The first edition of his translation of *Hudibras* was published at Riga, in 1787, and a second improved edition was printed at Berlin in 1797, and sold by Friederich Reichtons at Königsberg. In 1800 he produced a translation of *Don Quixote*, and in 1801 of the *Tales of Cervantes*, both published at Königsberg. In 1800 he also wrote a small book of tales in German, printed and sold by Prettus at Hamburg. In 1801, he published, in eight volumes, at Brunswick, a translation of the Portuguese discoveries in the East, from the original of De Barros. In 1823 he translated Thomson's *Seasons* into German, and in 1826, he rendered *Reynard the Fox* from the low German into English, both of which works were published in Brunswick. He was engaged on a translation of *Gil Blas* into German when he died.

The skill displayed by Mr Soltau in his version of *Hudibras* can not be submitted to a severer test than by placing after the selections from Voltaire and Townley his translation of the same passage. Nor will it suffer by the comparison. In textual fidelity it has never been excelled by any German translation of an English poem. It follows closely Butler's language, versification, and humour, and, although there are some deviations from the strict couplet, it occupies exactly the same number of lines as the original —

Als vormal's Groll und Bürgerkrieg
 (man weiß nicht wie) aufs höchste stieg,
 als Eiter, Schilweis, Ducht und Zank
 die Leute, sich zu raufen, zwang,
 und schlugen sich wie toll und dumm
 für Frau Religion herum,
 wie für die äigste Gassenhut',
 auf deren Ehre jeder schwur
 und kannte sie doch keiner nur,
 als jeder Pfaff sein Kanzeltuch
 statt Trommelftock* mit Häusten schlug,
 und Evangelientrompeter
 die Langohrschaar mit lautem Zeter
 zusammenbliesen in den Strauß,
 da zog auch unser Ritter aus †

Sein Ansehn war voll Drang und Kraft,
 ein wahrer Spiegel der Ritterchaft,
 der nie gebeugt sein stettes Knie
 vor etwas anders, als Chevalerie,
 und keinen andern Schlag vertrug,
 als den, der ihn zum Ritter schlug
 ein König aller irrenden Ritter
 und Friedensrichter, ein wahrer Brutter
 vom Helden in Turnier und Streit,
 und Weisen in Urtheil und Bescheid,
 gleich groß auf seiner Richterbank,
 und wenn er auf sein Roß sich schwang
 Krieg oder Friede galt ihm gleich,
 so wie die Wassermäus zugleich
 in Scheunen wohnt und auch im Teich

Viel untrer Autor'n zweifeln war
 ob er mehr klug, or tapfer war
 Der eine hält dies, der andre das,
 doch all' ihr Zank ist wol nur Spaß,

* MS alteration by the Translator—an Trommel Statt

† MS alteration by the Translator—

zum Tuffen blauen, utt Sir Held
 auß Schwadronieren mit ins Feld

denn höchstens übermog sein Hirn
 die Wuth ein halbes Gerstenkorn
 Viel hielten ihn für ein Werkzeug gar,
 das Schelme brauchen, und heißt ein Narr
 Montagne mit seiner Kasse spielte,
 und klagt, daß sie für'n Guck ihn hielte,
 da meinen viele, sie hätte das
 noch eher gedacht von Hudibras
 (Dies ist der Name, den unser Held
 stets unter sein Cartel gestellt)

Doch die so denken, irren sich,
 er war kein Pünzel scherlich
 Wahr ist's, so reich an Witz er war,
 so hielt er ihn dennoch so rar,
 als wär's ihm leid, ihn abzutragen,
 daher er nur an Feiertagen
 und so, wie einen feinen Schmuck,
 sein Quentlein Witz zu Markte trug
 Man weiß auch, daß er Griechisch sprach,
 so leicht, wie Raben kläffen am Bach,
 und wie Welftern im Weinberg schrey'n,
 floß ihm vom Maule sein Latein
 Er theilte von diejem Ueberfluß
 auch herlich gern den Armen aus,
 und theilte dem am meisten mit,
 der ganz an beiden Mangel litt
 Von alten hebrä'schen Wurzelworten,
 die gern gedeihen an dürren Orten,
 hatt' er so viele aufgewühlt,
 daß man ihn für bechnitten hielt,
 (kann auch wol seyn, denn überall
 ist mancher Christ in gleichem Fall
 Er war ein feiner Logiker
 und tiefer Analytiker,
 er unterschied und theilt' ein Haar,
 das zwischen Süd und Südwest war,
 darüber er stritt und gegenstritt,
 und was er behauptet, wieder bestritt,

und Euch mit klaren Schlüssen bewies
 ein Strohwich sey kein goldnes Blies,
 ein Loid könn' aber wohl ein Schwein,
 ein fettes Kalb ein Rathsherr seyn,
 Raben Vormünder, Gänse Richter,
 ein Schaaf Mäcen, ein Langohr Dichter
 Sich in Schulden zu disputiren
 und wieder heraus zu raisonniren
 durch Syllogism und solche Schlich',
 so was verstand er meisterlich

Zum Reden öffnete er kaum
 das Maul, daß nicht ein Tropus kam,
 und stört' im Sprechen ihn der Husten,
 oder er blieb gar stehn, so mußten
 Regeln in schweren Worten zeigen,
 warum er husten muß', or schweigen
 Sonst, griff er sich gleich mächtig an,
 sprach er fast wie ein andrer Mann,
 denn alle Rednersregeln können
 nichts lehren, als ihr Werkzeug nennen
 Allein so oft er künstlich sprach,
 an hohem Ton ihm's nicht gebrach,
 ein babylonisch Mancherley
 von Schulwitz und Pedanterey
 Es war ein buntgeschicktes Kleid
 von Sprachen alt- und neuer Zeit,
 Englisch mit Reuterlatein bezeugt,
 und griech'sche Klankirn dran gesetzt,
 solch drolligtes verworrenes Zeug,
 als sprach' er dreierley zugleich,
 mancher Mann hielt's für das Gegabbel
 von drey Handwerksgejellen aus Babel,
 oder für eine Kuppel Sprachen
 aus Cerberus dreyfachem Rachen

Diesen Schatz spendirt' er so frey,
 als ob des gar kein Ende sey,
 und freylich fehlt's ihm nicht an Worten,
 hatt' ihrer gnug an allen Orten,

denn er münzt' und verfälschte sie
 mit oder ohne Wiß und Müß',
 drum waren sie oft so schlecht und hart,
 daß kein Proberstein funden ward,
 daran man sie verjübet hätte,
 doch wenn er laut und heftig redte,
 so merkt' es auch der Zehnte nicht,
 sondern nahm sie für voll und ächt.
 Ich wette, der Redner, der um rein
 zu reden das Maul voll Kieselstein'
 stopfte, hatt' gern sein halbes Leben
 für unsers Ritters Kunst gegeben

Mehr Einsicht in die Meßkunst hatt' er,
 als Tycho Brahe' und Erra Pater,
 er maß durch Logarithmen schiefer
 den Inhalt ganzer Kannen Bier,
 durch Sinus und Tangens er erwog,
 ob Brod und Butter richtig wog,
 und durch Algebra sicher wußt',
 wieviel die Glocke schlagen mußt'

Er war ein kluger Philosoph,
 hatt' jeden Tirt und Gloss' im Kopf,
 verstand durch Glauben festiglich,
 was der abstrakteste Autor sich
 vordemonstrirt', für jedes warum
 hatt' er euch gleich ein kräftig darum
 An Worten und Namen war er reicher,
 als vierzig andere, obgleich er
 solche bey mancher Gelegenheit,
 oft recht, noch öfter zu Unzeit,
 bald dem, bald jenem Dinge anpaßt',
 das denn oft Mißverstand veranlaßt.
 Denn seine Begriffe schickten sich
 zu jeder Sache so wunderbarlich,
 daß ihm (wie vielen weisen Leuten)
 oft schwer fiel, sie selbst recht zu deuten
 Er redurt' Euch Ens ad actum,
 und untersuchte durchs abstractum,

wobin Essenz und Quiddität,
 wie'n Geist aus seinem Körper geht,
 wo Wahrheit in Person zu sehn,
 wie am Nordpol gefiorne Lär'
 Er mußte auch, was Was ist, und höher
 stieg nie ein metaphysischer Seher

Stark war er in Scholasticis,
 wie Doctor irrefragabilis,
 ein zweyter Thomas, und um uns
 ganz für, zu fassen, ein zweyter Duns,
 war allen andern überlegen
 in Nominal und Realnegen,
 denn er flocht' Stride von Sand, so fest,
 als der gelährteste Sorbonnist,
 konnt' seine Spinnweben stricken,
 um solche Schädel auszumücken,
 die, wenn der Mond voll ist und rund,
 stets ledig zu vermiet'n sind,
 mußte schwere Zweifel zu erregen,
 und sie dann stracks zu widerlegen,
 als wenn die Theologie den Grund
 sich holen müßte, um sich zu fragen,
 oder mit Zweifeln sich zerlegen,
 blos zum Beweis, wie leicht sie's find'r,
 die Glaubenswunden ohn' Verweilen,
 (wie die Marktschreyer) zuzuheilen,
 doch steht man, leider! jeden Tag,
 es bleiben tiefe Narben nach

Dann pflegt' er auch vom Garten in Eden,
 in welchem Grad er lag, zu reden,
 und setzt ihn, wie sich traf, jenseits
 des Mondes und auch wol diesseits.
 Was Adam einst im Traum gedacht,
 als ih in einer Sommernacht
 sein Weiblein aus der Seite kroch,
 ob Satan hochteuertich mit ihr sprach,
 ob Eva einen Nabel hatt',
 wer zuerst Noten hammern that,

ob die Schlange mehr als zwey Beine
vor dem Fall hatte, oder keine,
das alles konnt' er, ohn' zu fühlen,
Euch an den Fingern herer,ühlen

Auch war sein Glaube seinem Wissen
und Witz in allem angemessen
Ein strenger Presbyterianer,
der alle iken, isten, und aner
sa arg er's nur vermochte, necht'
Stets baute diese strenge Sekt',
als ächte Ecclesia militans,
auf diesen Grundtext: Schwerd und Lan',
Sie entzibied jede Glaubenslehre
durch unfehlbare Feuerrohre,
pflegte mit apostolischen Prügeln
ein jedes Canon zu versiegeln,
nannt' Schwerd und Feuer und Zerstörung
vollkommne heilige Befekung,
die man nie gan, vollenden kann,
sondern fängt stets von neuem an,
als ob man an den Glaubenslehren
stets * flucken müß' ohn' aufzuhören
Dies Volklein, dessen Hülfigkeit
in nichts besteht als Zant und Streit,
hadert mit euch um dies und das
und findet Fehl ohn' Unterlaß
Sie sind voll Splien, und knurren und blaffen
wie tolle Hunde und franke Affen,
halten Sabbath mit viel mehr Fleiß
verkehrt, als wir nach rechter Wei',
verdammten Laster, die sie hassen,
um ihren Lußen den Saum zu lassen,
sind so ärgerlich und verdrossen,
als dienten sie Gott nur zum Poffen,
was heute ihre Lust entflammt
wird Morgen als profan verdammt,

* MS alteration by the Translator—fort

so gern sie ihren freyen Willen
 als ein heilig Geheiß erfüllen,
 so werden sie's für gottlos halten,
 wenn andre auch nach Willkühr schalten
 Drum sanken sie oft ohne Noth
 mit ihrem eignen Butterbrodt,
 lästern Spanferkel, Gän', und Hasen,
 und Apfelsüßen, durch die Nasen
 Mohammeds Apostel ein Esel war,
 dergleichen hart' auch diese Lehr,
 ihr war der Ritter an Verstand,
 Neigung, und Wiß, so zugewandt,
 als war' sein Glaube und sein Gewissen
 bloß Heuchelei und Narrenwissen

So war er begabt und angethan,
 wie meynen an seinem inwendigen Mann
 Von seiner außserlichen Person
 soll, was ist folgt, Euch Meldung thun

Sein Wiß, so wie sein Anliß, ward
 gezieret von einem Kupferbalt,
 den hielt an Farb und Zuschnitt fast ein
 jeder bym ersten Blick für'n Dahstein
 Der Obertheil war wolkenblau,
 der Untertheil orangh' und grau
 Dies langbehaarte Meteor
 stellt' als ein gräßlicher Typus vor,
 daß Szepter, Kron, und Regiment
 bald reicheten an ihr letztes End',
 und prophezeit' mit mystischer Spathé
 sich selbst sein Grab, und auch dem Staate
 Wie Samsons Haar,opf, war's gemacht
 daß es ein Volk ins Unglück brächt,
 und solt' in seinen eignen Ruin
 Volk und Staatskörper mit sich ziehn
 Es war (wie Härte in Monchen Oiden)
 durch ein Gelübd erhalten worden,
 nicht minder ärgerlich und schwer
 als das Gelübd der Braunküttel

Es sollte sich verfolgen, hassen,
 bespeyen, brennen, und martern lassen,
 gleich seinem strengen Signer, bei's
 dem ganzen zornigen Staate Troß,
 so lang's das Sinn des Ritters schmückt
 ward es gehudelt und gewickelt,
 bis die verhasste Monarchie
 beym Blocke beugt' ihr stolzes Knie,
 Darn erst stand ihm bevor sein Fall
 durch des Balbiers geschärften Stahl,
 ein Opfer dem gefallen Staat,
 dazu's der Ritter gewidmet hatt'
 Die Parzen hatten in thren Geweben
 des Vartes und des Staates Leben
 so künstlich mit einander versponnen,
 nicht Zeit noch Zufall konnt' sie trennen
 bis Hain mit einem Subelstreich
 wegmähre Vart und Königreich

So macht' es Doktor Talsafot,
 der Nasen aus Fuhrmanns Hintern schnitt,
 die sympathetische Nase klebte
 so lang', als A—, ihr Vater, lebte,
 und streckt' der Fuhrmann den ins Grab,
 so fiel die Nase gleichfalls ab

Den mühtigen Berg auf seinem Rücken
 schien eigne Last zu Boden zu drücken,
 Denn wie Menas seinen Vater
 Humpack durchs Feuer trug, so hatt' der
 Ritter einen nicht kleinern Packer
 von eignen Schinken auf dem Nacken,
 der ihm, aus Mangel an Schwanztem, gar
 bis über'n Kopf-genachsen war
 Zum Gegengewicht hing vorne her
 ein Wanst, der war nicht minder schwer,
 den unser Ritter Judibras
 wohl anzufüllen nie vergaß
 mit Buttermilch und Leberwurst,
 Panzen, und solcher Hausmannskost,

woron noch viel zu sagen ist,
sobald von seiner Spersefist',
den Pluderhosen, die Rede wird,
worin er seinen Fraß verwahrt

Von Duffelsfell war seine West,
nicht stichfest, aber prügel fest,
denn Streiche, die den Hüften blauen,
that Hudibras am meisten weuen

Die Pluderhosen von zottiger Wolle,
hatt' König Hein, im Lager vor Bullen
so gut gekannt, daß mancher irr
und meynt, sie hätten ihm gehört
Inwendig waren sie vollgestaut
mit Ammunition, an Brodt,
Speck, Käse, und Blutwurst (ein Gericht
das sich für blutige Helden schickt),
Denn, wie gesagt, Sir Hudibras
trug in den Hosen immer Fraß
Dum, zog nicht selten Ratt und Maus
dahin zum Juraschiren aus,
that er nun von Unschick die Hand
ins Magazin, so widerstand
der kleine Feind mit vielem Muth
und socht nicht selten bis aufs Blut,
bis ihn der Ritter mit Genalt
vertrieb aus seinem Hinterhalt

Swar manche stehn in den Gedanken
daß irrende Ritter nicht aßen, noch tranken,
denn, wenn sie manchen Tag durch Wüsten
und öde Länder ziehn mußten,
wo überall nichts (daß ich weiß)
zu beißen or zu brechen ist,
wo sie da nicht gegrahet han,
so weiß man nicht was sie gethan
Daher hat mancher feck gesagt,
sie lebten nur von Blut und Schlacht.
Ist aber falsch Denn Arthur trug
ein rund Tischblatt und Tafeltuch,

und wenn die Ritter ihr Heldenmahl
 verzehnten in König Arthurs Saal,
 zog er sein Hemd rundum heraus
 zum Tafeltruch bey ihrem Schmaus
 Viel streiten, es sey kein Tisch gewesen,
 sondern ein groß Paar Pluderhojen;
 in denen sich stets Proviant
 für Arthur und die Ritter fand,
 wenn sie die Rüstung von sich legten,
 und Mittag- oder Nachtmahl pflegten
 Doch, eh' wir uns (wie viel Auroren)
 darüber zu weit vom Ziel verlieren,
 so lassen wir das lieber seyn,
 und lenken hurtig wieder ein

Des Ritters Schwerd, ein mächtig Ding,
 ihm diht am tapfern Herzen hing,
 Das hohle Gefäß war zum Gefecht
 und Suppenteller gleich gerecht,
 Er pflegt' auch Kugeln drinn zu großen
 um Feind' und Hühner todt zu schießen,
 und diesen war der Held so gram,
 daß keins von ihm Quartier bekam
 Die Klinge war Toledo- ächt,
 rostig (aus Mangel an Gesicht)
 und hatt' ein Wuth sich selbst zertreffen,
 weil sie so lange still geessen
 Die fromme Scheide, worin sie wohnt',
 hatt' ihre Mordsucht nicht verhont,
 sie hatte schon eine Spanne lang
 dran abgenagt, für lauter Diang
 und Unmuth, daß man sie gleich zeigen
 Memmen ihr Anstüz nicht ließ zeigen
 Sonst hatte sie ihre Kühnheit schon
 bey mancher Exekution,
 Arrest, und andern Entneymen,
 mit wahren Häscheremuth bewiesen,
 Gefangene und Beute gemacht,
 auch manchen in die Flucht gejagt

Ein Dolch des Sarras Paage war,
 der war nur klein für seine Jahr,
 drum pflegt' er ihm so aufzuwarten,
 wie Zwerg' auf idle Ritter warten
 Es war ein kleines fleißigs Ding,
 zum Sechten wie zur Arbeit flink,
 stach manchen Wanst, biach manchen Kopf,
 schnitt Brodt und schnappte, manden Topf,
 briet Käs' und Speck für Mäusetallen,
 und that euch alles zu Gefallen,
 als Schuhe putzen, Messer waschen,
 und Knoblauch oder Zwiebeln setzen
 Ein Bräuer, dem's vorhin gedient,
 hat' es an dies und mehr gewohnt,
 dem lief es weg (wie mancher Mann
 aus gleichem Antriebe jungst gethan)

Zwey alte Puffer waren gestopft
 in Halstiern an dem Sattelnopf,
 nebst solchem Rest von Proviant,
 der nicht Platz in den Hosen fand
 Daher fing das Pistolenloß
 beym Juraschiren manche Maus,
 die sich, so bald der Hahn gespannt
 war, plötzlich in der Falle fand
 Drum sie des Nachts der wackre Held
 Zur Nacht beym Hosen Speicher stellt',
 um allen Dieben auf vier Füßen
 und zweenen den Zugang zu verschließen

Also gerüstet zog Sir Held
 vom stillen Heerd hinaus ins Feld,
 nachdem er sich mit Müß' und Macht
 zurörderst in den Sattel bracht,
 Er hatte einen Stegreif nur
 an seinem Sattel, und der war
 so kurz geschnallt, daß ihm mit Müß' *
 erreichte seine depp'iate Beh

MS alteration by the Translator—

Nur einen Steigbügel hast der Held
 am Sattel, so kurz, auch geschnallt,
 daß ihn nicht ohne Müß' und Weh

Drauf setzt' er an und strebt' und keuchte,
 bis er die Sattelpaush' erreichte,
 und schwang sich glücklich in den Sitz,
 allein er that's mit solcher Hitz',
 daß ihn sein eigenes Gewicht
 fast wieder herabwarf, wenn er nicht
 stracks Mäh'n' und Schweif ergriffen hält',
 die er statt Zaum oft brauchen thät

Da wir den Helden beruten sehn,
 so ziemt subs, eh' wir weiter gehn,
 auch etwas von dem Thier zu sagen,
 das unsern rapfen Knast getragen
 Der Gaul war hoch und grob von Knochen
 mit weissem Maul und gläsern'n Augen,
 (Aug' wollt' ich sagen, er hatt' nur eins,
 und mancher meint gar, er hatte keins)
 Er war gehorsam, fromm und stät,
 ging mit viel Ernst und Majestät,
 und lief vor Gert' und Sporn nicht mehr,
 als ein gepreßelter Spanier
 war aber so feurig, daß er sprang
 und lecht' den ganzen Weg entlang,
 als schür' er sich, mit allen Bieren
 den harter Boden zu berühren
 Selbst Cäsar's Gaul, von dem wir wissen,
 daß er hat Hünereugen an'n Füßen
 gehabt, trat gegen ihn noch här,
 und war von Huf nicht halb so hart.
 Ja, so wie jener niederkniet'
 so oft sein Neuter ihn beschütt,
 so war Sir Hudibras sein Gaul
 ihn abzusetzen auch nicht faul
 Zwar hatt' er etwas Leder verloh'n,
 doch lohnt sich kaum, es zu berühren,
 denn das bedeckt des Ritters Gefäß
 das noch wohl baß verschunden was *

* MS alteration by the Translator—

denn daß bedeckte Hudibras
 mit baß verschundenem Gefäß

Die dürren Ribben lagen hoch,
 wie Furchen, die er selbst sonst zog,
 und eine tiefe Rinne ging
 je zwischen zween Sein Zagel hing,
 im Noth, womit er um sich sprügte,
 wenn ihn des Ritters Spornfuß rihte,
 oder der unbestäbte schlug
 denn einen Sporn der Held nur trug,
 „Trabt mein Gaul nur an einer Seit’,
 (dacht’ er) „die andre muß wol mir ’

There are no other complete translations of *Hudibras*. Several attempts have been made to render short passages and couplets into Latin the most successful of which is the following admirable version by Christopher Smart of the first eighty lines of the opening, here comprised in ninety one —*

Cum arsit civica phœneus
 Pacis hominibus pertesis,
 Nec cuiquam nota fuit causa
 Tam dira quæ produxit ausa
 Cum tristes næ et turores
 Multum elicerent ciuon-,
 Et velut qui sunt mentè capti
 Piæ meo ne parum apti
 Sic hi pugnabant, dum pro more
 Religio quisque est in ore
 Hanc coluit quisque nomen tenus
 Sed nemo novit quodnam genus.
 Cum præco alta e testudine,
 Aurita stante multitudine,
 Hanc dedit exhortationem,
 Ut foveant seditionem,
 Et manu tusum ecclesiastica,
 Pulvis movit vi elastica,
 Tunc ivit foras noster hæros
 Ut vinceret gigantes terros
 Aspectum si quis observaret,
 Hunc florem equitum pueret
 Nam nusquam genuflexum dedit,
 Nisi cum titulum accepit,

* Originally published in *The Student, or Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany*, 1750, to which Thornton and Colman were contributors

Nec ictum equa tulit mente,
 Nisi ab honorario ente,
 Duplicem scivit usum chartæ,
 Tanta ut nullus alter ante
 Mercurio doctus tam quam marte
 Clarus in bello, in pace quoque,
 Et iure Cæsari ex utroque,
 Sic victum sources ut ferunt,
 Utroque elemento quæiunt,
 Sed multus authori litem gerat
 An fortior, an prudentior eiat,
 Hi illud, illi hoc defendant,
 Sed licet acriter contendant,
 Tam parva fuit differentia,
 Vix et ne vix vicit prudentia,
 Hinc habuerunt illum multi,
 Aptum perfungi vice stulti,
 Nam sic Montagnus vacans otio,
 Omnique liberi a negotio,
 Dum lusit molliti cum fele,
 Fudisse fertur hoc querelæ,
 'Quis scit quin felis hæc (proh facinus!)
 Si putat putat, quod sum asinus'
 Sed quid mehercule censeret,
 Thrasionem nostrum si videret,
 (Nam sic se noster appellavit,
 In mutem si quis provocavit)
 Sed sic qui putant, putant male,
 Nam noster ei ut nihil tulit,
 Quid si ingenio fuit lautus,
 De usu fuit perquam erutus,
 Penario quidem secum ferat
 Nam metuit ne foras terat,
 Sic multi pietas induunt vestes,
 Non nisi in diebus festis
 Præterea Græce bene scivit,
 Sed nemo eum erudit
 Sic facultate naturali,
 Grunitum faciunt porcelli,
 Latine nemo scribit melius,
 Vix aves concunant facilius,
 Utroque dives cuique cogeno
 Diffudit copiam cornu pleno,

Hebræas etiam radices,
 In solo sterili felices
 Tot habuit ut plerique eum
 Cunctum crediderent Judæum,
 Et forsitan fuit Veneris ergo,
 Judæus factus et Chn uirgo
 In logica emunctæ natus,
 In analytica præclarus
 Ingenio fuit tam subtili
 Discerneret ut situm pili,
 Et si qua hora disputaret,
 Cui puti magis inclinaet,
 Utramque tueretur quaque
 Affirmat, mox infirmat æque,
 Ostendit cum suscepit litem,
 Quod vir et equus non sunt idem,
 Avem non esse buteonem
 Et esse satiprimum bubonem,
 Et anseres justiciarios
 Cornices fidei commissarios,
 Deberet disputatione
 Et solveret solutione
 Hæc omnia faceret et plura,
 Perfecto modo et figura

The introduction of a triplet is the only marked deviation from the original in this accurate version. There is not a single triplet throughout the whole of Butler's poems, with the exception of the verses on *avarice*.

The following somnolent verses are attributed to Dr Harmer, Professor of Greek at Oxford towards the beginning of the eighteenth century*. They may be added as examples of that laborious style of paraphrase, in which the spirit of an author is sacrificed to the pedantry of his translator —

Sic adscriptos nasos de clune torosi
 Vectoris, doctâ secuit Tachycotus Aite
 Qui potuere parem diuando æquare Parentem
 At postquam fato Clunis computruit ipsum
 Una sympathicum cepit tabescere Rostrum †
 Sic Legum mystæ, ne fors in Pax torcet, Uram
 Inter funantem sese, Actoremque Molossus,

* These specimens are taken from the *Litt.* published in 1710
 † 'So learned Tachycotus, &c.'—Vol. i. p. 55, l. 7

Faucibus injiciunt clavos dentisque refigunt,
 Luctantesque canes corvis, femorisque revellunt
 Eriores justasque moris obtendere certis,
 Judiciumque prius revocare ut prius iniquum
 Tandem post aliquod breve respiramen utinque,
 Ut pugnas iterent, crebris hortatibus urgent
 Ejâ agite ô cives, iterumque in prælia tradunt *

Sic Hypochondriacis inclusa meatibus Aura
 Destinet in crepitum si fertur prona per alvum,
 Sed si summa petat, montisq. invaseit vicem,
 Divinus fuor est, et conscia Flamma futuri †

VOL I

PORTRAITS OF BUTLER

Page 35 —The reference here made to a portrait at the Bodleian, ascribed to Gerard Soest, 01, as sometimes written, Zoest, requires to be corrected and explained. The catalogue of the gallery assigns the picture to Sir Peter Lely. The authorities at the Bodleian are unable to supply any detailed information on the subject, and all I could learn concerning it was that it came from Sir Godfrey Kneller as the production of Lely. The authenticity of this picture was never called into question until 1849, when Mr Farrar obtained possession of a portrait of Butler, which formerly belonged to Miss Rushout, of Winsterd, and which had been generally attributed to Lely. Mr Farrar, however, upon an examination of the painting, pronounced it to be the work of Soest and sold it under that name to Sir Robert Peel. This is the portrait now at Drayton. Some controversy having arisen about it Mr Farrar asserted that the portrait in the Bodleian, attributed to Lely is nothing more than a poor copy of the picture which, unsupported by external evidence, he confidently ascribed to Soest. This statement was controverted at the time by Mr G. Vertue, junr, who maintained that the portrait in the Bodleian was properly attributed to Lely, that an engraving of it by Van Somer, who lived in the reign of James II, confirms the fact, and that the picture sold to Sir Robert Peel, as having been painted by Soest, is only a contemporary copy, or duplicate of that in the Bodleian. In reply to these statements Mr Farrar denied that there was any portrait of Butler by Lely, and rejected the evidence of the engraving on the ground that it was a fraudulent plate originally presenting the head of Lord Grey (from a painting said to be by Lely), which was scratched out, and Butler's inserted in its place. So far as the weight of testimony goes in this controversy it would seem to be altogether against Mr Farrar's assertion, that the Bodleian portrait is a copy, an assumption which is hardly of sufficient validity to set aside the authority of Sir Godfrey Kneller.

* 'So lawyers, lest the bear defendant,' &c — *ib* p 89, l 9,

† 'As wind in the hypocondres pent, &c — Vol II p 43, l 7

While making inquiries upon the subject at Oxford I discovered another portrait of Butler, which has hitherto escaped notice altogether. It is a small portrait in distemper apparently of an early date, a strong likeness, with a monogram which, as yet, I have been unable to identify. Nothing is known about it at the Bodleian. It came with some miscellaneous 'lumber', was consigned to an obscure corner and never inscribed in the catalogue, a neglect which, I trust, will be hereafter repaired, and some efforts made to trace the history of the picture.

To the list of portraits already given may be added another formerly in the gallery of the Duke of Marlborough at Whiteknights, and catalogued there as the work of Sir Peter Lely. This portrait represents Butler in undress without wig in flowing hair, the face full, with a double chin, two or three freckles or warts on the left cheek bone and forehead, the eyes and forehead very fine and full of intellect. It is now in the possession of a gentleman residing at Shrewsbury, Cheshire.

BUTLER'S AUTOGRAPH

Page 25, note * — The following is a facsimile of one of the transcriptions by Butler in his commonplace book of Otway's well known couplet

To think how Spencer dyed,

how Cowley mourn'd,

How Butler's faith & service

were Return'd.

VOL II

OLD NICK

Page 110, note †—The writings of Wormius, Kalm Magnusen, Grimm Ruhe, &c, inform us that all over the north a demon bearing this designation, slightly modified by dialectic variations, is commonly acknowledged. He is the Anglo-Saxon *Nicer* Dan *Nucle*, or *Nulle* (Nikke), Swedish *Necel*, *Necelen* ('eundem significationis,' as Finn Magnusen observes, 'ut et Anglorum *Nicl*—Old *Nick*, Belgarum, *Nicker*—qui jam nunc diabolum indicant') Finnish *Næli*, Esthonian *Næh*, Scotch *Niclneven*, German *Nichs*, *Ni's*, *Nicl e* the *Ni'as* of the people of the Feroes, and the *Nicli* of those of Rugen—*Notes and Queries*, vi 228. The same writer Mr William Mathews, traces the other familiar names, Old Scotch and Old Harry, to a similar source—'Great Schrat, Schattel or Schellun, a house, or wood demon of the ancient north, and the Scandinavian *Hari*, and *Hera* (identical with the German *Hei* and nearly so with *Baal*, or *Beel* in Beelzebub) which titles of *Hari* and *Hera*, as in the case of *Huldr* or *Nielar*, were appellatives of Odin.'

BY HOOK OR CROOK

Page 158, note †—The origin of this phrase is traced to an old forest custom. Persons, says a writer in *Notes and Queries*, entitled to fuel in the king's forest were only authorized to take it of the dead wood or branches, 'with a cart, a hook, and a crook'—165. Numerous claims for fuel wood in the reigns of Charles I and II are preserved at the lower and Chapter House. In Hichins and Drewe's *History of Cornwall* a monstrous granite cross, called the PRIOR'S CROSS, is described with the figures of a hook and crook cut on it, in memory of the privilege granted by the Prior to the poor of Bodmin, for gathering for fire-wood, and house-wood such boughs and branches in the contiguous wood of Dunmere as they could reach with a hook and crook, without further damage to the trees—*N and Q* vi 78. Allusions to the phrase occur so far back as the middle of the 16th century. 'Whatsoever is pleasant or profitable must be theirs by hook or crook.' BACON'S *Fortress of the Faithful* 1550.

'Nor wyl^l suffer this boke,
By hooke ne by crooke'—S LTON

'The which her sire had scraped by hooke and crooke'

SPENSER

POWDERING TUBS

Page 160, note † My friend, Mr Halliwell, enables me to correct a statement in this note. It appears that powdering tubs, or doctors'

tubs were sometimes used by the medical profession, and that persons were placed in them, according to an old writer, 'to stew not to boil up to a height, but to parboil' The evidence of the fact, and a curious woodcut of a man in a tub undergoing this singular process, copied from *Cornelianum Dolium*, 1658, will be found in a note in Mr Halliwell's Folio Shakespeare, vol iii p 144

THE END

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